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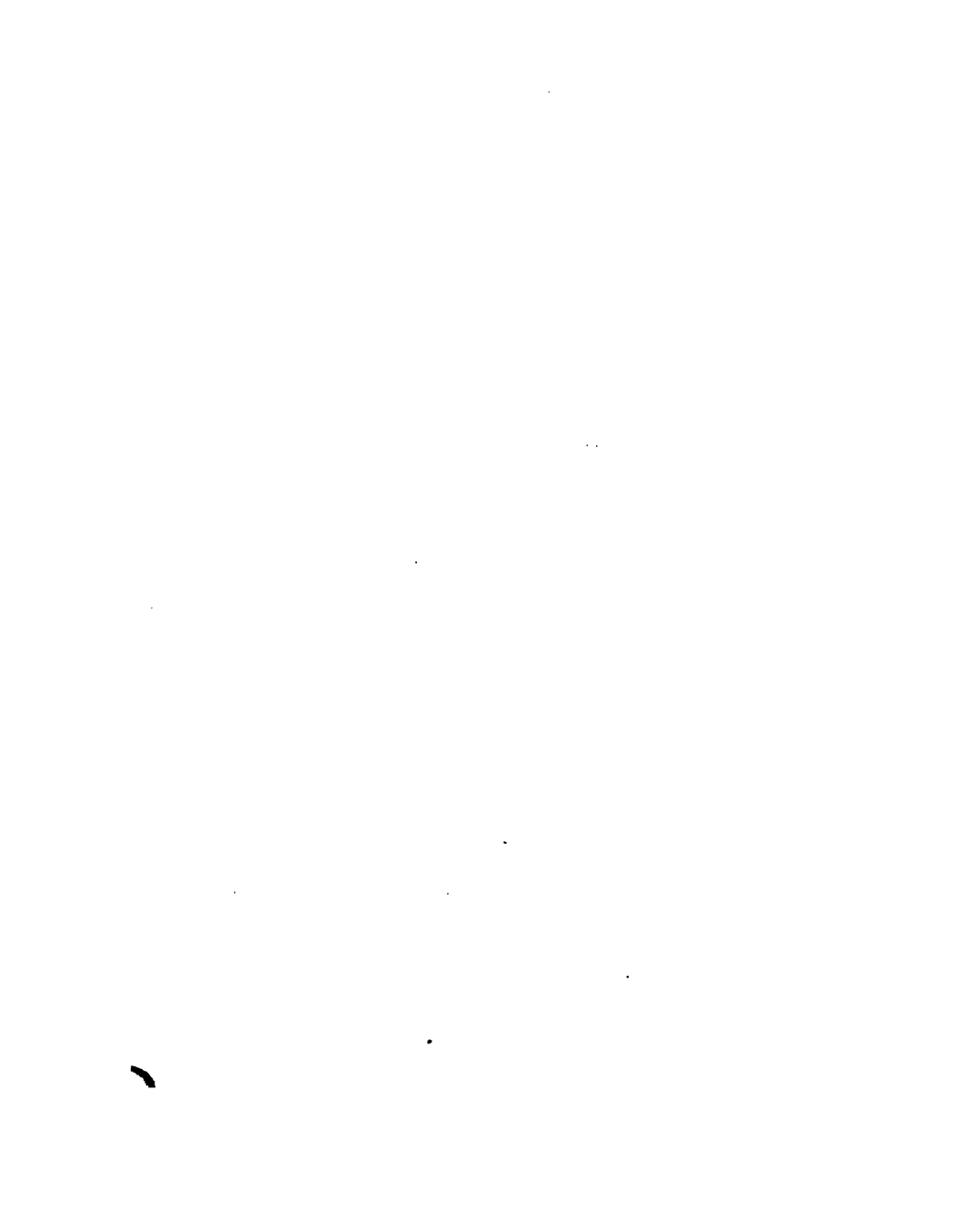


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THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

NEPTUNE (in pity of the Greeks' hard plight)
Like Calchas, both th' Ajaces doth excite,
And others, to repel the charging foe.
Idomeneus bravely doth bestow
His kingly forces, and doth sacrifice
Othryoneus to the Destinies,
With divers others. Fair Deiphobus,
And his prophetic brother Helenus,
Are wounded. But the great Priamides,*
Gathering his forces, heartens their address
Against the enemy; and then the field
A mighty death on either side doth yield.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

The Greeks, with Troy's bold power dismay'd,
Are cheer'd by Neptune's secret aid.



LOVE helping Hector, and his host, thus close to th' Achive
fleet,
He let them then their own strengths try, and season
there their sweet
With ceaseless toils and grievances; for now he turn'd his face,
Look'd down, and view'd the far-off land of well-rode men in Thrace,

* Hector.

Of the renown'd milk-nourish'd men, the Hippemolgians, 5
 Long-liv'd, most just, and innocent, and close-fought Mysians.
 Nor turn'd he any more to Troy his ever-shining eyes,
 Because he thought not any-one of all the Deities,
 When his care left th' indifferent field, would aid on either side.
 But this security in Jove the great Sea-Rector spied, 10
 Who sat aloft on th' utmost top of shady Samothrace,
 And view'd the fight. His chosen seat stood in so brave a place,
 That Priam's city, th' Achive ships, all Ida, did appear
 To his full view, who from the sea was therefore seated there.
 He took much ruth to see the Greeks by Troy sustain such ill, 15
 And, mightily incens'd with Jove, stoop'd straight from that steep hill,
 That shook as he flew off, so hard his parting press'd the height.
 The woods, and all the great hills near, trembled beneath the weight
 Of his immortal moving feet. Three steps he only took,
 Before he far-off Ægas reach'd, but, with the fourth, it shook 20
 With his dread entry. In the depth of those seas he did hold
 His bright and glorious palace, built of never-rusting gold ;
 And there arriv'd, he put in coach his brazen-footed steeds,
 All golden-maned, and pac'd with wings ; and all in golden weeds
 He cloth'd himself. The golden scourge, most elegantly done, 25
 He took, and mounted to his seat ; and then the God begun
 To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlpits every way
 The whales exulted under him, and knew their king ; the sea
 For joy did open ; and, his horse so swift and lightly flew,
 The under axletree of brass no drop of water drew ; 30
 And thus these deathless coursers brought their king to th' Achive ships.
 'Twixt th' Imber cliffs and Tenedos a certain cavern creeps
 Into the deep sea's gulfy breast, and there th' Earth-shaker stay'd
 His forward steeds, took them from coach, and heavenly fodder laid

⁶ See Commentary.

⁹ *Indifferent*—impartial. See Bk. vi. Argument.

¹⁰ Neptune.

²⁴ *Pac'd with wings*—with wings on their feet, paces.

In reach before them ; their brass hoves he girt with gyves of gold, 35
 Not to be broken, nor dissolv'd, to make them firmly hold
 A fit attendance on their king ; who went to th' Achive host,
 Which, like to tempests or wild flames, the clust'ring Trojans tost,
 Insatiably valorous, in Hector's like command, 39
 High sounding, and resounding, shouts ; for hope cheer'd every hand,
 To make the Greek fleet now their prise, and all the Greeks destroy.
 But Neptune, circler of the earth, with fresh heart did employ
 The Grecian hands. In strength of voice and body he did take
 Calchas' resemblance, and, of all, th' Ajaces first bespake,
 Who of themselves were free enough : " Ajaces, you alone 45
 Sustain the common good of Greece in ever putting on
 The memory of fortitude, and flying shameful flight.
 Elsewhere the desperate hands of Troy could give me no affright,
 The brave Greeks have withstood their worst ; but this our mighty wall
 Being thus transcended by their pow'r, grave fear doth much appall so
 My careful spirits, lest we feel some fatal mischief here,
 Where Hector, raging like a flame, doth in his charge appear,
 And boasts himself the best God's son. Be you conceited so,
 And fire so, more than human spirits, that God may seem to do
 In your deeds, and, with such thoughts cheer'd, others to such exhort,
 And such resistance ; these great minds will in as great a sort 56
 Strengthen your bodies, and force check to all great Hector's charge,
 Though ne'er so spirit-like, and though Jove still, past himself, enlarge
 His sacred actions." Thus he touch'd with his fork'd sceptre's point
 The breasts of both ; fill'd both their spirits, and made up every joint 60
 With pow'r responsive ; when, hawk-like, swift, and set sharp to fly,
 That fiercely stooping from a rock, inaccessible and high,
 Cuts through a field, and sets a fowl (not being of her kind)
 Hard, and gets ground still ; Neptune so left these two, either's mind
 Beyond themselves rais'd. Of both which, Oileus first discern'd 65
 The masking Deity, and said : " Ajax, some God hath warn'd

35 Hoves—hoofs.

65 i. e. Jove's son.

Our pow'rs to fight, and save our fleet. He put on him the hue
 Of th' augur Calchas. By his pace, in leaving us, I knew,
 Without all question, 'twas a God; the Gods are easily known;
 And in my tender breast I feel a greater spirit blown, 70
 To execute affairs of fight; I find my hands so free
 To all high motion, and my feet seem feather'd under me."
 This Telamonius thus receiv'd: "So, to my thoughts, my hands
 Burn with desire to toss my lance; each foot beneath me stands
 Bare on bright fire to use his speed; my heart is rais'd so high 75
 That to encounter Hector's self I long insatiately."

While these thus talk'd, as overjoy'd with study for the fight
 Which God had stirr'd up in their spirits, the same God did excite
 The Greeks that were behind, at fleet, refreshing their free hearts 79
 And joints, being even dissolv'd with toil; and (seeing the desp'rate parts
 Play'd by the Trojans past their wall) grief struck them, and their eyes
 Sweat tears from under their sad lids, their instant destinies
 Never supposing they could 'scape. But Neptune, stepping in,
 With ease stirr'd up the able troops, and did at first begin
 With Teucer, and Peneleus, th' heroë Leitus, 85
 Deipyrus, Meriones, and young Antilochus,
 All expert in the deeds of arms: "O youths of Greece," said he,
 "What change is this? In your brave fight I only look'd to see
 Our fleet's whole safety, and, if you neglect the harmful field,
 Now shines the day when Greece to Troy must all her honours yield.
 O grief! So great a miracle, and horrible to sight, 91
 As now I see, I never thought could have profan'd the light!
 The Trojans brave us at our ships, that have been heretofore
 Like faint and fearful deer in woods, distracted evermore
 With every sound, and yet 'scape not, but prove the torn up fare 95
 Of lynces, wolves, and leopards, as never born to war.
 Nor durst these Trojans at first siege, in any least degree,
 Expect your strength, or stand one shock of Grecian chivalry;

Yet now, far from their walls, they dare fight at our fleet maintain,
 All by our General's cowardice, that doth infect his men 100
 Who, still at odds with him, for that will needs themselves neglect,
 And suffer slaughter in their ships. Suppose there was defect,
 Beyond all question, in our king to wrong Æacides,
 And he, for his particular wreak, from all assistance cease ;
 We must not cease t' assist ourselves. Forgive our General then, 105
 And quickly too. Apt to forgive are all good-minded men.
 Yet you, quite void of their good minds, give good, in you quite lost,
 For ill in others, though ye be the worthiest of your host.
 As old as I am, I would scorn to fight with one that flies,
 Or leaves the fight as you do now. The General slothful lies, 110
 And you, though slothful too, maintain with him a fight of spleen.
 Out, out, I hate ye from my heart. Ye rotten-minded men,
 In this ye add an ill that's worse than all your sloth's dislikes.
 But as I know to all your hearts my reprehension strikes,
 So thither let just shame strike too ; for while you stand still here 115
 A mighty fight swarms at your fleet, great Hector rageth there,
 Hath burst the long bar and the gates." Thus Neptune rous'd these men.
 And round about th' Ajaces did their phalanxes maintain
 Their station firm, whom Mars himself, had he amongst them gone,
 Could not disparage, nor Jove's Maid that sets men fiercer on ; 120
 For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th' advance
 Of Hector and his men so full, that lance was lin'd with lance,
 Shields thick'ned with opposed shields, targets to targets nail'd,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man to man grew, they so close assail'd,
 Plum'd casques were hang'd in either's plumes, all join'd so close their stands,
 Their lances stood, thrust out so thick by such all-daring hands. 125
 All bent their firm breasts to the point, and made sad fight their joy
 Of both. Troy all in heaps struck first, and Hector first of Troy.
 And as a round piece of a rock, which with a winter's flood
 Is from his top torn, when a show'r, pour'd from a bursten cloud, 130

Hath broke the natural bond it held within the rough steep rock,
 And, jumping, it flies down the woods, resounding every shock,
 And on, uncheck'd, it headlong leaps, till in a plain it stay,
 And then, though never so impell'd, it stirs not any way ;
 So Hector hereto throated threats, to go to sea in blood, 135
 And reach the Grecian ships and tents, without being once withstood.
 But when he fell into the strengths the Grecians did maintain,
 And that they fought upon the square, he stood as fetter'd then ;
 And so the adverse sons of Greece laid on with swords and darts,
 Whose both ends hurt, that they repell'd his worst ; and he converts
 His threats, by all means, to retreats ; yet made as he retir'd, 141
 Only t' encourage those behind ; and thus those men inspir'd :

“ Trojans ! Dardanians ! Lycians ! All warlike friends, stand close ;
 The Greeks can never bear me long, though tow'r-like they oppose.
 This lance, be sure, will be their spoil ; if even the best of Gods, 145
 High thund'ring Juno's husband, stirs my spirit with true abodes.”

With this all strengths and minds he mov'd ; but young Deiphobus,
 Old Priam's son, amongst them all was chiefly virtuous.
 He bore before him his round shield, tripp'd lightly through the prease,
 At all parts cover'd with his shield ; and him Meriones 150
 Charg'd with a glitt'ring dart, that took his bull-hide orby shield,
 Yet pierc'd it not, but in the top itself did piecemeal yield.

Deiphobus thrust forth his targe, and fear'd the broken ends
 Of strong Meriones's lance, who now turn'd to his friends ;
 The great heroë scorning much by such a chance to part 155
 With lance and conquest, forth he went to fetch another dart,
 Left at his tent. The rest fought on, the clamour height'ned there
 Was most unmeasur'd. Teucer first did flesh the massacre,

¹³⁸ *Upon the square*—upon equal terms.

¹⁴⁶ *Abodes*—omens, prognostications. *Infrà*, 226. Shakespeare uses “*abode-ment*” in a similar manner,—

“ Tush, man, *abodements* must not now affright us.”—3 *Henry VI.* iv. 7.
 The verb is common.

¹⁴⁸ *Virtuous*—in the classical sense of “*valourous*.”

And slew a goodly man at arms, the soldier Imbrius,
 The son of Mentor, rich in horse ; he dwelt at Pedasus 160
 Before the sons of Greece sieg'd Troy, from whence he married
 Medesicaste, one that sprung of Priam's bastard-bed,
 But when the Greek ships, double-oar'd, arriv'd at Ilion,
 To Ilion he return'd, and prov'd beyond comparison
 Amongst the Trojans ; he was lodg'd with Priam, who held dear 165
 His natural sons no more than him ; yet him, beneath the ear,
 The son of Telamon attain'd, and drew his lance. He fell,
 As when an ash on some hill's top, itself topp'd wondrous well,
 The steel hews down, and he presents his young leaves to the soil ;
 So fell he, and his fair arms groan'd, which Teucer long'd to spoil, 170
 And in he ran ; and Hector in, who sent a shining lance
 At Teucer, who, beholding it, slipp'd by, and gave it chance
 On Actor's son, Amphinachus, whose breast it struck ; and in
 Flew Hector, at his sounding fall, with full intent to win
 The tempting helmet from his head ; but Ajax with a dart 175
 Reach'd Hector at his rushing in, yet touch'd not any part
 About his body ; it was hid quite through with horrid brass ;
 The boss yet of his targe it took, whose firm stuff stay'd the pass,
 And he turn'd safe from both the trunks ; both which the Grecians bore
 From off the field. Amphinachus Menestheus did restore 180
 And Stichius to th' Achaian strength. Th' Ajaces, that were pleas'd
 Still most with most hot services, on Trojan Imbrius seiz'd.
 And as from sharply-bitten hounds a brace of lions force
 A new-slain goat, and through the woods bear in their jaws the corse
 Aloft, lift up into the air ; so, up into the skies, 185
 Bore both th' Ajaces Imbrius, and made his arms their prise.
 Yet, not content, Oïliades, enrag'd to see there dead
 His much-belov'd Amphinachus, he hew'd off Imbrius' head,
 Which, swinging round, bowl-like he toss'd amongst the Trojan prease,
 And full at Hector's feet it fell. Amphinachus' decease, 190

166 *Natural*—legitimate. See Bk. III. 259.167 *Attain'd*—See Bk. XI. 175.

Being nephew to the God of waves, much vex'd the Deity's mind,
 And to the ships and tents he march'd yet more to make inclin'd
 The Grecians to the Trojan bane. In hasting to which end,
 Idomeneus met with him, returning from a friend,
 Whose ham late hurt, his men brought off; and having given command
 To his physicians for his cure, much fir'd to put his hand 196
 To Troy's repulse, he left his tent. Him (like Andremon's son,
 Prince Thoas, that in Pleuron rul'd, and lofty Calydon,
 Th' Ætolian pow'rs, and like a God was of his subjects lov'd)
 Neptune encount'red, and but thus his forward spirit mov'd: 200

"Idomeneus, prince of Crete! O whither now are fled
 Those threats in thee, with which the rest the Trojans menaced?"

"O Thoas," he replied, "no one of all our host stands now
 In any question of reproof, as I am let to know.
 And why is my intelligence false? We all know how to fight, 205
 And, fear disanimating none, all do our knowledge right.
 Nor can our harms accuse our sloth, not one from work we miss.
 The great God only works our ill, whose pleasure now it is
 That, far from home, in hostile fields, and with inglorious fate,
 Some Greeks should perish. But do thou, O Thoas, that of late 210
 Hast prov'd a soldier, and was wont, where thou hast sloth beheld,
 To chide it, and exhort to pains, now hate to be repell'd,
 And set on all men." He replied, "I would to heaven, that he,
 Whoever this day doth abstain from battle willingly,
 May never turn his face from Troy, but here become the prey 215
 And scorn of dogs! Come then, take arms, and let our kind assay
 Join both our forces. Though but two, yet, being both combin'd,
 The work of many single hands we may perform. We find
 That virtue co-augmented thrives in men of little mind,
 But we have singly match'd the great." This said, the God again, 220
 With all his conflicts, visited the vent'rous fight of men.

200 The second folio has "*this*" for "*thus*."

The king turn'd to his tent; rich arms put on his breast, and took
 Two darts in hand, and forth he flew. His haste on made him look
 Much like a fiery meteor, with which Jove's sulph'ry hand
 Opes heaven, and hurls about the air bright flashes, showing aland 225
 Abodes that ever run before tempest and plagues to men;
 So, in his swift pace, show'd his arms. He was encount' red then
 By his good friend Meriones yet near his tent; to whom
 Thus spake the pow'r of Idomen: "What reason makes thee come,
 Thou son of Molus, my most lov'd, thus leaving fight alone? 230
 Is't for some wound? The javelin's head, still sticking in the bone,
 Desir'st thou ease of? Bring'st thou news? Or what is it that brings
 Thy presence hither? Be assur'd, my spirit needs no stings
 To this hot conflict. Of myself thou seest I come, and loth,
 For any tent's love, to deserve the hateful taint of sloth." 235

He answer'd: Only for a dart he that retreat did make,
 Were any left him at his tent, for, that he had, he brake
 On proud Deiphobus's shield. "Is one dart all?" said he,
 "Take one and twenty, if thou like, for in my tent they be;
 They stand there shining by the walls. I took them as my prise 240
 From those false Trojans I have slain. And this is not the guise
 Of one that loves his tent, or fights afar off with his foe,
 But since I love fight, therefore doth my martial star bestow,
 Besides those darts, helms, targets boss'd, and corslets bright as day."

"So I," said Merion, "at my tent, and sable bark, may say, 245
 I many Trojan spoils retain, but now not near they be
 To serve me for my present use, and therefore ask I thee.
 Not that I lack a fortitude to store me with my own,
 For ever in the foremost fights, that render men renown,

²²⁵ *Aland*—on land.

²²⁶ *Abodes*.—Suprà, 146.

²²³ *Stings*.—Bk. viii. 253.

²²⁵ *Taint*.—Thus Shakespeare,—

"Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The *taints* and blames I laid upon myself,"—*Macbeth*, iv. 3.

I fight, when any fight doth stir. And this perhaps may well 250
Be hid to others, but thou know'st, and I to thee appeal."

"I know," replied the king, "how much thou weigh'st in every
worth,

What need'st thou therefore utter this? If we should now choose forth
The worthiest men for ambushes in all our fleet and host

(For ambushes are services that try men's virtues most, 255

Since there the fearful and the firm will, as they are, appear,

The fearful altering still his hue, and rests not anywhere,

Nor is his spirit capable of th' ambush constancy,

But riseth, changeth still his place, and croucheth curiously

On his bent haunches; half his height scarce seen above the ground,

For fear to be seen, yet must see; his heart, with many a bound, 261

Off'ring to leap out of his breast, and, ever fearing death,

The coldness of it makes him gnash, and half shakes out his teeth;

Where men of valour neither fear, nor ever change their looks,

From lodging th' ambush till it rise, but, since there must be strokes,

Wish to be quickly in their midst) thy strength and hand in these 266

Who should reprove? For if, far off, or fighting in the prease,

Thou shouldst be wounded, I am sure the dart that gave the wound

Should not be drawn out of thy back, or make thy neck the ground,

But meet thy belly, or thy breast, in thrusting further yet 270

When thou art furthest, till the first, and before him, thou get.

But on; like children let not us stand bragging thus, but do;

Lest some hear, and past measure chide, that we stand still and woo.

Go, choose a better dart, and make Mars yield a better chance."

This said, Mars-swift Meriones, with haste, a brazen lance 275

Took from his tent, and overtook, most careful of the wars,

Idomeneus. And such two, in field, as harmful Mars,

And Terror, his beloved son, that without terror fights,

And is of such strength that in war the frighter he affrights,

When, out of Thrace, they both take arms against th' Ephyran bands,

Or 'gainst the great-soul'd Phlegians, nor favour their own hands, 281

But give the grace to others still ; in such sort to the fight,
March'd these two managers of men, in armours full of light.

And first spake Merion : " On which part, son of Deucalion,
Serves thy mind to invade the fight ? Is't best to set upon 255
The Trojans, in our battle's aid, the right or left-hand wing,
For all parts I suppose employ'd ?" To this the Cretan king
Thus answer'd : " In our navy's midst are others that assist ;
The two Ajaces ; Teucer too, with shafts the expertest
Of all the Grecians, and, though small, is great in fights of stand ; 260
And these, though huge he be of strength, will serve to fill the hand
Of Hector's self, that Priamist, that studier for blows.
It shall be call'd a deed of height for him (even suff'ring throes
For knocks still) to outlabour them, and, bett'ring their tough hands,
Enflame our fleet. If Jove himself cast not his firebrands 265
Amongst our navy, that affair no man can bring to field.
Great Ajax Telamonius to none alive will yield
That yields to death, and whose life takes Ceres' nutritions,
That can be cut with any iron, or pash'd with mighty stones ;
Not to Æacides himself he yields for combats set, 300
Though clear he must give place for pace and free swing of his feet.
Since then, the battle (being our place of most care) is made good
By his high valour, let our aid see all pow'rs be withstood
That charge the left wing, and to that let us direct our course,
Where quickly feel we this hot foe, or make him feel our force." 305

This order'd, swift Meriones went, and forewent his king,
Till both arriv'd where one enjoin'd. When, in the Greeks' left wing,
The Trojans saw the Cretan king like fire in fortitude,
And his attendant, in bright arms so gloriously indu'd,
Both cheering the sinister troops, all at the king address'd, 310
And so the skirmish at their sterns on both parts were increas'd,
That, as from hollow bustling winds engend' red storms arise,
When dust doth chiefly clog the ways which up into the skies

²⁶² *Hector's self.*—The second folio has "*Hector's life.*"

The wanton tempest ravisheth, begetting night of day ;
 So came together both the foes, both lusted to assay, 315
 And work with quick steel either's death. Man's fierce corruptress, Fight,
 Set up her bristles in the field with lances long and light,
 Which thick fell foul on either's face. The splendour of the steel,
 In new-scour'd curets, radiant casques, and burnish'd shields, did seel
 Th' assailer's eyes up. He sustain'd a huge spirit that was glad 320
 To see that labour, or in soul that stood not stricken sad.

Thus these two disagreeing Gods, old Saturn's mighty sons,
 Afflicted these heroic men with huge oppressions.
 Jove honouring Æacides (to let the Greeks still try
 Their want without him) would bestow, yet still, the victory 325
 On Hector, and the Trojan pow'r ; yet for Æacides,
 And honour of his mother-queen, great Goddess of the seas,
 He would not let proud Ilion see the Grecians quite destroy'd,
 And therefore from the hoary deep he suffer'd so employ'd
 Great Neptune in the Grecian aid, who griev'd for them, and storm'd
 Extremely at his brother Jove. Yet both one Goddess form'd, 331
 And one soil bred, but Jupiter precedence took in birth,
 And had more knowledge ; for which cause the other came not forth
 Of his wet kingdom but with care of not being seen t' excite
 The Grecian host, and like a man appear'd, and made the fight. 335
 So these Gods made men's valours great, but equall'd them with war
 As harmful as their hearts were good, and stretch'd those chains as far
 On both sides as their limbs could bear, in which they were involv'd
 Past breach, or loosing, that their knees might therefore be dissolv'd.

³¹⁹ *Seel.*—See note on Bk. XVI. 314.

³³³ “ The empire of Jove exceeded Neptune's (saith Plut. upon this place) because he was more ancient, and excellent in knowledge and wisdom ; and upon this verse, viz., ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς πρότερος, &c., sets down this his most worthy to be noted opinion : viz., I think also that the blessedness of eternal life, which God enjoys is this : that by any past time He forgets not notions presently apprehended ; for otherwise, the knowledge and understanding of things taken away, immortality should not be life, but time, &c. (Plut. de Iside et Osiride.) ”

Then, though a half-grey man he were, Crete's sovereign did excite
 The Greeks to blows, and flew upon the Trojans, even to fight; 341
 For he, in sight of all the host, Othryoneus slew,
 That from Cabetes, with the fame of those wars, thither drew
 His new-come forces, and requir'd, without respect of dow'r,
 Cassandra, fair'st of Priam's race; assuring with his pow'r, 345
 A mighty labour, to expel, in their despite, from Troy
 The sons of Greece. The king did vow, that done, he should enjoy
 His goodliest daughter. He, in trust of that fair purchase, fought;
 And at him threw the Cretan king a lance, that singled out
 This great assumer, whom it struck just in his navel-stead. 350
 His brazen curets helping nought resign'd him to the dead.
 Then did the conqueror exclaim, and thus insulted then :

" Othryoneus, I will praise, beyond all mortal men,
 Thy living virtues, if thou wilt now perfect the brave vow
 Thou mad'st to Priam for the wife he promis'd to bestow. 355
 And where he should have kept his word, there we assure thee here,
 To give thee for thy princely wife the fairest and most dear
 Of our great General's female race, which from his Argive hall
 We all will wait upon to Troy, if, with our aids, and all,
 Thou wilt but raze this well-built town. Come, therefore, follow me,
 That in our ships we may conclude this royal match with thee. 361
 I'll be no jot worse than my word." With that he took his feet,
 And dragg'd him through the fervent fight; in which did Asius meet
 The victor, to inflict revenge. He came on foot before
 His horse, that on his shoulders breath'd; so closely evermore 365
 His coachman led them to his lord; who held a huge desire
 To strike the king, but he struck first, and underneath his chin,
 At his throat's height, through th' other side, his eager lance drave in;
 And down he bustled like an oak, a poplar, or a pine,
 Hewn down for shipwood, and so lay. His fall did so decline 370

The spirit of his charioteer, that, lest he should incense
 The victor to impair his spoil, he durst not drive from thence
 His horse and chariot; and so pleas'd, with that respective part,
 Antilochus, that for his fear he reach'd him with a dart
 About his belly's midst, and down his sad corse fell beneath 375
 The richly builded chariot, there labouring out his breath.
 The horse Antilochus took off; when, griev'd for this event,
 Deiphobus drew passing near, and at the victor sent
 A shining javelin; which he saw, and shunn'd, with gath'ring round
 His body in his all-round shield, at whose top, with a sound, 380
 It overflow'd; yet, seizing there, it did not idly fly
 From him that wing'd it, his strong hand still drave it mortally
 On prince Hypsenor; it did pierce his liver, underneath
 The veins it passeth; his shrunk knees submitted him to death.
 And then did lov'd Deiphobus miraculously vaunt: 385
 "Now Asius lies not unreveng'd, nor doth his spirit want
 The joy I wish it, though it be now ent'ring the strong gate
 Of mighty Pluto, since this hand hath sent him down a mate."

This glory in him griev'd the Greeks, and chiefly the great mind
 Of martial Antilochus, who though to grief inclin'd, 390
 He left not yet his friend, but ran and hid him with his shield;
 And to him came two lovely friends that freed him from the field,
 Mecisteus, son of Echius, and the right nobly born
 Alastâr, bearing him to fleet, and did extremely mourn.

Idomeneus sunk not yet, but held his nerves entire, 395
 His mind much less deficient, being fed with firm desire
 To hide more Trojans in dim night, or sink himself in guard
 Of his lov'd countrymen. And then Alcathous prepar'd
 Work for his valour, off'ring fate his own destruction.
 A great heroë, and had grace to be the loved son 400
 Of Æsyetes, son-in-law to prince Æneas' sire,
 Hippodamia marrying, who most enflam'd the fire

³⁷⁵ *Respective.*—Bk. xi. 689.

³⁸⁰ *Glory*—boast.

Of her dear parents' love, and took precedence in her birth
 Of all their daughters, and as much exceeded in her worth
 (For beauty answer'd with her mind, and both with housewifery) 405
 All the fair beauty of young dames that us'd her company,
 And therefore, being the worthiest dame, the worthiest man did wed
 Of ample Troy. Him Neptune stoop'd beneath the royal force
 Of Idomen, his sparkling eyes deluding, and the course
 Of his illustrious lineaments so out of nature bound, 410
 That back nor forward he could stir, but, as he grew to ground,
 Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither mov'd, nor fear'd ;
 When straight the royal Cretan's dart in his mid breast appear'd,
 It brake the curets, that were proof to every other dart
 Yet now they cleft and rung ; the lance stuck shaking in his heart ;
 His heart with panting made it shake ; but Mars did now remit 416
 The greatness of it, and the king, now quitting the brag fit
 Of glory in Deiphobus, thus terribly exclaim'd :

“ Deiphobus, now may we think that we are evenly fam'd
 That three for one have sent to Dis. But come, change blows with me,
 Thy vaunts for him thou slew'st were vain. Come, wretch, that thou
 may'st see 421

What issue Jove hath. Jove begot Minos, the strength of Crete ;
 Minos begot Deucalion ; Deucalion did beget
 Me Idomen, now Creta's king, that here my ships have brought
 To bring thyself, thy father, friends, all Ilion's pomp, to nought.” 425

Deiphobus at two ways stood, in doubt to call some one,
 With some retreat, to be his aid, or try the chance alone.
 At last, the first seem'd best to him, and back he went to call
 Anchises' son to friend, who stood in troop the last of all,
 Where still he serv'd ; which made him still incense against the king,
 That, being amongst his best their peer, he grac'd not anything 431
 His wrong'd deserts. Deiphobus spake to him, standing near :

“ Æneas, prince of Trojans, if any touch appear

Of glory in thee, thou must now assist thy sister's lord,
 And one that to thy tend'rest youth did careful guard afford,
 Alcathous, whom Creta's king hath chiefly slain to thee,
 His right most challenging thy hand. Come, therefore, follow me."

This much excited his good mind, and set his heart on fire
 Against the Cretan, who child-like dissolv'd not in his ire,
 But stood him firm. As when in hills a strength-relying boar,
 Alone, and hearing hunters come, whom tumult flies before,
 Up-thrusts his bristles, whets his tusks, sets fire on his red eyes,
 And in his brave prepar'd repulse doth dogs and men despise ;
 So stood the famous-for-his-lance, nor shunn'd the coming charge
 That resolute Æneas brought. Yet, since the odds was large,
 He call'd with good right to his aid war-skill'd Ascalaphus,
 Aphareus, Meriones, the strong Deipyrus,
 And Nestor's honourable son : " Come near, my friends," said he,
 " And add your aids to me alone. Fear taints me worthily,
 Though firm I stand, and show it not. Æneas great in fight,
 And one that bears youth in his flow'r, that bears the greatest might,
 Comes on with aim direct at me. Had I his youthful limb
 To bear my mind, he should yield fame, or I would yield it him."

This said, all held, in many souls, one ready helpful mind,
 Clapp'd shields and shoulders, and stood close. Æneas, not inclin'd
 With more presumption than the king, call'd aid as well as he,
 Divine Agenor, Helen's love, who follow'd instantly,
 And all their forces following them, as after bell-wethers
 The whole flocks follow to their drink, which sight the shepherd
 cheers.

Nor was Æneas' joy less mov'd to see such troops attend
 His honour'd person ; and all these fought close about his friend ;
 But two of them, past all the rest, had strong desire to shed
 The blood of either ; Idomen, and Cytherea's seed.
 Æneas first bestow'd his lance, which th' other seeing shunn'd,
 And that, thrown from an idle hand, stuck trembling in the ground.

But Idomen's, discharg'd at him, had no such vain success, 466
 Which CEnomaus' entrails found, in which it did impress
 His sharp pile to his fall ; his palms tore his returning earth.
 Idomeneus straight stepp'd in, and pluck'd his javelin forth,
 But could not spoil his goodly arms, they press'd him so with darts. 470
 And now the long toil of the fight had spent his vigorous parts,
 And made them less apt to avoid the foe that should advance,
 Or, when himself advanc'd again, to run and fetch his lance,
 And therefore in stiff fights of stand he spent the cruel day.
 When, coming softly from the slain, Deiphobus gave way 475
 To his bright javelin at the king, whom he could never brook ;
 But then he lost his envy too. His lance yet deadly took
 Ascalaphus, the son of Mars ; quite through his shoulder flew
 The violent head, and down he fell. Nor yet by all means knew 480
 Wide-throated Mars his son was fall'n, but in Olympus' top
 Sat canopied with golden clouds ; Jove's counsel had shut up
 Both him and all the other Gods from that time's equal task,
 Which now, about Ascalaphus, strife set. His shining casque
 Deiphobus had forc'd from him, but instantly leap'd in
 Mars-swift Meriones, and struck, with his long javelin, 485
 The right arm of Deiphobus, which made his hand let fall
 The sharp-topp'd helmet ; the press'd earth resounding therewithall.
 When, vulture-like, Meriones rush'd in again and drew,
 From out the low parts of his arm his javelin, and then flew
 Back to his friends. Deiphobus, faint with the blood's excess 490
 Fall'n from his wound, was carefully convey'd out of the press
 By his kind brother by both sides, Polites, till they gat
 His horse and chariot that were still set fit for his retreat,
 And bore him now to Ilion. The rest fought fiercely on,
 And set a mighty fight on foot. When next, Anchises' son 495

⁴⁷⁷ *Envy*.—The word seems here to mean *aim*. Chapman perhaps used it as "*envoyé*," something *hurled* or *thrust* (see Cotgrave). Or he might have meant simply *wish*, *desire* (French "*envie*").

Aphareus Caletorides, that ran upon him, strook
 Just in the throat with his keen lance ; and straight his head forsook
 His upright carriage, and his shield, his helm, and all, with him
 Fell to the earth, where ruinous death made prise of every limb.

Antilochus, discovering well that Thoon's heart took check, 500
 Let fly, and cut the hollow vein, that runs up to his neck
 Along his back part, quite in twain ; down in the dust he fell,
 Upwards, and, with extended hands, bade all the world farewell.

Antilochus rush'd nimble in, and, looking round, made prise
 Of his fair arms ; in which affair his round set enemies 505
 Let fly their lances, thundering on his advanced targe,
 But could not get his flesh. The God that shakes the earth took charge

Of Nestor's son and kept him safe, who never was away,
 But still amongst the thickest foes his busy lance did play,
 Observing ever when he might, far off, or near, offend, 510

And watching Asius' son, in prease he spied him, and did send,
 Close coming on, a dart at him, that smote in midst his shield,
 In which the sharp head of the lance the blue-hair'd God made yield,
 Not pleas'd to yield his pupil's life, in whose shield half the dart
 Stuck like a truncheon burn'd with fire, on earth lay th' other part. 515

He, seeing no better end of all, retir'd in fear of worse,
 But him Meriones pursu'd ; and his lance found full course
 To th' other's life. It wounded him betwixt the privy parts
 And navel, where to wretched men that war's most violent smarts
 Must undergo, wounds chiefly vex. His dart Meriones 520

Pursu'd, and Adamas so striv'd with it, and his mis-ease,
 As doth a bullock puff and storm, whom in disdain'd bands
 The upland herdsmen strive to cast ; so, fall'n beneath the hands
 Of his stern foe, Asiadès did struggle, pant, and rave.
 But no long time ; for when the lance was pluck'd out, up he gave 525
 His tortur'd soul. Then Troy's turn came ; when with a Thracian sword
 The temples of Deipyrus did Helenus afford

⁵¹⁰ *Offend*—(Latin) strike.

So huge a blow, it struck all light out of his cloudy eyes,
 And cleft his helmet ; which a Greek, there fighting, made his prise,
 It fell so full beneath his feet. Atrides griev'd to see 530
 That sight, and, threat'ning, shook a lance at Helenus, and he
 A bow half drew at him ; at once out flew both shaft and lance.
 The shaft Atrides' curets struck, and far away did glance.
 Atrides' dart of Helenus the thrust out bow-hand struck,
 And, through the hand, stuck in the bow. Agenor's hand did pluck 535
 From forth the nailed prisoner the javelin quickly out ;
 And fairly, with a little wool, enwrapping round about
 The wounded hand, within a scarf he bore it, which his squire
 Had ready for him. Yet the wound would needs he should retire.

Pisander, to revenge his hurt, right on the king ran he. 540
 A bloody fate suggested him to let him run on thee,
 O Menelaus, that he might, by thee, in dangerous war
 Be done to death. Both coming on, Atrides' lance did err.
 Pisander struck Atrides' shield, that brake at point the dart
 Not running through ; yet he rejoic'd as playing a victor's part. 545
 Atrides, drawing his fair sword, upon Pisander flew ;
 Pisander, from beneath his shield, his goodly weapon drew,
 Two-edg'd, with right sharp steel, and long, the handle olive-tree,
 Well polish'd ; and to blows they go. Upon the top struck he
 Atrides' horse-hair'd-feather'd helm ; Atrides on his brow, 550
 Above th' extreme part of his nose, laid such a heavy blow
 That all the bones crash'd under it, and out his eyes did drop
 Before his feet in bloody dust ; he after, and shrunk up
 His dying body, which the foot of his triumphing foe
 Opened, and stood upon his breast, and off his arms did go, 555
 This insultation us'd the while : " At length forsake our fleet,
 Thus ye false Trojans, to whom war never enough is sweet.

⁵³⁸ Scarf.—See Commentary.

⁵⁵¹ His nose.—The second folio has " the nose."

⁵⁵⁶ See Commentary.

Nor want ye more impieties, with which ye have abus'd
 Me, ye bold dogs, that your chief friends so honourably us'd.
 Nor fear you hospitable Jove that lets such thunders go. 560
 But build upon't, he will unbuild your tow'rs that clamber so,
 For ravishing my goods, and wife, in flow'r of all her years,
 And without cause ; nay, when that fair and liberal hand of hers
 Had us'd you so most lovingly. And now again ye would
 Cast fire into our fleet, and kill our princes if ye could. 565
 Go to, one day you will be curb'd, though never so ye thirst
 Rude war, by war. O father Jove, they say thou art the first
 In wisdom of all Gods and men, yet all this comes from thee,
 And still thou gratifiest these men, how lewd so e'er they be,
 Though never they be cloy'd with sins, nor can be satiate, 570
 As good men should, with this vile war. Satiety of state,
 Satiety of sleep and love, satiety of ease,
 Of music, dancing, can find place ; yet harsh war still must please
 Past all these pleasures, even past these. They will be cloy'd with
 these

Before their war joys. Never war gives Troy satieties." 575

This said, the bloody arms were off, and to his soldiers thrown,
 He mixing in first fight again. And then Harpalion,
 Kind king Pylæmen's son, gave charge, who to those wars of Troy
 His loved father followed, nor ever did enjoy
 His country's sight again. He struck the targe of Atreus' son 580
 Full in the midst, his javelin's steel yet had no power to run
 The target through ; nor had himself the heart to fetch his lance,
 But took him to his strength, and cast on every side a glance,
 Lest any his dear sides should dart. But Merion, as he fled,
 Sent after him a brazen lance that ran his eager head 585
 Through his right hip, and all along the bladder's region
 Beneath the bone ; it settled him, and set his spirit gone
 Amongst the hands of his best friends ; and like a worm he lay
 Stretch'd on the earth, with his black blood imbrued and flow'd away.

His corse the Paphlagonians did sadly wait upon, 590
 Repos'd in his rich chariot, to sacred Ilion ;
 The king his father following, dissolv'd in kindly tears,
 And no wreak sought for his slain son. But, at his slaughterers
 Incensed Paris spent a lance, since he had been a guest
 To many Paphlagonians, and through the press it press'd. 595
 There was a certain augur's son, that did for wealth excel,
 And yet was honest ; he was born and did at Corinth dwell ;
 Who, though he knew his harmful fate, would needs his ship ascend.
 His father, Polyidus, oft would tell him that his end
 Would either seize him at his house, upon a sharp disease, 600
 Or else amongst the Grecian ships by Trojans slain. Both these
 Together he desir'd to shun ; but the disease, at last,
 And ling'ring death in it, he left, and war's quick stroke embrac'd.
 The lance betwixt his ear and cheek ran in, and drave the mind 604
 Of both those bitter fortunes out. Night struck his whole pow'rs blind.

Thus fought they, like the spirit of fire ; nor Jove-lov'd Hector knew
 How in the fleet's left wing the Greeks his down-put soldiers slew.
 Almost to victory, the God that shakes the earth so well
 Help'd with his own strength, and the Greeks so fiercely did impell. 609
 Yet Hector made the first place good, where both the ports and wall,
 The thick rank of the Greek shields broke, he ent'red, and did skull,
 Where on the gray sea's shore were drawn, the wall being there but slight,
 Protesilaus' ships, and those of Ajax, where the fight
 Of men and horse were sharpest set. There the Bæotian band,
 Long-rob'd Iaons, Locrians, and, brave men of their hands, 615
 The Phthian and Epeian troops did spritefully assail
 The god-like Hector rushing in, and yet could not prevail
 To his repulse, though choicest men of Athens there made head ;
 Amongst whom was Menestheus' chief, whom Phidias followed,
 Stichius and Bias, huge in strength. Th' Epeian troops were led. 620

⁶¹¹ *Skall*—scale. So printed doubtless for the rhyme's sake.

⁶¹⁵ *Iaons*.—"By Iaons (for Ionians) he intends the Athenians."—CHAPMAN.

My Magon and Phylides' cares, Amphion, Dracius.
 Before the Phthians Medon march'd, and Menepolemus ;
 And those, with the Bæotian pow'rs, bore up the fleet's defence.
 Olympus by his brother's side stood close, and would not thence
 For any moment of that time. But, as through fallow fields 625
 Black oxen draw a well-join'd plough, and either evenly yields
 His thrifty labour, all heads couch'd so close to earth they plow
 The fallow with their horns, till out the sweat begins to flow,
 The stretch'd yokes crack, and yet at last the furrow forth is driven ;
 So toughly stood these to their task, and made their work as even. 630

But Ajax Telamonius had many helpful men
 That, when sweat ran about his knees, and labour flow'd, would then
 Help bear his mighty seven-fold shield ; when swift Oiliades
 The Locrians left, and would not make those murth'rous fights of prease,
 Because they wore no bright steel casques, nor bristled plumes for
 show, 635

Round shields, nor darts of solid ash, but with the trusty bow,
 And jacks well quilted with soft wool, they came to Troy, and were,
 In their fit place, as confident as those that fought so near,
 And reach'd their foes so thick with shafts that these were they that brake
 The Trojan orders first ; and then, the brave arm'd men did make 640
 Good work with their close fights before. Behind whom, having shot,
 The Locrians hid still ; and their foes all thought of fight forgot
 With shows of those far-striking shafts, their eyes were troubled so.
 And then, assur'dly, from the ships, and tents, th' insulting foe
 Had miserably fled to Troy, had not Polydamas 645
 Thus spake to Hector : " Hector still impossible 'tis to pass
 Good counsel upon you. But say some God prefers thy deeds,
 In counsels wouldst thou pass us too ? In all things none exceeds.
 To some God gives the power of war, to some the sleight to dance,
 To some the art of instruments, some doth for voice advance ; 650

637 *Jacks*—jerkens used by archers. See Chapman's Commentary on this line.

And that far-seeing God grants some the wisdom of the mind,
 Which no man can keep to himself, that, though but few can find,
 Doth profit many, that preserves the public weal and state,
 And that, who hath, he best can prize. But, for me, I'll relate
 Only my censure what's our best. The very crown of war 655
 Doth burn about thee ; yet our men, when they have reach'd thus far,
 Suppose their valours crown'd, and cease. A few still stir their feet,
 And so a few with many fight, sperst thinly through the fleet.
 Retire then, leave speech to the rout, and all thy princes call,
 That, here, in counsels of most weight, we may resolve of all, 660
 If having likelihood to b'lieve that God will conquest give,
 We shall charge through ; or with this grace, make our retreat, and live.
 For, I must needs affirm, I fear the debt of yesterday,
 Since war is such a God of change, the Grecians now will pay.
 And since th' insatiate man of war remains at fleet, if there 665
 We tempt his safety, no hour more his hot soul can forbear."

This sound stuff Hector lik'd, approv'd, jump'd from his chariot,
 And said : " Polydamas make good this place, and suffer not
 One prince to pass it ; I myself will there go, where you see
 Those friends in skirmish, and return, when they have heard from me
 Command that your advice obeys, with utmost speed." This said, 671
 With day-bright arms, white plume, white scarf, his goodly limbs array'd,
 He parted from them, like a hill, removing, all of snow,
 And to the Trojan peers and chiefs he flew, to let them know
 The counsel of Polydamas. All turn'd, and did rejoice, 675
 To haste to Panthus' gentle son, being call'd by Hector's voice ;
 Who, through the forefights making way, look'd for Deiphobus,
 King Helenus, Asiadès, Hyrtasian Asius,

655 *Censure*—opinion, judgment (Latin). See Bk. xiv. 81.

"Madam, and you, my sister, will you go
 To give your *censures* in this weighty business?"

SHAKESPEARE. *Rich. III.* II. 2.

677 *Fore-fights*.—Bk. xii. 274.

Of whom, some were not to be found unhurt, or undecess'd,
 Some only hurt, and gone from field. As further he address'd, 680
 He found within the fight's left wing the fair-hair'd Helen's love
 By all means moving men to blows; which could by no means move
 Hector's forbearance, his friends' miss so put his pow'rs in storm,
 But thus in wonted terms he chid: " You with the finest form,
 Impostor, woman's man! where are, in your care mark'd, all these,
 Deiphobus, King Helenus, Asius Hyrtacides, 685
 Othryoneus, Acamas? Now haughty Iliion
 Shakes to his lowest groundwork. Now just ruin falls upon
 Thy head past rescue." He replied: " Hector, why chid'st thou now
 When I am guiltless? Other times there are for ease, I know, 690
 Than these, for She that brought thee forth not utterly left me
 Without some portion of thy spirit to make me brother thee.
 But since thou first brought'st in thy force to this our naval fight
 I and my friends have ceaseless fought to do thy service right.
 But all those friends thou seek'st are slain, excepting Helenus, 695
 Who parted wounded in his hand, and so Deiphobus;
 Jove yet averted death from them. And now lead thou as far
 As thy great heart affects, all we will second any war
 That thou endurest, and I hope my own strength is not lost.
 Though least, I'll fight it to his best; nor further fights the most." 700

 This calm'd hot Hector's spleen; and both turn'd where they saw the
 face
 Of war most fierce, and that was where their friends made good the place
 About renown'd Polydamas and god-like Polypæt,
 Palmus, Ascanius, Morus that Hippotion did beget,
 And from Ascania's wealthy fields but even the day before 705
 Arriv'd at Troy, that with their aid they kindly might restore
 Some kindness they receiv'd from thence. And in fierce fight with these,
 Phalces and tall Orthæus stood, and bold Cebriones.
 And then the doubt that in advice Polydamas disclos'd,
 To fight or fly, Jove took away, and all to fight dispos'd. 710

And as the floods of troubled air to pitchy storms increase
 That after thunder sweeps the fields, and ravish up the seas,
 Encount'ring with abhorred roars, when the engrossed waves
 Boil into foam, and endlessly one after other raves ;
 So rank'd and guarded th' Ilians march'd ; some now, more now, and then
 More upon more, in shining steel ; now captains, then their men. 716
 And Hector, like man-killing Mars, advanc'd before them all,
 His huge round target before him, through thick'ned, like a wall,
 With hides well couch'd with store of brass ; and on his temples shin'd
 His bright helm, on which danc'd his plume ; and in this horrid kind,
 All hid within his world-like shield, he every troop assay'd 721
 For entry ; that in his despite stood firm and undismay'd.
 Which when he saw, and kept more off, Ajax came stalking then,
 And thus provok'd him : " O good man, why fright'st thou thus our men ?
 Come nearer. Not art's want in war makes us thus navy-bound, 725
 But Jove's direct scourge ; his arm'd hand makes our hands give you
 ground.

Yet thou hop'st, of thyself, our spoil. But we have likewise hands
 To hold our own, as you to spoil, and ere thy countermands
 Stand good against our ransack'd fleet, your hugely-peopled town
 Our hands shall take in, and her tow'rs from all their heights pull down.
 And I must tell thee, time draws on, when, flying, thou shalt cry 731
 To Jove and all the Gods to make thy fair-man'd horses fly
 More swift than falcons, that their hoofs may rouse the dust, and bear
 Thy body, hid, to Ilion." This said, his bold words were
 Confirm'd as soon as spoke. Jove's bird, the high-flown eagle, took
 The right hand of their host, whose wings high acclamations strook 736
 From forth the glad breasts of the Greeks. Then Hector made reply :
 " Vain-spoken man, and glorious, what hast thou said ? Would I

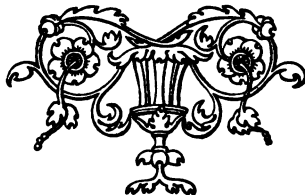
719 *Couched*—laid close to one another. Bk. xvii. 235.

" And, over all, with brazen scales was arm'd
 Like plated coat of steel, so *couched* near,
 That nought might pierce."—SPENSER. F. Q.

725 *Glorious*—(Latin) boasting.

As surely were the son of Jove, and of great Juno born,
Adorn'd like Pallas, and the God that lifts to earth the morn, 740
As this day shall bring harmful light to all your host, and thou,
If thou dar'st stand this lance, the earth before the ships shalt strow,
Thy bosom torn up, and the dogs, with all the fowl of Troy,
Be satiate with thy fat and flesh." This said, with shouting joy 744
His first troops follow'd, and the last their shouts with shouts repell'd.
Greece answer'd all, nor could her spirits from all show rest conceal'd.
And to so infinite a height all acclamations strove,
They reach'd the splendours stuck about the unreach'd throne of Jove.

748 *Unreach'd*—that cannot be reached.



COMMENTARIUS.

5. ὁ ἄγαυός τις Ἴππημολγών, &c., *illustrium Hippemolgorum*: Γλακτοφάγων, *lacte vescentium*, &c. Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessus (who I think translated Homer into hexameters out of Valla's prose) take ἄγαυός, the epithet to Ἴππημολγών, for a nation so called, and Ἴππημολγών Γλακτοφάγων ἀβίων τε translates, *utque sine ullis divitiis equino victitat lacte*; intending *gens Agavorum*, which he takes for those just men of life likewise which Homer commends; utterly mistaking ἄγαυός, signifying *præclarus* or *illustris*, whose genitive case plural is used here; and the word, epithet to Ἴππημολγών, together signifying *illustrium Hippemolgorum*, and they being bred, and continually fed with milk (which the next word γλακτοφάγων signifies) Homer calls *most just, long-lived, and innocent*, in the words ἀβίων τε δικαιοτάτων ἀνδράπων—ἄβιος signifying *longævus*, *ab a epitatico*, and βίος *vita*, but of some *inops*, being a compound *ex a privat.*, and βίος *victus*: and from thence had Valla his interpretation, *utque sine ullis divitiis*; but where is *equino lacte*? But not to show their errors, or that I understand how others take this place different from my translation, I use this note, so much as to intimate what Homer would have noted, and doth teach, that men brought up with that gentle and soft-spirit-begetting milk are long lived, and in nature most just and innocent. Which kind of food the most ingenious and grave Plutarch, in his oration *De Esu Carnium*, seems to prefer before the food of flesh, where he saith: “ By this means also tyrants laid the foundations of their homicides, for (as amongst the Athenians) first they put to death the most notorious and vilest sycophant Epitedeus, so the second, and third; then, being accustomed to blood, they slew good like bad, as

Niceratus, the emperor Theramenes, Polemarchus the philosopher, &c. So, at the first, men killed some harmful beast or other, then some kind of fowl, some fish; till taught by these, and stirred up with the lust of their palates, they proceeded to slaughter of the laborious ox, the man-clothing or adorning sheep, the house-guarding cock, &c., and by little and little cloyed with these, war, and the food of men, men fell to, &c.”

118. 'Αμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντας, &c., *Circum autem Ajaces, &c.* To judgment of this place, Spondanus calleth all sound judgments to condemnation of one Panædes, a judge of games on Olympus, whose brother Amphidamas being dead, Gamnictor his son celebrated his funerals, calling all the most excellent to contention, not only for strength and swiftness, but in learning likewise, and force of wisdom. To this general Contention came Homer and Hesiodus, who casting down verses on both parts, and of all measures (Homer by all consents questionless obtaining the garland) Panædes bade both recite briefly their best; for which Hesiodus cited these verses, which, as well as I could, in haste, I have translated out of the beginning of his Second Book of Works and Days:*

When Atlas birth (the Pleiades) arise,
Harvest begin; plough, when they leave the skies.
Twice twenty nights and days these hide their heads,
The year then turning, leave again their beds,
And show when first to whet the harvest steel.
This likewise is the field's law, where men dwell
Near Neptune's empire, and where, far away,
The winding valleys fly the flowing sea,
And men inhabit the fat region.
There naked plough, sow naked, nak'd cut down,
If Ceres' labours thou wilt timely use,
That timely fruits, and timely revenues,
Serve thee at all parts, lest, at any, Need
Send thee to others' grudging doors to feed, &c.

These verses, howsoever Spondanus stands for Homer's, in respect of

* Chapman published a Translation of the “Georgics of Hesiod,” 4to. London 1618, which is now very rare. Warton was not aware of the existence of this volume, and supposed the present lines to be the sole published specimen of Chapman's Hesiod. (See Hist. Engl. Poet. III. 360, ed. 1840.) The version possesses much merit.

the peace and thrift they represent, are like enough to carry it for Hesiodus, even in these times' judgments. Homer's verses are these:—

—— Thus Neptune rous'd these men.
 And round about th' Ajaces did their phalanxes maintain
 Their station firm, whom Mars himself (had he amongst them gone)
 Could not disparage, nor Jove's Maid that sets men fiercer on.
 For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th' advance
 Of Hector and his men so full, that lance was lin'd with lance,
 Shields thick'n'd with oppos'd shields, targets to targets nail'd,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man to man grew they so close assail'd,
 Plum'd casques were hang'd in either's plumes, all join'd so close their stands,
 Their lances stood, thrust home so thick, by such all-daring hands.
 All bent their firm breasts to the point, and made sad fight their joy
 Of both. Troy all in heaps struck first, and Hector first of Troy.
 And as a round piece of a rock, &c.

Which martial verses, though they are as high as may be for their place and end of our Homer, are yet infinitely short of his best in a thousand other places. Nor think I the Contention of any part true, Homer being affirmed by good authors to be a hundred years before Hesiodus; and by all others much the older, Hesiodus being near in blood to him. And this, for some variety in your delight, I thought not amiss to insert here.

536. Σρενδόν, the Commentors translate in this place *funda*, most untruly, there being no slings spoken of in all these Iliads, nor any such service used in all these wars, which in my last annotation in this book will appear more apparent. But here, and in this place, to translate the word *funda* (though most commonly it signifieth so much) is most ridiculous; Σρενδόν likewise signifying *ornamentum quoddam muliebree*, which therefore I translate *a scarf*, a fitter thing to hang his arm in than a sling, and likely that his squire carried about him, either as a favour of his own mistress, or his master's, or for either's ornament, scarfs being no unusual wear for soldiers.

554. Λείψτε θην ἔτω, &c. *Relinquetis demum sic, &c. At length forsake our fleet, &c.* Now come we to the continuance (with clear notes) of Menelaus' ridiculous character. This very beginning of his insultation, in the manner of it, preparing it, and the simply uttered

upbraids of the Trojans following, confirming it most ingeniously. First, that the Trojans ravished his wife in the flower of her years, calling her *καριδίην ἄλοχον*, which Spondanus translateth *virginem uxorem*, being here to be translated *juvenilem uxorem* (*καριδίας* signifying *juvenilis*) but they will have it *virginem*; because Homer must be taxed with ignorance of what the next age after Troy's siege revealed of the age before, in which Theseus is remembered first to have ravished Helen, and that, by Theseus, Iphigenia was begotten of her; which being granted, maketh much against Homer, if you mark it, for making Menelaus think yet he married her a virgin, if Spondanus' translation should pass. First, no man being so simple to think that the Poet thinketh always as he maketh others speak; and next, it being no very strange or rare credulity in men to believe they marry maids, when they do not; much more such a man made for the purpose as Menelaus, whose good husbandly imagination of his wife's maidenhead at their marriage, I hope, answereth at full the most foolish taxation of Homer's ignorance. In which a man may wonder at these learned Critics' overlearnedness, and what ropes of sand they make with their kind of intelligencing knowledge; I mean in such as abuse the name of Critics, as many versers do of Poets; the rest for their industries I reverence. But all this time I lose my collection of Menelaus' silly and ridiculous upbraids here given to the Trojans. First (as above said) for ravishing his wife in the flower of her years:—when should a man play such a part but then?—though indeed poor Menelaus had the more wrong or loss in it, and yet Paris the more reason. He added then, and without cause or injury, a most sharp one in Homer, and in Menelaus as much ridiculous; as though lovers looked for more cause in their love-suits than the beauties of their beloved; or that men were made cuckolds only for spite, or revenge of some wrong precedent. But indeed Menelaus' true simplicity is this, to think harms should not be done without harms foregoing (no not in these unsmarting harms) making him well deserve his epithet *ἀγαθός*. Yet further see how his pure imbecility prevaleth: and how by a thread Homer cutteth him out here, *ἐπεὶ φιλέσδε παρ' αὐτῇ*, *postquam amice*

tractati fuistis apud ipsam, after ye had been kindly entertained at her hands. I hope you will think nothing could encourage them more than that. See how he speaketh against her in taking her part, and how ingeniously Homer giveth him still some colour of reason for his senselessness, which colour yet is enough to deceive our commentators ; they find not yet the tame figure of our horned ; but they and all translators still force his speeches to the best part. Yet further then make we our dissection. “ *And now* ” (saith our simplician) “ *you would again show your iniquities, even to the casting of pernicious fire into our fleet, and killing our princes if you could.* ” Would any man think this in an enemy, and such an enemy as the Trojans ? Chide enemies in arms for offering to hurt their enemies ? Would you have yet plainer this good king’s simplicity ? But his slaughters sometimes, and wise words, are those mists our Homer casteth before the eyes of his readers, that hindereth their prospects to his more constant and predominant softness and simplicity. Which he doth, imagining his understanding readers’ eyes more sharp than not to see pervially through them ; and yet, would not have these great ones themselves need so subtle flatteries but that every shadow of their worth might remove all the substance of their worthlessness. I am weary with beating this thin thicket for a woodcock, and yet, lest it prove still too thick for our sanguine and gentle complexions to shine through, in the next words of his lame reproof he crieth out against Jupiter, saying, ἡ τέ σε φασὶ περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων *profectò te aiunt sapientià (vel circa mentem) superare ceteros homines atque deos ;* wherein he affirmeth that men say so, building, poor man, even that unknown secret to himself upon others, and now, I hope, showeth himself empty enough. But, lest you should say I strive to illustrate the sun, and make clear a thing plain, hear how dark and perplexed a riddle it showeth yet to our good Spondanus, being an excellent scholar, and Homer’s commentor ; whose words upon this speech are these : *Facundiam Menelai cum acumine, antea prædicavit Homerus* (intending in Antenor’s speech, lib. iii. unto which I pray you turn) *cujus hîc luculentum exemplum habes. Vehemena*

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autem est ejus hoc loco oratio, ut qui injuriarum sibi à Trojanis in uxoris raptu illatarum recordetur, qua præsentem eorumdem in Græcos impetum exacerbavit. Primum itaque in Trojanos invehitur, et eorum furorem tandem aliquando cohibitum iri comminatur. Deinde, per apostrophem, ad Jovem conqueritur de inexplebili pugnandi ardore, quibus Trojani vehementer inflammantur. Would any man believe this serious blindness in so great a scholar? Nor is he alone so taken in his eyes, but all the rest of our most profaned and holy Homer's traducers.

687. Καὶ εὐστρόφῃ οἶδς ᾠήτω, &c. *et benè torta ovis lana* (or rather, *benè torto ovis flore.*) *Definitio fundæ* (saith Spondanus) *vel potius periphrastica descriptio.* The definition, or rather paraphrastic description of a sling. A most unsufferable exposition; not a sling being to be heard of (as I before affirmed) in all the services expressed in these Iliads. It is therefore the true periphrasis of a light kind of armour called a *jack*, that all our archers used to serve in of old, and were ever quilted with wool, and (because εὐτρόφος signifieth as well *qui facili motu versabatur et circumagitur*, as well as *benè vel pulchre tortus*) for their lightness and aptness to be worn, partaketh with the word in that signification. Besides note the words that follow, which are: *ταρφέα βάλλοντες*, and *ὀπισθεν* βάλλοντες*, &c. *frequenter jacentes*, and *à tergo jacentes*, shooting, striking, or wounding so thick, and at the backs of the armed men, not hurling; here being no talk of any stones, but only *συνεκλόνειν γὰρ ὄιστοι, conturbabant enim sagittæ.* And when saw any man slings lined with wool? To keep their stones warm? Or to dull their delivery? And I am sure they hurled not shafts out of them. The agreement of the Greeks with our English, as well in all other their greatest virtues, as this skill with their bows, other places of these annotations shall clearly demonstrate, and give, in my conceit, no little honour to our country.

* "Metri causâ usurpatur ὀπισθεν."—CHAPMAN.



THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ATRIDES, to behold the skirmish, brings
Old Nestor, and the other wounded kings.
Juno (receiving of the Cyprian dame
Her Ceston,* whence her sweet enticements came)
Descends to Somnus, and gets him to bind
The pow'rs of Jove with sleep, to free her mind.
Neptune assists the Greeks, and of the foe
Slaughter inflicts a mighty overthrow.
Ajax so sore strikes Hector with a stone,
It makes him spit blood, and his sense sets gone.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Ξ with sleep, and bed, heaven's Queen
Even Jove himself makes overseen.†



NOT wine, nor feasts, could lay their soft chains on old
Nestor's ear
To this high clamour, who requir'd Machaon's thoughts
to bear

* The Cestus, or magic girdle of Venus.

† *Overseen*—deceived.

‡ "This first verse (after the first four syllables) is to be read as one of our tens."—CHAPMAN.

His care in part, about the cause ; " For, methink, still," said he,
 " The cry increases. I must needs the watchtow'r mount, to see
 Which way the flood of war doth drive. Still drink thou wine, and eat,
 Till fair-hair'd Hecamed hath given a little water heat 6
 To cleanse the quittance from thy wound." This said, the goodly shield
 Of warlike Thrasymed, his son, who had his own in field,
 He took, snatch'd up a mighty lance, and so stept forth to view
 Cause of that clamour. Instantly th' unworthy cause he knew, 10
 The Grecians wholly put in rout, the Trojans routing still,
 Close at the Greeks' backs, their wall raz'd. The old man mourn'd this ill;
 And, as when with unwieldy waves the great sea forefeels winds
 That both ways murmur, and no way her certain current finds,
 But pants and swells confusedly, here goes, and there will stay, 15
 Till on it air casts one firm wind, and then it rolls away ;
 So stood old Nestor in debate, two thoughts at once on wing
 In his discourse, if first to take direct course to the king,
 Or to the multitude in fight. At last he did conclude
 To visit Agamemnon first. Mean time both hosts imbrued 20
 Their steel in one another's blood, nought wrought their healths but harms,
 Swords, huge stones, double-headed darts, still thumping on their arms.
 And now the Jove-kept kings, whose wounds were yet in cure, did meet
 Old Nestor, Diomed, Ithacus, and Atreus' son, from fleet
 Bent for the fight which was far off, the ships being drawn to shore 25
 On heaps at first, till all their sterns a wall was rais'd before,
 Which, though not great, it yet sufficed to hide them, though their men
 Were something straited, for whose scope, in form of battle then,
 They drew them through the spacious shore, one by another still,
 Till all the bosom of the strand their sable bulks did fill, 30
 Even till they took up all the space 'twixt both the promontories.
 These kings, like Nestor, in desire to know for what those cries

⁷ *Quittance*—discharge, issue.

¹³ " *Forefeels*—feels beforehand. There is no more expressive description of that swelling of waves that portends a coming storm than is contained in this single word."—COOKE TAYLOR.

Became so violent, came along, all leaning on their darts,
 To see, though not of power to fight, sad and suspicious hearts
 Distemp'ring them, and, meeting now Nestor, the king in fear 35
 Cried out: " O Nestor our renown! Why shows thy presence here,
 The harmful fight abandoned? Now Hector will make good
 The threatening vow he made, I fear, that, till he had our blood,
 And fir'd our fleet, he never more would turn to Ilion.
 Nor is it long, I see, before his whole will will be done. 40
 O Gods! I now see all the Greeks put on Achilles' ire
 Against my honour, no mean left to keep our fleet from fire."

He answer'd: " 'Tis an evident truth, not Jove himself can now,
 With all the thunder in his hands, prevent our overthrow.
 The wall we thought invincible, and trusted more than Jove, 45
 Is scal'd, raz'd, enter'd, and our pow'rs driven up past breathing prove
 A most inevitable fight, both slaughters so commix'd,
 That for your life you cannot put your diligent'st thought betwixt
 The Greeks and Trojans, and as close their throats cleave to the sky.
 Consult we then, if that will serve. For fight advise not I; 50
 It fits not wounded men to fight." Atides answer'd him:
 " If such a wall as cost the Greeks so many a tired limb
 And such a dike be past, and raz'd, that, as yourself said well,
 We all esteem'd invincible, and would past doubt repell
 The world from both our fleet and us, it doth directly show 55
 That here Jove vows our shames and deaths. I evermore did know
 His hand from ours when he help'd us, and now I see as clear
 That, like the blessed Gods, he holds our hated enemies dear,
 Supports their arms, and pinions ours. Conclude then, 'tis in vain
 To strive with him. Our ships drawn up now let us launch again, 60
 And keep at anchor till calm night, that then, perhaps, our foes
 May calm their storms, and in that time our scape we may dispose.
 ' It is not any shame to fly from ill, although by night.
 Known ill he better does that flies, than he it takes in fight.'"

* These two lines are in inverted commas in both folios.

Ulysses frown'd on him, and said : " Accurs'd, why talk'st thou thus ?
 Would thou hadst led some barbarous host, and not commanded us 66
 Whom Jove made soldiers from our youth, that age might scorn to fly
 From any charge it undertakes, and every dazzled eye
 The honour'd hand of war might close. Thus wouldst thou leave this town,
 For which our many miseries felt entitle it our own ? 70
 Peace, lest some other Greek give ear, and hear a sentence such
 As no man's palate should profane, at least that knew how much
 His own right weigh'd, and being a prince, and such a prince as bears
 Rule of so many Greeks as thou. This counsel loathes mine ears,
 Let others toil in fight and cries, and we so light of heels 75
 Upon their very noise, and groans, to hoise away our keels.
 Thus we should fit the wish of Troy, that, being something near
 The victory, we give it clear ; and we were sure to bear
 A slaughter to the utmost man, for no man will sustain
 A stroke, the fleet gone, but at that look still, and wish him slain. 80
 And therefore, prince of men, be sure, thy censure is unfit."

" O Ithacus," replied the king, " thy bitter terms have smit
 My heart in sunder. At no hand, 'gainst any prince's will
 Do I command this. Would to God that any man of skill
 To give a better counsel would, or bold, or younger man ! 85
 My voice should gladly go with his." Then Diomed began :

" The man not far is, nor shall ask much labour to bring in,
 That willingly would speak his thoughts, if spoken they might win
 Fit ear, and suffer no impair, that I discover them,
 Being youngest of you, since my sire that heir'd a diadem 90
 May make my speech to diadems decent enough, though he
 Lies in his sepulchre at Thebes. I boast this pedigree :
 Portheus three famous sons begot that in high Calydon
 And Pleuron kept, with state of kings, their habitation ;
 Agrius, Melas, and the third the horseman Oeneus, 95

⁷⁰ *Let others*—i. e. to let others, &c.

⁸¹ See Commentary.

⁸¹ *Censure*.—Bk. XIII. 653.

⁸² See Commentary.

My father's father, that excell'd in actions generous
 The other two. But these kept home, my father being driven
 With wand'ring and advent'rous spirits, for so the King of heaven
 And th' other Gods set down their wills, and he to Argos came,
 Where he began the world, and dwelt. There marrying a dame, 100
 One of Adrastus' female race, he kept a royal house,
 For he had great demesnes, good land, and, being industrious,
 He planted many orchard-grounds about his house, and bred
 Great store of sheep. Besides all this, he was well qualited,
 And past all Argives, for his spear. And these digressive things 105
 Are such as you may well endure, since (being derived from kings,
 And kings not poor nor virtueless) you cannot hold me base,
 Nor scorn my words, which oft, though true, in mean men meet disgrace.
 However, they are these in short: Let us be seen at fight,
 And yield to strong necessity, though wounded, that our sight 110
 May set those men on that of late have to Achilles' spleen
 Been too indulgent, and left blows; but be we only seen,
 Not come within the reach of darts, lest wound on wound we lay;
 Which reverend Nestor's speech implied, and so far him obey."

This counsel gladly all observ'd, went on, Atrides led. 115
 Nor Neptune this advantage lost, but closely followed,
 And like an aged man appear'd t' Atrides, whose right hand
 He seiz'd, and said: "Atrides, this doth passing fitly stand
 With stern Achilles' wreakful spirit, that he can stand astern
 His ship, and both in fight and death the Grecian bane discern, 120
 Since not in his breast glows one spark of any human mind.
 But be that his own bane. Let God by that loss make him find
 How vile a thing he is. For know, the blest Gods have not given
 Thee ever over, but perhaps the Trojans may from heaven
 Receive that justice. Nay, 'tis sure, and thou shalt see their falls, 125
 Your fleet soon freed, and for fights here they glad to take their walls."

¹⁰⁴ *Qualited.*—I do not remember to have met with this word elsewhere. Todd quotes "Hales' Lett. from the Synod of Dort, (1618) p. 36."

This said, he made known who he was, and parted with a cry
 As if ten thousand men had join'd in battle then, so high
 His throat flew through the host; and so this great Earth-shaking God
 Cheer'd up the Greek hearts that they wish their pains no period. 130

Saturnia from Olympus' top saw her great brother there,
 And her great husband's brother too, exciting everywhere
 The glorious spirits of the Greeks; which as she joy'd to see,
 So, on the fountful Ida's top, Jove's sight did disagree
 With her contentment, since she fear'd that his hand would descend,
 And check the Sea-god's practices. And this she did contend 135
 How to prevent, which thus seem'd best: To deck her curiously,
 And visit the Idalian hill, that so the Lightner's eye
 She might enamour with her looks, and his high temples steep,
 Even to his wisdom, in the kind and golden juice of sleep. 140
 So took she chamber which her son, the God of ferrary,
 With firm doors made, being joined close, and with a privy key
 That no God could command but Jove, where, enter'd, she made fast
 The shining gates, and then upon her lovely body cast
 Ambrosia, that first made it clear, and after laid on it 145
 An odorous, rich, and sacred oil, that was so wondrous sweet
 That ever, when it was but touch'd, it sweet'ned heaven and earth.
 Her body being cleans'd with this, her tresses she let forth,
 And comb'd, her comb dipp'd in the oil, then wrapp'd them up in curls;
 And, thus her deathless head adorn'd, a heavenly veil she huris 150
 On her white shoulders, wrought by Her that rules in housewiferies,
 Who wove it full of antique works, of most divine device,
 And this with goodly clasps of gold she fasten'd to her breast.
 Then with a girdle, whose rich sphere a hundred studs impress'd,
 She girt her small waist. In her ears, tenderly pierc'd, she wore 155
 Pearls, great and orient. On her head, a wreath not worn before
 Cast beams out like the sun. At last, she to her feet did tie
 Fair shoes. And thus entire attir'd she shin'd in open sky,

¹⁴¹ *Ferrary*—the art of working in iron. A word coined, probably, by Chapman.

Call'd the fair Paphian Queen apart from th' other Gods, and said :
 " Lov'd daughter ! Should I ask a grace, should I, or be obey'd ? 100
 Or wouldst thou cross me, being incens'd, since I cross thee and take
 The Greeks' part, thy hand helping Troy ?" She answer'd, " That
 shall make

No difference in a different cause. Ask, ancient Deity,
 What most contents thee. My mind stands inclin'd as liberally
 To grant it as thine own to ask, provided that it be 165
 A favour fit and in my pow'r." She, given deceitfully,
 Thussaid: "Then give me those two pow'rs, with which both men and Gods
 Thou vanquishest, Love and Desire. For now the periods
 Of all the many-feeding earth, and the original
 Of all the Gods, Oceanus, and Thetis whom we call 170
 Our Mother, I am going to greet. They nurst me in their court,
 And brought me up, receiving me in most respectful sort
 From Phæa, when Jove under earth and the unfruitful seas
 Cast Saturn. These I go to see, intending to appease
 Jars grown betwixt them, having long abstain'd from speech and bed,
 Which jars, could I so reconcile, that in their anger's stead 175
 I could place love, and so renew their first society,
 I should their best lov'd be esteem'd, and honour'd endlessly."

She answer'd: " 'Tis not fit, nor just, thy will should be denied,
 Whom Jove in his embraces holds." This spoken, she untied, 180
 And from her odorous bosom took, her Ceston, in whose sphere
 Were all enticements to delight, all loves, all longings were,
 Kind conference, fair speech, whose pow'r the wisest doth inflame.
 This she resigning to her hands, thus urg'd her by her name :

" Receive this bridle, thus fair wrought, and put it 'twixt thy breasts,
 Where all things to be done are done ; and whatsoever rests 185
 In thy desire return with it." The great-ey'd Juno smil'd,
 And put it 'twixt her breasts. Love's Queen, thus cunningly beguil'd,
 To Jove's court flew. Saturnia, straight stooping from heaven's height,
 Pieria and Emathia, those countries of delight, 190

Soon reach'd, and to the snowy mounts, where Thracian soldiers dwell,
 Approaching, pass'd their tops untouch'd. From Athos then she fell,
 Pass'd all the broad sea, and arriv'd in Lemnos, at the tow'rs
 Of godlike Thoas, where she met the Prince of all men's pow'rs,
 Death's brother, Sleep, whose hand she took, and said: "Thou king of men,
 Prince of the Gods too, if before thou heard'st my suits, again 196
 Give helpful ear, and through all times I'll offer thanks to thee.
 Lay slumber on Jove's fiery eyes, that I may comfort me
 With his embraces; for which grace I'll grace thee with a throne
 Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly done 200
 By Mulciber, to which he forg'd a footstool for the ease
 Of thy soft feet, when wine and feasts thy golden humours please."
 Sweet Sleep replied: "Saturnia, there lives not any God,
 Besides Jove, but I would becalm; aye if it were the Flood
 That fathers all the Deities, the great Oceanus; 205
 But Jove we dare not come more near than he commandeth us.
 Now you command me as you did when Jove's great-minded son,
 Alcides, having sack'd the town of stubborn Ilion,
 Took sail from thence; when by your charge I pour'd about Jove's mind
 A pleasing slumber, calming him till thou drav'st up the wind, 210
 In all his cruelties, to sea, that set his son ashore
 In Caus, far from all his friends. Which, waking, vex'd so sore
 The supreme Godhead, that he cast the Gods about the sky,
 And me, above them all, he sought, whom he had utterly
 Hurl'd from the sparkling firmament, if all-gods-taming Night 215
 (Whom, flying, I besought for aid) had suffer'd his despite,
 And not preserv'd me, but his wrath with my offence dispens'd,
 For fear t' offend her, and so ceas'd, though never so incens'd.
 And now another such escape you wish I should prepare."

She answer'd: "What hath thy deep rest to do with his deep care?
 As though Jove's love to Ilion in all degrees were such 221
 As 'twas to Hercules his son, and so would storm as much

²⁰⁰ The second folio, followed in its error by Dr. Taylor, has "*draw'st up*."

For their displeasure as for his? Away, I will remove
 Thy fear with giving thee the dame that thou didst ever love,
 One of the fair young Graces born, divine Pasithæe." 225

This started Somnus into joy, who answer'd: "Swear to me,
 By those inviolable springs that feed the Stygian lake,
 With one hand touch the nourishing earth, and in the other take
 The marble sea, that all the Gods of the infernal state
 Which circle Saturn may to us be witnesses and rate 230
 What thou hast vow'd; That with all truth, thou wilt bestow on me
 The dame I grant I ever lov'd, divine Pasithæe."

She swore, as he enjoin'd, in all, and strengthened all his joys
 By naming all th' infernal Gods, surnam'd the Titanoids.

The oath thus taken, both took way, and made their quick repair 235
 To Ida from the town, and isle, all hid in liquid air.
 At Lecton first they left the sea, and there the land they trod;
 The fountful nurse of savages, with all her woods, did nod
 Beneath their feet; there Somnus stay'd, lest Jove's bright eye should see,
 And yet, that he might see to Jove, he climb'd the goodliest tree 240
 That all th' Idalian mountain bred, and crown'd her progeny,
 A fir it was, that shot past air and kiss'd the burning sky;
 There sate he hid in his dark arms, and in the shape withal
 Of that continual prating bird, whom all the Deities call
 Chalcis, but men Cymmindis name. Saturnia tripp'd apace 245
 Up to the top of Gargarus, and show'd her heavenly face
 To Jupiter, who saw, and lov'd, and with as hot a fire,
 Being curious in her tempting view, as when with first desire
 (The pleasure of it being stol'n) they mix'd in love and bed;
 And, gazing on her still, he said: "Saturnia, what hath bred 250
 This haste in thee from our high court, and whither tends thy gait,
 That, void of horse and chariot fit for thy sovereign state,
 Thou lackiest here?" Her studied fraud replied: "My journey now
 Leaves state and labours to do good, and where in right I owe

²⁵³ *Luckiest—to lucky, to attend on foot.*

All kindness to the Sire of Gods, and our good Mother Queen 284
 That nurst and kept me curiously in court, since both have been
 Long time at discord; my desire is to atone their hearts,
 And therefore go I now to see those earth's extremest parts.
 For whose far-seat I spar'd my horse the scaling of this hill,
 And left them at the foot of it; for they must taste their fill 290
 Of travail with me, that must draw my coach through earth and seas.
 Whose far-intended reach, respect, and care not to displease
 Thy graces, made me not attempt, without thy gracious leave."

The cloud-compelling God her guile in this sort did receive:
 "Juno, thou shalt have after leave, but, ere so far thou stray, 295
 Convert we our kind thoughts to love that now doth every way
 Circle with victory my pow'rs, nor yet with any dame,
 Woman, or Goddess, did his fires my bosom so inflame
 As now with thee. Not when it lov'd the parts so generous
 Ixion's wife had, that brought forth the wise Pirithous; 270
 Nor when the lovely dame Acrisius' daughter stirr'd
 My amorous pow'rs, that Perseus bore to all men else preferr'd;
 Nor when the dame that Phenix got surpris'd me with her sight,
 Who the divine-soul'd Rhadamanth and Minos brought to light;
 Nor Semele, that bore to me the joy of mortal men, 275
 The sprightly Bacchus; nor the dame that Thebes renowned then,
 Alcmena, that bore Hercules; Latona, so renown'd;
 Queen Ceres, with the golden hair; nor thy fair eyes did wound
 My entrails to such depth as now with thirst of amorous ease."

The cunning Dame seem'd much incens'd, and said: "What words
 are these, 280

Unsufferable Saturn's son? What! Here! In Ida's height!
 Desir'st thou this? How fits it us? Or what if in the sight
 Of any God thy will were pleas'd, that he the rest might bring
 To witness thy incontinence? T' were a dishonour'd thing.
 I would not show my face in heaven, and rise from such a bed. 285
 But, if love be so dear to thee, thou hast a chamber-stead,

²⁸⁶ *Chamber-stead.*—See Bk. v. 538, XIII. 348.

Which Vulcan purposely contriv'd with all fit secrecy ;
There sleep at pleasure." He replied : " I fear not if the eye
Of either God or man observe, so thick a cloud of gold
I'll cast about us that the sun, who furthest can behold, 290
Shall never find us." This resolv'd, into his kind embrace
He took his wife. Beneath them both fair Tellus strew'd the place
With fresh-sprung herbs, so soft and thick that up aloft it bore
Their heavenly bodies, with his leaves did dewy lotus store
Th' Elysian mountain ; saffron flow'rs and hyacinths help'd make 295
The sacred bed. And there they slept. When suddenly there brake
A golden vapour out of air whence shining dews did fall,
In which they wrapt them close, and slept till Jove was tam'd withal.

Mean space flew Somnus to the ships, found Neptune out, and said :
" Now cheerfully assist the Greeks, and give them glorious head, 300
At least a little, while Jove sleeps, of whom through every limb
I pour'd dark sleep, Saturnia's love hath so illuded him."

This news made Neptune more secure in giving Grecians heart,
And through the first fights then he stirr'd the men of most desert :

" Yet, Grecians, shall we put our ships and conquest in the hands
Of Priam's Hector by our sloth ? He thinks so, and commands 305
With pride according. All because Achilles keeps away.
Alas, as we were nought but him ! We little need to stay
On his assistance, if we would our own strengths call to field,
And mutually maintain repulse. Come on then, all men yield 310
To what I order. We that bear best arms in all our host,
Whose heads sustain the brightest helms, whose hands are bristled
most

With longest lances, let us on. But stay, I'll lead you all ;
Nor think I but great Hector's spirits will suffer some appall,
Though they be never so inspir'd. The ablest of us then, 315
That on our shoulders worst shields bear, exchange with worser men
That fight with better." This propos'd, all heard it, and obey'd.
The kings, even those that suffer'd wounds, Ulysses, Diomed,

And Agamemnon, helpt t' instruct the complete army thus :

To good gave good arms, worse to worse, yet none were mutinous. 320

Thus, arm'd with order, forth they flew ; the great Earth-shaker led,
A long sword in his sinewy hand, which when he brandished
It lighten'd still, there was no law for him and it, poor men
Must quake before them. These thus mann'd, illustrious Hector then
His host brought up. The blue-hair'd God and he stretch'd through
the prease 325

A grievous fight ; when to the ships and tents of Greece the seas
Brake loose, and rag'd. But when they join'd, the dreadful clamour rose
To such a height, as not the sea, when up the North-spirit blows
Her raging billows, bellows so against the beaten shore,
Nor such a rustling keeps a fire, driven with violent bore 330

Through woods that grow against a hill, nor so the fervent strokes
Of almost-bursting winds resound against a grove of oaks,
As did the clamour of these hosts when both the battles clos'd.
Of all which noble Hector first at Ajax' breast dispos'd
His javelin, since so right on him the great-soul'd soldier bore, 335

Nor miss'd it, but the bawdrieks both that his broad bosom wore,
To hang his shield and sword, it struck ; both which his flesh preserv'd.
Hector, disdaining that his lance had thus as good as swerv'd,
Trode to his strength ; but, going off, great Ajax with a stone,
One of the many props for ships that there lay trampled on, 340
Struck his broad breast above his shield, just underneath his throat,
And shook him piecemeal ; when the stone sprung back again, and
smote

Earth, like a whirlwind, gathering dust with whirring fiercely round,
For fervour of his unspent strength, in settling on the ground.
And as when Jove's bolt by the roots rends from the earth an oak, 345
His sulphur casting with the blow a strong unsavoury smoke,
And on the fall'n plant none dare look but with amazed eyes,
Jove's thunder being no laughing game ; so bow'd strong Hector's thighs,

320 *Bore.*—Bk. II. 122.

343 See Commentary.

And so with tost-up heels he fell, away his lance he flung,
His round shield follow'd, then his helm, and out his armour rung. 350

The Greeks then shouted, and ran in, and hop'd to hale him off,
And therefore pour'd on darts in storms to keep his aid aloof,
But none could hurt the people's Guide, nor stir him from his ground ;
Sarpedon, prince of Lycia, and Glaucus so renown'd,
Divine Agenor, Venus' son, and wise Polydamas, 355

Rush'd to his rescue, and the rest. No one neglective was
Of Hector's safety. All their shields they couch'd about him close,
Rais'd him from earth, and (giving him, in their kind arms, repose)
From off the labour carried him to his rich chariot,
And bore him mourning towards Troy. But when the flood they got
Of gulfy Xanthus, that was got by deathless Jupiter, 361
There took they him from chariot, and all besprinkled there
His temples with the stream. He breath'd, look'd up, assay'd to rise,
And on his knees stay'd spitting blood. Again then clos'd his eyes,
And back again his body fell. The main blow had not done 365
Yet with his spirit. When the Greeks saw worthy Hector gone,
Then thought they of their work, then charg'd with much more cheer the foe,
And then, far first, Oiliades began the overthrow.

He darted Satnius Enops' son, whom famous Nais bore
As she was keeping Enops' flocks on Satnius' river's shore, 370
And struck him in his belly's rim, who upwards fell, and rais'd
A mighty skirmish with his fall. And then Panthædes seiz'd
Prothenor Areilycides with his revengeful spear
On his right shoulder, struck it through, and laid him breathless there ;
For which he insolently bragg'd, and cried out: " Not a dart 375
From great-soul'd Panthus' son, I think, shall ever vainlier part,
But some Greek's bosom it shall take, and make him give his ghost."
This brag the Grecians stomach'd much ; but Telamonius most,
Who stood most near Prothenor's fall, and out he sent a lance,
Which Panthus' son, declining, 'scap'd, yet took it to sad chance 380

³⁶⁰ *Neglective.*—Like "*respective*," Bk. XI. 689.

Archilochus, Antenor's son, whom heaven did destinate
 To that stern end ; 'twixt neck and head the javelin wrought his fate,
 And ran in at the upper joint of all the back long bone,
 Cut both the nerves, and such a load of strength laid Ajax on
 As that small part he seiz'd outweigh'd all th' under limbs, and strook
 His heels up so that head and face the earth's possessions took, 386
 When all the low parts sprung in air, and thus did Ajax quit
 Panthœdes' brave : " Now, Panthus' son, let thy prophetic wit
 Consider, and disclose a truth, if this man do not weigh
 Even with Prothenor. I conceive, no one of you will say 390
 That either he was base himself, or sprung of any base,
 Antenor's brother, or his son, he should be by his face ;
 One of his race, past question, his likeness shows he is."

This spake he, knowing it well enough. The Trojans storm'd at this.
 And then slew Acamas, to save his brother yet engag'd, 395
 Bœotius, dragging him to spoil ; and thus the Greeks enrag'd :

" O Greeks, even born to bear our darts, yet ever breathing threats,
 Not always under tears and toils ye see our fortune sweats,
 But sometimes you drop under death. See now your quick among
 Our dead intranc'd with my weak lance, to prove I have ere long 400
 Reveng'd my brother. 'Tis the wish of every honest man
 His brother, slain in Mars's field, may rest wreak'd in his fane."

This stirr'd fresh envy in the Greeks, but urg'd Peneleus most,
 Who hurl'd his lance at Acamas ; he 'scap't ; nor yet it lost
 The force he gave it, for it found the flock-rich Phorbas' son, 405
 Ilioneus, whose dear sire, past all in Ilion,
 Was lov'd of Hermes, and enrich'd, and to him only bore
 His mother this now slaughter'd man. The dart did undergore
 His eye-lid, by his eye's dear roots, and out the apple fell,
 The eye pierc'd through. Nor could the nerve that stays the neck
 repel 410

His strong-wing'd lance, but neck and all gave way, and down he dropp'd.
 Peneleus then unsheath'd his sword, and from the shoulders chopp'd

His luckless head, which down he threw, the helm still sticking on,
 And still the lance fix'd in his eye ; which not to see alone
 Contented him, but up again he snatch'd, and show'd it all, 415
 With this stern brave : " Ilians, relate brave Ilioneus' fall
 To his kind parents, that their roofs their tears may overrun ;
 For so the house of Promachus, and Alegenor's son,
 Must with his wife's eyes overflow, she never seeing more
 Her dear lord, though we tell his death, when to our native shore 420
 We bring from ruin'd Troy our fleet, and men so long forgone."
 This said, and seen, pale Fear possess'd all those of Ilion,
 And ev'ry man cast round his eye to see where death was not,
 That he might fly him. Let not then his grac'd hand be forgot,
 O Muses, you that dwell in heaven, that first imbru'd the field 425
 With Trojan spoil when Neptune thus had made their irons yield.

First Ajax Telamonius the Mysian captain slew,
 Great Hyrtius Gyrtiades. Antilochus o'erthrew
 Phalces and Mermer, to their spoil. Meriones gave end
 To Morys and Hippotion. Teucer to fate did send 430
 Prothoon and Periphetes. Atrides' javelin chas'd
 Duke Hyperenor, wounding him in that part that is plac'd
 Betwixt the short ribs and the bones that to the triple gut
 Have pertinence ; the javelin's head did out his entrails cut,
 His forc'd soul breaking through the wound ; night's black hand clos'd
 his eyes. 435

Then Ajax, great Oileus' son, had divers victories,
 For when Saturnius suffer'd flight, of all the Grecian race
 Not one with swiftness of his feet could so enrich a chase.

⁴³³ See Commentary.

COMMENTARIUS.

81. ^νΟΡχαμε λαῶν. *Princeps populorum* (the end of Ulysses' speech in the beginning of this book) which ascription our Spond. takes to be given in scorn, and that all Ulysses' speech is *σκωπτική*, or *scoffing*, which is spoken altogether seriously and bitterly to this title at the end, which was spoken *ἥπιως*, *molliter*, or *benign*, of purpose to make Agamemnon bear the better the justice of his other austerity.

82. Καὶ ἐγὼ γένος εὐχομαι εἶναι, *et ego quoad genus gloriior esse*. The long digression that follows this in the speech of Diomed (being next to Agamemnon's reply to Ulysses) bewrays an affectation he had by all anything-fit-means to talk of his pedigree; and by reason of that humour, hath shown his desire elsewhere to learn the pedigrees of others, as in the Sixth Book, in his inquiry of Glaucus' pedigree. And herein is expressed part of his character.

343. Στρόμβον δ' ὥς, ἔσσευε βαλὼν, &c. Overpassing, for speed, many things in this book that cry out for the praise of our Homer, and note of that which in most readers I know will be lost, I must only insist still on those parts that (in my poor understanding) could never yet find apprehension in any of our commentors or translators, as in this simile again of the whirlwind, to which the stone that Ajax hurled at Hector is resembled. Valla and Eobanus, Salel in French, so understanding, *Hector turned about with the blow, like a whirlwind*. Valla's words are these (translating *στρόμβον δ' ὥς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, περὶ δ' ἔδραμε πάντη* which, *ad verbum*, say thus much in every common translation: *Trochum autem sicut concussit feriens, rotatusque est undique*.) *Quo ictu Hector velut turbo, quem Strombum dicunt, rotato corpore, &c.* Eobanus converting it thus:—

— Stetit ille tremens, ceu turbo rotatus.

Which, though it harp upon the other, makes yet much worse music, saying, *Hector stood trembling, being wheeled about like a whirlwind. He stood, yet was turned about violently.* How gross both are, I think the blindest see, and must needs acknowledge a monstrous unworthiness in these men to touch our Homer, esteeming it an extreme loss to the world to have this and the like undiscovered. For, as I apprehend it, being expressed no better than in my silly conversion (and the stone, not Hector, likened to the whirlwind) it is above the wit of a man to imitate our Homer's wit for the most fiery illustration both of Ajax' strength and Hector's; of Ajax, for giving such a force to it as could not spend itself upon Hector, but turn after upon the earth in that whirlwind-like violence; of Hector, for standing it so solidly, for without that consideration the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely. And here have we a ruled case against our plain and smug writers that, because their own unwieldiness will not let them rise themselves, would have every man grovel like them, their feathers not passing the pitch of every woman's capacity. And, indeed, where a man is understood, there is ever a proportion betwixt the writer's wit and the writee's (that I may speak with authority) according to my old lesson in philosophy: *Intellectus in ipsa intelligibilia transit.* But herein this case is ruled against such men, that they affirm these hyperthetical or superlative sort of expressions and illustrations are too bold and bombasted; and out of that word is spun that which they call our fustian, their plain writing being stuff nothing so substantial but such gross sowtege, or hairpatch, as every goose may eat oats through. Against which, and all these plebeian opinions, that a man is bound to write to every vulgar reader's understanding, you see the great Master of all elocution hath written so darkly that almost three thousand suns have not discovered him, no more in five hundred other places than here; and yet all pervial enough, you may well say, when such a one as I comprehend them. But the chief end why I extend this annotation is only to intreat your note here of Homer's manner of writing, which, to utter his after-store of matter and variety, is so press, and puts on with so strong a current,

that it far overruns the most laborious pursuer, if he have not a poetical foot and poesy's quick eye to guide it. The verse in question I refer you to before, which saith *χερμάδιος*, signifying *a stone of an handful*, or *that with one hand may be raised and cast*, spoken of before, and (here being understood) shook Hector at all parts, in striking him, and like a whirlwind wheeled or whirred about; wherein he speaks not of bounding to the earth again, and raising a dust with his violent turnings, in which the conceit and life of his simile lies, but leaves it to his reader, and he leaves it to him. Notwithstanding he utters enough to make a stone understand it, how stupidly soever all his interpreters would have Hector (being struck into a trembling, and almost dead) turn about like a whirlwind. I conclude then with this question: What fault is it in me, to furnish and adorn my verse (being his translator) with translating and adding the truth and fulness of his conceit, it being as like to pass my reader as his, and therefore necessary? If it be no fault in me, but fit, then may I justly be said to better Homer, or not to have all my invention, matter, and form, from him, though a little I enlarge his form. Virgil, in all places where he is compared and preferred to Homer, doth nothing more. And therefore my assertion in the Second Book is true, that Virgil hath in all places, wherein he is compared and preferred to Homer by Scaliger, &c., both his invention, matter, and form, from him.

432. *Οὐτα κατὰ λαπάρην*, &c. *vulneravit ad ilia* it is translated, and is in the last verses of this Book, where Menelaus is said to wound Hyperenor. But *λαπάρην* dicitur *ea pars corporis quæ posita est inter costas nothas, et ossa quæ ad ilia pertinent, quod inanis sit, et desiderat*. Hipp. in lib. *περὶ ἀγμῶν*; and therefore I accordingly translate it. And note this beside, both out of this place, and many others, how excellent an anatomist our Homer was, whose skill in those times, methinks, should be a secret.



THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove waking, and beloved Troy in flight,
Chides Juno, and sends Iris to the fight
To charge the Sea-god to forsake the field,
And Phœbus to invade it, with his shield
Recovering Hector's bruised and crased* pow'rs.
To field he goes, and makes new conquerors,
The Trojans giving now the Grecians chase *
Even to their fleet. Then Ajax turns his face,
And feeds, with many Trojan lives, his ire;
Who then brought brands to set the fleet on fire.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Jove sees in O his oversight,
Chides Juno, Neptune calls from fight.



THE Trojans, beat past pale and dike, and numbers prostrate
laid,
All got to chariot, fear-driven all, and fear'd as men dis-
may'd.

Then Jove on Ida's top awak'd, rose from Saturnia's side,
Stood up, and look'd upon the war, and all inverted spied
Since he had seen it, th' Ilians now in rout, the Greeks in fight, 5
King Neptune, with his long sword, chief, great Hector put down quite,

* *Crased*—stunned.

Laid flat in field, and with a crown of princes compassed,
So stopp'd up that he scarce could breathe, his mind's sound habit fled,
And he still spitting blood. Indeed, his hurt was not set on
By one that was the weakest Greek. But him Jove look'd upon 10
With eyes of pity; on his wife with horrible aspect,
To whom he said: "O thou in ill most cunning architect,
All arts and comments that exceed'st, not only to enforce
Hector from fight, but with his men to show the Greeks a course,
I fear, as formerly, so now, these ills have with thy hands 15
Their first fruits sown, and therefore could load all thy limbs with bands.
Forgett'st thou when I hang'd thee up, how to thy feet I tied
Two anvils, golden manacles on thy false wrists implied,
And let thee mercilessly hang from our refined heaven
Even to earth's vapours, all the Gods in great Olympus given 20
To mutinies about thee, yet, though all stood staring on,
None durst dissolve thee, for these hands, had they but seiz'd upon
Thy friend, had headlong thrown him off from our star-bearing round,
Till he had tumbled out his breath, and piece-meal dash'd the ground?
Nor was my angry spirit calm'd so soon, for those foul seas, 25
On which, inducing northern flaws, thou shipwrack'dst Hercules,
And toss'd him to the Coan shore, that thou shouldst tempt again
My wrath's importance, when thou seest, besides, how grossly vain
My pow'rs can make thy policies; for from their utmost force
I freed my son, and set him safe in Argos, nurse of horse. 30
These I remember to thy thoughts, that thou mayst shun these sleights,
And know how badly bed-sports thrive procur'd by base deceits."

This frightened the offending queen, who with this state excus'd
Her kind unkindness: "Witness Earth, and Heaven so far diffus'd,
Thou Flood whose silent-gliding waves the under ground doth bear, 35
(Which is the great'st and gravest oath that any God can swear)
Thy sacred head, those secret joys that our young bed gave forth,
By which I never rashly swore, that He who shakes the earth

²¹ Remember—remind.

Not by my counsel did this wrong to Hector and his host,
 But, pitying th' oppressed Greeks, their fleet being nearly lost, 40
 Reliev'd their hard condition, yet utterly impell'd
 By his free mind. Which since I see is so offensive held
 To thy high pleasure, I will now advise him not to tread
 But where thy tempest-raising feet, O Jupiter, shall lead."

Jove laugh'd to hear her so submiss, and said: " My fair-ey'd love
 If still thus thou and I were one, in counsels held above, 46
 Neptune would still in word and fact be ours, if not in heart.
 If then thy tongue and heart agree, from hence to heaven depart
 To call the excellent-in-bows, the Rain-bow, and the Sun,
 That both may visit both the hosts; the Grecian army one, 50
 And that is Iris, let her haste, and make the Sea-god cease
 T' assist the Greeks, and to his court retire from war in peace;
 Let Phœbus, on the Trojan part, inspire with wonted pow'r
 Great Hector's spirits, make his thoughts forget the late stern hour
 And all his anguish, setting on his whole recover'd man 55
 To make good his late grace in fight, and hold in constant wane
 The Grecian glories, till they fall in flight before the fleet
 Of vex'd Achilles. Which extreme will prove the mean to greet
 Thee with thy wish, for then the eyes of great *Æacides*
 (Made witness of the general ill, that doth so near him prease) 60
 Will make his own particular look out, and by degrees
 Abate his wrath, that, though himself for no extremities
 Will seem reflected, yet his friend may get of him the grace
 To help his country in his arms; and he shall make fit place
 For his full presence with his death, which shall be well fore-run; 65
 For I will first renown his life with slaughter of my son,
 Divine Sarpedon, and his death great Hector's pow'r shall wreak,
 Ending his ends. Then, at once, out shall the fury break
 Of fierce Achilles, and with that the flight now felt shall turn,
 And then last, till in wrathful flames the long-sieg'd Ilion burn. 70

⁶⁰ *Though*.—Dr. Taylor "*through*;" a typographical error.

Minerva's counsel shall become grave mean to this my will,
Which no God shall neglect before Achilles take his fill
Of slaughter for his slaughter'd friend ; even Hector's slaughter thrown
Under his anger ; that these facts may then make fully known
My vow's performance, made of late, and, with my bowed head, 75
Confirm'd to Thetis, when her arms embrac'd my knees, and pray'd
That to her city-razing son I would all honour show."

This heard, his charge she seem'd t' intend, and to Olympus flew.
But, as the mind of such a man that hath a great way gone,
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone 80
His purpos'd journey, is distract, and in his vexed mind
Resolves now not to go, now goes, still many ways inclin'd ;
So reverend Juno headlong flew, and 'gainst her stomach striv'd,
For, being amongst th' immortal Gods in high heaven soon arriv'd,
All rising, welcoming with cups her little absence then, 85
She all their courtships overpast with solemn negligence,
Save that which fair-cheek'd Themis show'd, and her kind cup she took,
For first she ran and met with her, and ask'd : " What troubled look
She brought to heaven ? She thought, for truth, that Jove had terrified
Her spirits strangely since she went." The fair-arm'd Queen replied :

" That truth may eas'ly be suppos'd ; you, Goddess Themis, know
His old severity and pride, but you bear't out with show
And like the banquet's arbiter amongst th' Immortals' fare,
Though well you hear amongst them all how bad his actions are,
Nor are all here, nor anywhere, mortals, nor Gods, I fear, 95
Entirely pleas'd with what he does, though thus ye banquet here."

Thus took she place, displeasedly ; the feast in general
Bewraying privy spleens at Jove ; and then, to colour all,
She laugh'd, but merely from her lips, for over her black brows 99
Her still-bent forehead was not clear'd, yet this her passion's throes
Brought forth in spite, being lately school'd : " Alas, what fools are we
That envy Jove ! Or that by act, word, thought, can fantasy

Any resistance to his will ! He sits far off, nor cares,
 Nor moves, but says he knows his strength, to all degrees compares
 His greatness past all other Gods, and that in fortitude, 105
 And every other godlike pow'r, he reigns past all indu'd.
 For which great eminence all you Gods, whatever ill he does,
 Sustain with patience. Here is Mars, I think, not free from woes,
 And yet he bears them like himself. The great God had a son,
 Whom he himself yet justifies, one that from all men won 110
 Just surname of their best belov'd, Ascalaphus, yet he,
 By Jove's high grace to Troy, is slain." Mars started horribly,
 As Juno knew he would, at this, beat with his hurl'd out hands
 His brawny thighs, cried out, and said : " O you that have commands
 In these high temples, bear with me, if I revenge the death 115
 Of such a son. I'll to the fleet, and though I sink beneath
 The fate of being shot to hell by Jove's fell thunder-stone,
 And lie all grim'd amongst the dead with dust and blood, my son
 Revenge shall honour." Then he charg'd Fear and Dismay to join
 His horse and chariot. He got arms that over heaven did shine. 120
 And then a wrath more great and grave in Jove had been prepar'd
 Against the Gods than Juno caus'd, if Pallas had not car'd
 More for the peace of heaven than Mars ; who leap'd out of her throne,
 Rapt up her helmet, lance, and shield, and made her fane's porch groan
 With her egression to his stay, and thus his rage defers : 125
 " Furious and foolish, th'art undone ! Hast thou for nought thine ears ?
 Heard'st thou not Juno being arriv'd from heaven's great King but now ?
 Or wouldst thou he himself should rise, forc'd with thy rage, to show
 The dreadful pow'r she urg'd in him, so justly being stirr'd ?
 Know, thou most impudent and mad, thy wrath had not inferr'd 130
 Mischief to thee, but to us all. His spirit had instantly
 Left both the hosts, and turn'd his hands to uproars in the sky,
 Guilty and guiltless both to wrack in his high rage had gone.
 And therefore, as thou lov'st thyself, cease fury for thy son ;

Another, far exceeding him in heart and strength of hand, 135
 Or is, or will be shortly, slain. It were a work would stand
 Jove in much trouble, to free all from death that would not die."

This threat even nail'd him to his throne; when heaven's chief Majesty
 Call'd bright Apollo from his fane, and Iris that had place
 Of internunciess from the Gods, to whom she did the grace 140
 Of Jupiter, to this effect: "It is Saturnius' will,
 That both, with utmost speed, should stoop to the Idalian hill,
 To know his further pleasure there. And this let me advise,
 When you arrive, and are in reach of his refulgent eyes,
 His pleasure heard, perform it all, of whatsoever kind." 145

Thus mov'd she back, and us'd her throne. Those two outstripp'd the wind,
 And Ida all-enchas'd with springs they soon attain'd, and found
 Where far-discerning Jupiter, in his repose, had crown'd
 The brows of Gargarus, and wrapt an odoriferous cloud
 About his bosom. Coming near, they stood. Nor now he show'd 150
 His angry countenance, since so soon he saw they made th' access
 That his lov'd wife enjoin'd; but first the fair ambadress
 He thus commanded: "Iris, go to Neptune, and relate
 Our pleasure truly, and at large. Command him from the fate
 Of human war, and either greet the Gods' society, 155
 Or the divine sea make his seat. If proudly he deny,
 Let better counsels be his guides than such as bid me war
 And tempt my charge, though he be strong, for I am stronger far,
 And elder born. Nor let him dare to boast even state with me
 Whom all Gods else prefer in fear." This said, down hasted she 160
 From Ida's top to Ilion; and like a mighty snow,
 Or gelid hail, that from the clouds the northern spirit doth blow;
 So fell the windy-footed dame, and found with quick repair
 The wat'ry God, to whom she said: "God with the sable hair,

¹³⁵ *Chief Majesty*—Juno.

¹⁴⁶ *Deny*—say nay, refuse.

"I clearly do *deny*
 To yield my wife, but all her wealth I'll render willingly."—*Bk.* vii. 303.

I came from Ægis-bearing Jove, to bid thee cease from fight, 165
 And visit heaven, or th' ample seas. Which if, in his despite,
 Or disobedience, thou deniest, he threatens thee to come,
 In opposite fight, to field himself; and therefore warns thee home,
 His hands eschewing, since his pow'r is far superior,
 His birth before thee; and affirms thy lov'd heart should abhor 170
 To vaunt equality with him whom every Deity fears."

He answer'd: " O unworthy thing! Though he be great, he bears
 His tongue too proudly, that ourself, born to an equal share
 Of state and freedom, he would force. Three brothers born we are
 To Saturn, Rhea brought us forth, this Jupiter, and I, 175
 And Pluto, God of under-grounds. The world indifferently
 Dispos'd betwixt us; every one his kingdom; I, the seas,
 Pluto the black lot, Jupiter the principalities
 Of broad heaven, all the sky and clouds, was sorted out. The earth
 And high Olympus common are, and due to either's birth. 180
 Why then should I be aw'd by him? Content he his great heart
 With his third portion, and not think to amplify his part
 With terrors of his stronger hands on me, as if I were
 The most ignoble of us all. Let him contain in fear
 His daughters and his sons, begot by his own person. This 185
 Holds more convenience. They must hear these violent threats of his."

" Shall I," said Iris, " bear from thee an answer so austere?
 Or wilt thou change it? Changing minds all noble natures bear.
 And well thou know'st, these greatest born the Furies follow still."

He answer'd: " Iris, thy reply keeps time, and shows thy skill. 190
 O 'tis a most praiseworthy thing, when messengers can tell,
 Besides their messages, such things as fit th' occasion well.
 But this much grieves my heart and soul, that being in pow'r and
 state

All-ways his equal, and so fix'd by one decree in fate,
 He should to me, as under him, ill language give, and chide. 195
 Yet now, though still incens'd, I yield, affirming this beside,

And I enforce it with a threat : That if without consent
 Of me, Minerva, Mercury, the Queen of regiment,
 And Vulcan, he will either spare high Ilion, or not race
 Her turrets to the lowest stone, and, with both these, not grace 200
 The Greeks as victors absolute, inform him this from me—
 His pride and my contempt shall live at endless enmity.”

This said, he left the Greeks, and rush'd into his wat'ry throne,
 Much miss'd of all th' heroic host. When Jove discern'd him gone,
 Apollo's service he employ'd, and said : “ Lcv'd Phœbus, go 205
 To Hector ; now th' earth-shaking God hath taken sea, and so
 Shrunk from the horrors I denounc'd, which standing, he, and all
 The under-seated Deities that circle Saturn's fall,
 Had heard of me in such a fight as had gone hard for them.
 But both for them and me 'tis best that thus they fly th' extreme 210
 That had not pass'd us without sweat. Now then, in thy hands take
 My adder-fring'd affrighting shield, which with such terror shake
 That fear may shake the Greeks to flight. Besides this, add thy care,
 O Phœbus, far-off shooting God, that this so sickly fare
 Of famous Hector be recur'd, and quickly so excite 215
 His amplest pow'rs, that all the Greeks may grace him with their flight,
 Even to their ships, and Hellespont ; and then will I devise
 All words and facts again for Greece, that largely may suffice
 To breathe them from their instant toils.” Thus from th' Idæan height,
 Like air's swift pigeon-killer, stoop'd the far-shot God of light, 220
 And found great Hector sitting up, not stretch'd upon his bed,
 Nor wheezing with a stopp'd-up spirit, not in cold sweats, but fed
 With fresh and comfortable veins, but his mind all his own,
 But round about him all his friends, as well as ever known.
 And this was with the mind of Jove that flew to him before 225
 Apollo came ; who, as he saw no sign of any sore,
 Ask'd, like a cheerful visitant : “ Why in this sickly kind,
 Great Hector, sitt'st thou so apart ? Can any grief of mind

198 *Queen of regiment*—Juno.199 *Race*—*raise*, destroy.

Invalidate thy fortitude?" He spake, but with a feeble voice :
 " O thou, the best of Deities ! Why, since I thus rejoice 230
 By thy so serious benefit, demand'st thou, as in mirth
 And to my face, if I were ill ? For, more than what thy worth
 Must needs take note of, doth not Fame from all mouths fill their ears,
 That, as my hand at th' Achive fleet was making massacres
 Of men whom valiant Ajax led, his strength struck with a stone 235
 All pow'r of more hurt from my breast ? My very soul was gone,
 And once to-day I thought to see the house of Dis and Death."

" Be strong," said he, " for such a spirit now sends the God of breath
 From airy Ida as shall run through all Greek spirits in thee.
 Apollo with the golden sword, the clear Far-seer, see, 240
 Him, who betwixt death and thy life, 'twixt ruin and those tow'rs,
 Ere this day oft hath held his shield. Come then, be all thy pow'rs
 In wonted vigour, let thy knights with all their horse assay
 The Grecian fleet, myself will lead, and scour so clear the way
 That flight shall leave no Greek a rub." Thus instantly inspir'd 245
 Were all his nerves with matchless strength, and then his friends he fir'd
 Against their foes, when to his eyes his ears confirm'd the God.
 Then, as a goodly-headed hart, or goat, bred in the wood
 A rout of country huntsmen chase, with all their hounds in cry,
 The beast yet or the shady woods, or rocks excessive high, 250
 Keep safe, or our unwieldy fates (that even in hunters sway)
 Bar them the poor beast's pulling down, when straight the clamorous
 fray

Calls out a lion, hugely man'd, and his abhorred view
 Turns headlong in unturning flight (though vent'rous) all the crew ;
 So hitherto the chasing Greeks their slaughter dealt by troops ; 255
 But, after Hector was beheld range here and there, then stoops
 The boldest courage, then their heels took in their dropping hearts,
 And then spake Andræmonides, a man of far-best parts

²⁴⁵ *Rub*—chance.

²⁴⁵ *Thus instantly, &c.*—Chapman here curtails the original.

Of all th' Ætolians, skill'd in darts, strenuous in fights of stand,
 And one of whom few of the Greeks could get the better hand 260
 For rhetoric, when they fought with words, with all which being wise
 Thus spake he to his Grecian friends: "O mischief! Now mine eyes
 Discern no little miracle; Hector escap'd from death,
 And all-recover'd, when all thought his soul had sunk beneath
 The hands of Ajax. But some God hath sav'd and freed again 265
 Him that but now dissolv'd the knees of many a Grecian,
 And now I fear will weaken more, for not without the hand
 Of Him that thunders can his pow'rs thus still the forefights stand,
 Thus still triumphant. Hear me then: Our troops in quick retreat
 Let's draw up to our fleet, and we that boast ourselves the great 270
 Stand firm, and try if these that raise so high their charging darts
 May be resisted. I believe, even this great heart of hearts
 Will fear himself to be too bold in charging thorow us."

They eas'ly heard him, and obey'd; when all the generous
 They call'd t' encounter Hector's charge, and turn'd the common men
 Back to the fleet. And these were they that bravely furnish'd then 276
 The fierce foresight: The Ajaces both, the worthy Cretan king,
 The Mars-like Meges, Merion, and Teucer. Up then bring
 The Trojan chiefs their men in heaps; before whom, amply-pac'd,
 March'd Hector, and in front of him Apollo, who had cast 280
 About his bright aspect a cloud, and did before him bear
 Jove's huge and each-where-shaggy shield, which, to contain in fear
 Offending men, the God-smith gave to Jove; with this he led
 The Trojan forces. The Greeks stood. A fervent clamour spread 284
 The air on both sides as they join'd. Out flew the shafts and darts,
 Some falling short, but other some found butts in breasts and hearts.
 As long as Phæbus held but out his horrid shield, so long
 The darts flew raging either way, and death grew both ways strong;
 But when the Greeks had seen his face, and, who it was that shook 289
 The bristled targe, knew by his voice, then all their strengths forsook

²⁸⁶ Dr. Taylor "*foresights*;" a typographical error.

²⁷⁹ *Amplly-paced*—striding.

Their nerves and minds. And then look how a goodly herd of neat,
 Or wealthy flock of sheep, being close, and dreadless at their meat,
 In some black midnight, suddenly, and not a keeper near,
 A brace of horrid bears rush in, and then fly here and there
 The poor affrighted flocks or herds ; so every way dispers'd 295
 The heartless Grecians, so the Sun their headstrong chace revers'd
 To headlong flight, and that day rais'd, with all grace, Hector's head.
 Arcesilaus then he slew, and Stichius ; Stichius led
 Bœotia's brazen-coated men ; the other was the friend
 Of mighty-soul'd Menestheus. Æneas brought to end 300
 Medon and Jasus ; Medon was the brother, though but base,
 Of swift Oiliades, and dwelt, far from his breeding place,
 In Phylace ; the other led th' Athenian bands, his sire
 Was Spelus, Bucolus's son. Mecistheus did expire
 Beneath Polydamas's hand. Polites Echius slew, 305
 Just at the joining of the hosts. Agenor overthrew
 Clonius. Bold Deïochus felt Alexander's lance ;
 It struck his shoulder's upper part, and did his head advance
 Quite through his breast, as from the fight he turn'd him for retreat.

While these stood spoiling of the slain, the Greeks found time to get
 Beyond the dike and th' undik'd pales ; all scapes they gladly gain'd,
 Till all had pass'd the utmost wall ; Necessity so reign'd.

Then Hector cried out : " Take no spoil, but rush on to the fleet,
 From whose assault, for spoil or flight, if any man I meet,
 He meets his death, nor in the fire of holy funeral 315
 His brother's or his sister's hands shall cast within our wall
 His loathed body, but, without, the throats of dogs shall grave
 His manless limbs." This said, the scourge his forward horses drave
 Through every order ; and, with him, all whipp'd their chariots on,
 All threateningly, out-thund'ring shouts as earth were overthrown. 320

²⁹⁵ *Heartless*.—So Shakespeare,

" What, art thou drawn among these *heartless* hinds ? "

Rom. and Jul. 1. 1.

³⁰⁰ *His head*—i. e. *its* head.

Before them march'd Apollo still, and, as he march'd, digg'd down,
 Without all labour, with his feet the dike, till, with his own,
 He fill'd it to the top, and made way both for man and horse
 As broad and long as with a lance, cast out to try one's force,
 A man could measure. Into this they pour'd whole troops as fast 325
 As numerous, Phœbus still, before, for all their haste,
 Still shaking Jove's unvalued shield, and held it up to all.
 And then, as he had chok'd their dike, he tumbled down their wall.
 And look how eas'ly any boy upon the sea-ebb'd shore
 Makes with a little sand a toy, and cares for it no more, 330
 But as he rais'd it childishly, so in his wanton vein
 Both with his hands and feet he pulls and spurns it down again ;
 So slight, O Phœbus, thy hands made of that huge Grecian toil,
 And their late stand, so well resolv'd, as eas'ly mad'st recoil.

Thus stood they driven up at their fleet, where each heard other's thought,
 Exhorted, passing humbly pray'd, all all the Gods besought, 336
 With hands held up to heaven, for help. 'Mongst all the good old man,
 Grave Nestor, for his counsels call'd the Argives' guardian,
 Fell on his aged knees, and pray'd, and to the starry host
 Stretch'd out his hands for aid to theirs, of all thus moving most : 340
 " O father Jove, if ever man of all our host did burn
 Fat thighs of oxen or of sheep, for grace of safe return,
 In fruitful Argos, and obtain'd the bowing of thy head
 For promise of his humble prayers, O now remember him,
 Thou merely heavenly, and clear up the foul brows of this dim 345
 And cruel day ; do not destroy our zeal for Trojan pride."
 He pray'd, and heaven's great Counsellor with store of thunder tried
 His former grace good, and so heard the old man's hearty prayers.
 The Trojans took Jove's sign for them, and pour'd out their affairs
 In much more violence on the Greeks, and thought on nought but fight.
 And as a huge wave of a sea, swoln to his rudest height, 351
 Breaks over both sides of a ship, being all-urg'd by the wind,
 For that's it makes the wave so proud ; in such a borne-up kind

The Trojans overgat the wall, and, getting in their horse, 354
 Fought close at fleet, which now the Greeks ascended for their force.
 Then from their chariots they with darts, the Greeks with bead-hooks fought,
 Kept still aboard for naval fights, their heads with iron wrought
 In hooks and pikes. Achilles' friend, still while he saw the wall
 That stood without their fleet afford employment for them all,
 Was never absent from the tent of that man-loving Greek, 360
 Late-hurt Eurypylos, but sate, and every way did seek
 To spend the sharp time of his wound with all the ease he could
 In medicines, and in kind discourse. But when he might behold
 The Trojans past the wall, the Greeks flight-driven, and all in cries,
 Then cried he out, cast down his hands, and beat with grief his thighs,
 Then, "O Eurypylos," he cried, "now all thy need of me 366
 Must bear my absence, now a work of more necessity
 Calls hence, and I must haste to call Achilles to the field.
 Who knows, but, God assisting me, my words may make him yield?
 The motion of a friend is strong." His feet thus took him thence.
 The rest yet stood their enemies firm, but all their violence, 371
 Though Troy fought there with fewer men, lack'd vigour to repel
 Those fewer from their navy's charge, and so that charge as well
 Lack'd force to spoil their fleet or tents. And as a shipwright's line
 (Dispos'd by such a hand as learn'd from th' Artizan divine 375
 The perfect practice of his art) directs or guards so well
 The naval timber then in frame, that all the laid-on steel
 Can hew no further than may serve to give the timber th' end
 Fore-purpos'd by the skilful wright; so both hosts did contend
 With such a line or law applied to what their steel would gain. 380
 At other ships fought other men; but Hector did maintain
 His quarrel firm at Ajax' ship. And so did both employ
 About one vessel all their toil, nor could the one destroy
 The ship with fire, nor force the man, nor that man yet get gone
 The other from so near his ship, for God had brought him on. 385

But now did Ajax with a dart wound deadly in the breast
Caletor, son of Clytius, as he with fire address'd
To burn the vessel ; as he fell, the brand fell from his hand.

When Hector saw his sister's son lie slaughtered in the sand,
He call'd to all his friends, and pray'd they would not in that strait 390
Forsake his nephew, but maintain about his corse the fight,
And save it from the spoil of Greece. Then sent he out a lance
At Ajax, in his nephew's wreak, which miss'd, but made the chance
On Lycophron Mastorides, that was the household friend
Of Ajax, born in Cythera, whom Ajax did defend, 395
Being fled to his protection, for killing of a man
Amongst the god-like Cytherans. The vengeful javelin ran
Quite through his head, above his ear, as he was standing by
His fautour then astern his ship, from whence his soul did fly,
And to the earth his body fell. The hair stood up an end 400
On Ajax, who to Teucer call'd (his brother) saying: " Friend,
Our loved consort, whom we brought from Cythera and grac'd
So like our father, Hector's hand hath made him breathe his last.
Where then are all thy death-borne shafts, and that unvalued bow
Apollo gave thee ?" Teucer straight his brother's thoughts did know,
Stood near him, and dispatch'd a shaft amongst the Trojan fight. 406
It struck Pisenor's goodly son, young Clitus, the delight
Of the renown'd Polydamas, the bridle in his hand,
As he was labouring his horse to please the high command
Of Hector and his Trojan friends, and bring him where the fight 410
Made greatest tumult ; but his strife, for honour in their sight,
Wrought not what sight or wishes help'd, for, turning back his look,
The hollow of his neck the shaft came singing on, and strook,
And down he fell ; his horses back, and hurried through the field
The empty chariot. Panthus' son made all haste, and withheld 415
Their loose career, disposing them to Protiaon's son,
Astynous, with special charge to keep them ever on,

And in his sight. So he again amongst the foremost went.

At Hector then another shaft incensed Teucer sent,
Which, had it hit him, sure had hurt, and, had it hurt him, slain, 420
And, had it slain him, it had driven all those to Troy again.

But Jove's mind was not sleeping now, it wak'd to Hector's fame,
And Teucer's infamy, himself, in Teucer's deadly aim,
His well-wrought string dissevering that serv'd his bravest bow ;
His shaft flew quite another way, his bow the earth did strow. 425
At all which Teucer stood amaz'd, and to his brother cried :

“ O prodigy ! Without all doubt our angel doth deride
The counsels of our fight ; he brake a string my hands put on
This morning, and was newly made, and well might have set gone
A hundred arrows, and, beside, he struck out of my hand 430
The bow Apollo gave.” He said : “ Then, good friend, do not stand
More on thy archery, since God, preventer of all grace
Desir'd by Grecians, slights it so. Take therefore in the place
A good large lance, and on thy neck a target cast as bright,
With which come fight thyself with some, and other some excite, 435
That without labour at the least, though we prove worser men,
Troy may not brag it took our ships. Come, mind our business then.”

This said, he hasted to his tent, left there his shafts and bow,
And then his double double shield did on his shoulders throw,
Upon his honour'd head he placed his helmet thickly-plum'd, 440
And then his strong and well-pil'd lance in his fair hand assum'd,
Return'd, and boldly took his place by his great brother's side.

When Hector saw his arrows broke, out to his friends he cried :
“ O friends, be yet more comforted, I saw the hands of Jove
Break the great Grecian archer's shafts. 'Tis easy to approve 445
That Jove's power is direct with men, as well in those set high
Upon the sudden, as in those depress'd as suddenly,
And those not put in state at all. As now he takes away
Strength from the Greeks, and gives it us, then use it, and assay

With join'd hands this approached fleet. If any bravely buy 450
 His fame or fate with wounds or death, in Jove's name let him die.
 Who for his country suffers death sustains no shameful thing,
 His wife in honour shall survive, his progeny shall spring
 In endless summers, and their roofs with patrimony swell. 454
 And all this, though with all their freight the Greek ships we repel."

His friends thus cheer'd. On th' other part strong Ajax stirr'd his friends:
 "O Greeks," said he, "what shame is this, that no man more defends
 His fame and safety, than to live, and thus be forc'd to shrink!
 Now either save your fleet, or die, unless ye vainly think
 That you can live and they destroy'd. Perceives not every ear 460
 How Hector heartens up his men, and hath his firebrands here
 Now ready to inflame our fleet? He doth not bid them dance
 That you may take your ease and see, but to the fight advance.
 No counsel can serve us but this: To mix both hands and hearts,
 And bear up close. 'Tis better much t' expose our utmost parts 465
 To one day's certain life or death, than languish in a war
 So base as this, beat to our ships by our inferiors far."

Thus roos'd he up their spirits and strengths. To work then both
 sides went,
 When Hector the Phocensian duke to fields of darkness sent,
 Fierce Schedius, Perimedes' son; which Ajax did requite 470
 With slaughter of Laodamas, that led the foot to fight
 And was Antenor's famous son. Polydamas did end
 Otus, surnam'd Cyllenius, whom Phydas made his friend,
 Being chief of the Epeians' bands. Whose fall when Meges view'd,
 He let fly at his follower's life; who, shrinking in, eschew'd 475
 The well-aim'd lance; Apollo's will denied that Panthus' son
 Should fall amongst the foremost fights; the dart the mid-breast won
 Of Craneus; Meges won his arms. At Meges Dolops then
 Bestow'd his lance; he was the son of Lampus, best of men,
 And Lampus of Laomedon, well-skill'd in strength of mind, 480
 He struck Phylides' shield quite through, whose curets, better lin'd

And hollow'd fitly, sav'd his life. Phyleus left him them,
 Who from Epirus brought them home, on that part where the stream
 Of famous Seléés doth run; Euphetes did bestow,
 Being guest with him, those well-prov'd arms to wear against the foe,
 And now they sav'd his son from death. At Dolops Meges threw 488
 A spear well-pil'd, that struck his casque full in the height; off flew
 His purple feather, newly made, and in the dust it fell.

While these thus striv'd for victory, and either's hope serv'd well,
 Atrides came to Meges' aid, and, hidden with his side, 490
 Let loose a javelin at his foe, that through his back implied
 His lusty head, even past his breast; the ground receiv'd his weight.

While these made in to spoil his arms, great Hector did excite
 All his allies to quick revenge; and first he wrought upon
 Strong Menalippus, that was son to great Hycetaon, 495
 With some reproof. Before these wars he in Percote fed
 Cloven-footed oxen, but did since return where he was bred,
 Excell'd amongst the Ilions, was much of Priam lov'd,
 And in his court kept as his son. Him Hector thus reprov'd:

“ Thus, Menalippus, shall our blood accuse us of neglect? 500
 Nor moves it thy lov'd heart, thus urg'd, thy kinsman to protect?
 Seest thou not how they seek his spoil? Come, follow, now no more
 Our fight must stand at length, but close, nor leave the close before
 We close the latest eye of them, or they the lowest stone
 Tear up, and sack the citizens of lofty Ilion.” 505

He led; he follow'd, like a God. And then must Ajax needs,
 As well as Hector, cheer his men, and thus their spirits he feeds:
 “ Good friends, bring but your selves to feel the noble stings of shame
 For what ye suffer, and be men. Respect each other's fame;
 For which who strives in shame's fit fear, and puts on ne'er so far, 510
 Comes oft'ner off. Then stick engaged; these fugitives of war
 Save neither life, nor get renown, nor bear more mind than sheep.”

This short speech fir'd them in his aid, his spirit touch'd them deep,

And turn'd them all before the fleet into a wall of brass;
 To whose assault Jove stirr'd their foes, and young Atreides was 515
 Jove's instrument, who thus set on the young Antilochus:
 "Antilochus, in all our host, there is not one of us
 More young than you, more swift of foot, nor, with both those, so strong.
 O would thou wouldst then, for thou canst, one of this lusty throng,
 That thus comes skipping out before (whoever, any where) 520
 Make stick, for my sake, 'twixt both hosts, and leave his bold blood
 there!"

He said no sooner, and retir'd, but forth he rush'd before
 The foremost fighters, yet his eye did every way explore
 For doubt of odds; out flew his lance; the Trojans did abstain
 While he was darting; yet his dart he cast not off in vain, 525
 For Menalippus, that rare son of great Hycetaon,
 As bravely he put forth to fight, it fiercely flew upon;
 And at the nipple of his breast his breast and life did part.
 And then, much like an eager hound cast off at some young hart
 Hurt by the hunter, that had left his covert then but new, 530
 The great-in-war Antilochus, O Menalippus, flew
 On thy torn bosom for thy spoil. But thy death could not lie
 Hid to great Hector, who all haste made to thee, and made fly
 Antilochus, although in war he were at all parts skill'd.
 But as some wild beast, having done some shrewd turn (either kill'd 535
 The herdsman, or the herdsman's dog) and skulks away before
 The gather'd multitude makes in; so Nestor's son forbore,
 But after him, with horrid cries, both Hector and the rest
 Show'rs of tear-thirsty lances pour'd; who having arm'd his breast
 With all his friends, he turn'd it then. Then on the ships all Troy,
 Like raw-flesh-nourish'd lions, rush'd, and knew they did employ 541
 Their pow'rs to perfect Jove's high will, who still their spirits enflam'd,
 And quench'd the Grecians, one renown'd, the other often sham'd.

⁵¹⁵ *Young Atreides*—Menelaus.

⁵²¹ *Make*.—The second folio, and Dr. Taylor, "may stick."

For Hector's glory still he stood, and ever went about
 To make him cast the fleet such fire as never should go out, 545
 Heard Thetis' foul petition, and wish'd in any wise
 The splendour of the burning ships might satiate his eyes.
 From him yet the repulse was then to be on Troy conferr'd,
 The honour of it given the Greeks; which thinking on, he stirr'd,
 With such addition of his spirit, the spirit Hector bore 550
 To burn the fleet, that of itself was hot enough before.
 But now he far'd like Mars himself, so brandishing his lance
 As through the deep shades of a wood a raging fire should glance,
 Held up to all eyes by a hill; about his lips a foam
 Stood as when th' ocean is enrag'd, his eyes were overcome 555
 With fervour and resembled flames, set off by his dark brows,
 And from his temples his bright helm abhorred lightnings throws,
 For Jove, from forth the sphere of stars, to his state put his own,
 And all the blaze of both the hosts confin'd in him alone.
 And all this was, since after this he had not long to live, 560
 This lightning flew before his death, which Pallas was to give
 (A small time thence, and now prepar'd) beneath the violence
 Of great Pelides. In mean time, his present eminence
 Thought all things under it, and he, still where he saw the stands 564
 Of greatest strength and bravest arm'd, there he would prove his hands,
 Or no where, offering to break through, but that, past all his power,
 Although his will were past all theirs, they stood him like a tower,
 Conjoin'd so firm, that as a rock, exceeding high and great,
 And standing near the hoary sea, bears many a boisterous threat
 Of high-voic'd winds and billows huge, belch'd on it by the storms; 570
 So stood the Greeks great Hector's charge, nor stirr'd their battellous
 forms.

He, girt in fire borne for the fleet, still rush'd at every troop,
 And fell upon it like a wave, high rais'd, that then doth stoop

⁵⁵³ *Wood*.—The second folio, followed by Dr. Taylor, has "*hill*," but it had been corrected to "*wood*" in the list of errata in the first folio.

Out from the clouds, grows, as it stoops, with storms, then down doth come
 And cuff a ship, when all her sides are hid in brackish foam, 575
 Strong gales still raging in her sails, her sailors' minds dismay'd,
 Death being but little from their lives ; so Jove-like Hector fray'd
 And plied the Greeks, who knew not what would chance, for all their
 guards.

And as the baneful king of beasts, leapt in to oxen herds
 Fed in the meadows of a fen exceeding great, the beasts 580
 In number infinite, 'mongst whom (their herdsmen wanting breasts
 To fight with lions for the price of a black ox's life)
 He here and there jumps, first and last, in his bloodthirsty strife,
 Chas'd and assaulted, and, at length, down in the midst goes one,
 And all the rest sperst through the fen ; so now all Greece was gone,
 So Hector, in a flight from heaven upon the Grecians cast, 585
 Turn'd all their backs ; yet only one his deadly lance laid fast,
 Brave Mycæus Periphus, Cypræus' dearest son,
 Who of the heaven's-Queen-lov'd king, great Eurystheus, won
 The grace to greet in embassy the strength of Hercules, 590
 Was far superior to his sire in feet, fight, nobleness
 Of all the virtues, and all those did such a wisdom guide
 As all Mycenæ could not match ; and this man dignified,
 Still making greater his renown, the state of Priam's son,
 For his unhappy hasty foot, as he address'd to run, 595
 Stuck in th' extreme ring of his shield that to his ancles reach'd,
 And down he upwards fell, his fall up from the centre fetch'd
 A huge sound with his head and helm ; which Hector quickly spied,
 Ran in, and in his worthy breast his lance's head did hide,
 And slew about him all his friends, who could not give him aid, 600
 They griev'd, and of his god-like foe fled so extreme afraid.

And now amongst the nearest ships, that first were drawn to shore,
 The Greeks were driven ; beneath whose sides, behind them, and before,
 And into them they pour'd themselves, and thence were driven again
 Up to their tents, and there they stood, not daring to maintain 605

Their guards more outward, but, betwixt the bounds of fear and shame,
 Cheer'd still each other; when th' old man, that of the Greeian name
 Was call'd the Pillar, every man thus by his parents pray'd:

“O friends, be men; and in your minds let others' shames be weigh'd.
 Know you have friends besides yourselves, possessions, parents, wives,
 As well those that are dead to you as those ye love with lives, 611
 All sharing still their good, or bad, with yours. By these I pray,
 That are not present (and the more should therefore make ye weigh
 Their miss of you, as yours of them) that you will bravely stand,
 And this forc'd flight you have sustain'd at length yet countermand.”

Supplies of good words thus supplied the deeds and spirits of all. 616
 And so at last Minerva clear'd the cloud that Jove let fall
 Before their eyes; a mighty light flew beaming every way,
 As well about their ships as where their darts did hottest play.
 Then saw they Hector great in arms, and his associates, 620
 As well all those that then abstain'd as those that help'd the fates,
 And all their own fight at the fleet. Nor did it now content
 Ajax to keep down like the rest; he up the hatches went,
 Stalk'd here and there, and in his hand a huge great bead-hook held,
 Twelve cubits long, and full of iron. And as a man well-skill'd 625
 In horse, made to the martial race, when, of a number more,
 He chooseth four, and brings them forth to run them all before
 Swarms of admiring citizens amidst their town's high way,
 And, in their full career, he leaps from one to one, no stay
 Enforc'd on any, nor fails he in either seat or leap; 630
 So Ajax with his bead-hook leap'd nimbly from ship to ship,
 As actively commanding all, them in their men as well
 As men in them, most terribly exhorting to repel,
 To save their navy and their tents. But Hector nothing needs
 To stand on exhortations now at home, he strives for deeds. 635
 And look how Jove's great queen of birds, sharp set, looks out for prey,
 Knows floods that nourish wild-wing'd fowls, and, from her airy way,

Beholds where cranes, swans, cormorants, have made their foody fall,
Darkens the river with her wings, and stoops amongst them all ;
So Hector flew amongst the Greeks, directing his command, 640
In chief, against one opposite ship ; Jove with a mighty hand
Still backing him and all his men. And then again there grew
A bitter conflict at the fleet. You would have said none drew
A weary breath, nor ever would, they laid so freshly on.
And this was it that fir'd them both : The Greeks did build upon 645
No hope but what the field would yield, flight an impossible course ;
The Trojans all hope entertain'd that sword and fire should force
Both ships and lives of all the Greeks. And thus, unlike affects
Bred like strenuity in both. Great Hector still directs
His pow'rs against the first near ship. 'Twas that fair bark that brought
Protesilaus to those wars, and now her self to nought, 651
With many Greek and Trojan lives all spoil'd about her spoil.
One slew another desperately, and close the deadly toil
Was pitch'd on both parts. Not a shaft, nor far-off striking dart
Was us'd through all. One fight fell out, of one despiteful heart. 655
Sharp axes, twybills, two-hand swords, and spears with two heads borne,
Were then the weapons ; fair short swords, with sanguine hilts still worn,
Had use in like sort ; of which last, ye might have numbers view'd
Drop with dissolv'd arms from their hands, as many down-right hew'd
From off their shoulders as they fought, their bawdries cut in twain. 660
And thus the black blood flow'd on earth from soldiers hurt and slain.

When Hector once had seiz'd the ship, he clapt his fair broad hand
Fast on the stern, and held it there, and there gave this command :

“ Bring fire, and all together shout. Now Jove hath drawn the veil
From such a day as makes amends for all his storms of hail, 665
By whose blest light we take those ships that, in despite of heaven,
Took sea, and brought us worlds of woe, all since our peers were given

⁶³⁸ *Foody fall*—alighted to feed.

⁶⁵⁶ *Twybills*—two-edged bills, or axes. A kind of halberd.

To such a laziness and fear ; they would not let me end
 Our ling'ring banes, and charge thus home, but keep home and defend,
 And so they rul'd the men I led. But though Jove then withheld 670
 My natural spirit, now by Jove 'tis freed, and thus impell'd."

This more inflam'd them ; in so much that Ajax now no more
 Kept up, he was so drown'd in darts ; a little he forbore
 The hatches to a seat beneath, of seven foot long, but thought
 It was impossible to scape ; he sat yet where he fought, 675
 And hurl'd out lances thick as hail at all men that assay'd
 To fire the ship ; with whom he found his hands so overlaid,
 That on his soldiers thus he cried : " O friends, fight I alone ?
 Expect ye more walls at your backs ? Towns rampir'd here are none,
 No citizens to take ye in, no help in any kind. 680
 We are, I tell you, in Troy's fields, have nought but seas behind,
 And foes before, far, far from Greece. For shame, obey commands,
 There is no mercy in the wars, your healths lie in your hands."

Thus rag'd he, and pour'd out his darts. Whoever he espied
 Come near the vessel arm'd with fire on his fierce dart he died. 685
 All that pleas'd Hector made him mad, all that his thanks would earn,
 Of which twelve men, his most resolv'd, lay dead before his stern.

⁶⁷⁸ *Fight I alone?*—Dr. Taylor has followed the error of the second folio, and printed "*O friends, fight alone!*"

⁶⁸³ *Healths*—safety (Latin).



COMMENTARIUS.

33. **I** MUST here be enforced, for your easier examination of a simile before, to cite the original words of it; which of all Homer's translators and commentors have been most grossly mistaken, his whole intent and sense in it utterly falsified. The simile illustrates the manner of Juno's parting from Jove, being commanded by him to a business so abhorring from her will, is this:

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν δῖξῃ νόος ἀνέρος, ὅς τ' ἐπὶ πολλὴν
Γαῖαν ἐληλυθώς, φρεσὶ πενκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ,
Ἐνθ' εἴην ἢ ἔνθα μενοινήσειε τί πολλά·
Ὡς κραίπνως μεμάνια δῖάπτατο πότνια Ἥρη.

Which is thus converted *ad verbum* by Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando discurrit mens viri, qui per multam
Terram profectus, mentibus prudentibus considerarit,
Huc iveram vel illuc, cogitaritque multa;
Sic citò properans pervolavit veneranda Juno.

Which Lauren. Valla in prose thus translates:

Subvolavit Juno in cælum eadem festinatione ac celeritate, qua mens
prudentis hominis, et qui multum terrarum peragravit, recursat, cum
multa sibi agenda instant, huc se conferat an illuc.

Eobanus Hessus in verse thus:

Tam subitò, quàm sana viri mens plura scientis,
Quique peragravit vaste loca plurima terræ,
Multa movens animo, nunc huc nunc avolat illuc.

To this purpose likewise the Italian and French copies have it. All understanding Homer's intent was (as by the speediness of a man's thought or mind) to illustrate Juno's swiftness in hasting about the com-

mandment of Jupiter, which was utterly otherwise : viz., to show the distraction of Juno's mind in going against her will, and in her despite, about Jove's commandment ; which all the history before, in her inveterate and inflexible grudge to do anything for the good of the Trojans, confirmeth without question. Besides, her morosity and solemn appearance amongst the Gods and Goddesses (which Themis notes in her looks) shows if she went willingly, much less swiftly, about that business. Nor can the illustration of swiftness be Homer's end in this simile, because he makes the man's mind, to which he resembles her going, stagger, inclining him to go this way and that, not resolved which way to go ; which very poorly expresseth swiftness, and as properly agrees with the propriety of a wise man, when he hath undertaken, and gone far in, a journey, not to know whether he should go forward or backward. Let us therefore examine the original words.

Ὅς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀέξῃ νόος ἀνέρος ὅς τ' ἐπὶ πολλῶν
Γαῖαν ἐληλεῖσώς, &c.

Sicut verò quando discurrit vel prorumpit, vel cum impetu exsurgit, mens viri, ἀνείσω signifying ruo, prorumpo, vel cum impetu exsurgo, as having travelled far on an irksome journey (as Juno had done for the Greeks, feigning to Jove and Venus she was going to visit πολυφόρος πείρατα γαῖης, multa nutrientis fines terræ) and then knows not whether he should go backward or forward, sustains a vehement discourse with himself on what course to resolve, and vexed in mind ; which the words φρεσὶ πικυαλίμῃσι express, being to be understood mentibus amaris, vexatis, or distractis, with a spiteful, sorrowful, vexed, or distracted mind, not mentibus prudentibus, as all most unwisely in this place convert it, though in other places it intimates so much. But here the other holds congruence with the rest of the simile, from which in the wise sense it abhors, πικυάλιμος signifying amarus more properly than prudens, being translated prudens merely metaphorically, according to the second deduction ; where here it is used more properly according to the first deduction, which is taken from πικυή, the larcher tree, whose gum

is exceeding bitter ; and because things irksome and bitter (as afflictions, crosses, &c.) are means to make men wise, and take heed by others' harms, therefore, according to the second deduction, *πεινάλιμος* is taken for *cautus* or *prudens*. But now that the *ἀπόδοσις* or *application* seems to make with their sense of swiftness, the words *ὥς κραιπνῶς μεμῶνα*, being translated by them *sic citò properans* ; it is thus to be turned in this place, *sic rapidè et impetu pulsa, so snatchingly or headlongly driven*, flew Juno. As we often see with a clap of thunder doves or other fowls driven headlong from their seats, not in direct flight, but as they would break their necks with a kind of reeling ; *μεμῶνα* being derived of *μαίω* or *μαμῶω* signifying *impetu ferri, vel furibundo impetu ferri*, all which most aptly agreeth with Juno's enforced and wrathful parting from Jove, and doing his charge distractedly. This for me. If another can give better, let him show it, and take it. But in infinite other places is this divine poet thus profaned, which for the extreme labour I cannot yet touch at.

136. *Ἀργάλεον, &c.* *Difficile est, it is a hard thing* (saith Minerva to Mars, when she answers his anger for the slaughter of his son Ascalaphus) *for Jove to deliver the generation and birth of all men from death*. Which commentators thus understand : There were some men that never died, as Tithon the husband of Aurora, Chiron, Glaucus made a Sea-God, &c., and in Holy Writ (as Spondanus pleaseth to mix them) Enoch and Elias ; but because these few were freed from death, Mars must not look that all others were. But this interpretation, I think, will appear to all men at first sight both ridiculous and profane—Homer making Minerva only jest at Mars here (as she doth in other places) bidding him not storm that his son should be slain more than better born, stronger, and worthier men ; *for Jove should have enough to do (or it were hard for Jove) to free all men from death that are unwilling to die*. This mine, with the rest ; the other others ; accept which you please.



THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILLIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES, at Patroclus' suit, doth yield
His arms and Myrmidons ; which brought to field,
The Trojans fly. Patroclus hath the grace
Of great Sarpedon's death, sprung of the race
Of Jupiter, he having slain the horse
Of Thetis' son, fierce Pedasus. The force
Of Hector doth revenge the much-rued end
Of most renown'd Sarpedon on the friend
Of Thetides, first by Euphorbus harm'd,
And by Apollo's personal pow'r disarm'd.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In *Πτ* Patroclus bears the chance
Of death, impos'd by Hector's lance.



THUS fighting for this well-built ship ; Patroclus all that
space
Stood by his friend, preparing words to win the Greeks
his grace,

With pow'r of uncontained tears ; and, like a fountain pour'd
In black streams from a lofty rock, the Greeks so plagued deplor'd.
Achilles, ruthful for his tears, said : “ Wherefore weeps my friend 5
So like a girl, who, though she sees her mother cannot tend

Her childish humours, hangs on her, and would be taken up,
 Still viewing her with tear-drown'd eyes, when she has made her stoop.
 'Tis nothing liker I can shape thy so unseemly tears.
 What causeth them? Hath any ill solicited thine ears 10
 Befall'n my Myrmidons? Or news from loved Phthia brought,
 Told only thee, lest I should grieve, and therefore thus hath wrought
 On thy kind spirit? Actor's son, the good Menœtius,
 Thy father, lives, and Peleus, mine, great son of Æacus,
 Amongst his Myrmidons, whose deaths in duty we should mourn. 15
 Or is it what the Greeks sustain that doth thy stomach turn,
 On whom, for their injustice' sake, plagues are so justly laid?
 Speak, man, let both know either's heart." Patroclus, sighing, said:
 "O Peleus' son, thou strongest Greek by all degrees that lives,
 Still be not angry, our sad state such cause of pity gives. 20
 Our greatest Greeks lie at their ships sore wounded; Ithacus,
 King Agamemnon, Diomed, and good Eurypylus;
 But these much-med'cine-knowing men, physicians, can recure,
 Thou yet unmed'cinable still, though thy wound all endure.
 Heaven bless my bosom from such wrath as thou sooth'st as thy bliss,
 Unprofitably virtuous. How shall our progenies, 26
 Born in thine age, enjoy thine aid, when these friends, in thy flow'r,
 Thou leav'st to such unworthy death? O idle, cruel, pow'r!
 Great Peleus never did beget, nor Thetis bring forth thee,
 Thou from the blue sea, and her rocks, deriv'st thy pedigree. 30
 What so declines thee? If thy mind shuns any augury
 Related by thy mother-queen from heaven's foreseeing eye,
 And therefore thou forsak'st thy friends, let me go ease their moans
 With those brave relics of our host, thy mighty Myrmidons,
 That I may bring to field more light to conquest than hath been. 35
 To which end grace me with thine arms, since, any shadow seen
 Of thy resemblance, all the pow'r of perjurd Troy will fly,
 And our so-tired friends will breathe, our fresh-set-on supply

¹⁰ *Solicited*—vexed, made anxious (Latin).

²⁶ *Virtuous*—valourous.

Will eas'ly drive their wearied off." Thus, foolish man, he sued
 For his sure death; of all whose speech Achilles first renew'd 40
 The last part thus: " O worthy friend, what have thy speeches been?
 I shun the fight for oracles, or what my mother queen
 Hath told from Jove? I take no care nor note of one such thing!
 But this fit anger stings me still, that the insulting king
 Should from his equal take his right, since he exceeds in pow'r. 45
 This, still his wrong, is still my grief. He took my paramour
 That all men gave, and whom I won by virtue of my spear
 That, for her, overturn'd a town. This rape he made of her,
 And used me like a fugitive, an inmate in a town,
 That is no city libertine, nor capable of their gown. 50
 But bear we this as out of date; 'tis past, nor must we still
 Feed anger in our noblest parts; yet thus, I have my will
 As well as our great king of men, for I did ever vow
 Never to cast off my disdain till, as it falls out now,
 Their miss of me knock'd at my fleet, and told me in their cries 55
 I was reveng'd, and had my wish of all my enemies.
 And so of this repeat enough. Take thou my fame-blaz'd arms,
 And my fight-thirsty Myrmidons lead to these hot alarms.
 Whole clouds of Trojans circle us with hateful eminence;
 The Greeks shut in a little shore, a sort of citizens 60
 Skipping upon them; all because their proud eyes do not see
 The radiance of my helmet there, whose beams had instantly
 Thrust back, and all these ditches fill'd with carrion of their flesh,
 If Agamemnon had been kind, where now they fight as fresh,
 As thus far they had put at ease, and at our tents contend. 65
 And may; for the repulsive hand of Diomed doth not spend
 His raging darts there, that their death could fright out of our fleet;
 Nor from that head of enmity can my poor hearers meet

⁴⁰ *Libertine*.—One admitted to the freedom of the city (Latin).

⁵⁷ *Repeat*—repetition, repeated tale.

The voice of great Atrides now. Now Hector's only voice
 Breaks all the air about both hosts, and, with the very noise 70
 Bred by his loud encouragements, his forces fill the field,
 And fight the poor Achaians down. But on, put thou my shield
 Betwixt the fire-plague and our fleet. Rush bravely on, and turn
 War's tide as headlong on their throats. No more let them ajourn
 Our sweet home-turning. But observe the charge I lay on thee 75
 To each least point, that thy rul'd hand may highly honour me,
 And get such glory from the Greeks, that they may send again
 My most sweet wench, and gifts to boot, when thou hast cast a rein
 On these so headstrong citizens and forc'd them from our fleet.
 With which grace if the God of sounds thy kind egression greet, 80
 Retire, and be not tempted on (with pride to see thy hand
 Rain slaughter'd carcasses on earth) to run forth thy command
 As far as Ilion, lest the Gods that favour Troy come forth
 To thy encounter, for the Sun much loves it; and my worth,
 In what thou suffer'st, will be wrong'd, that I would let my friend 85
 Assume an action of such weight without me, and transcend
 His friend's prescription. Do not then affect a further fight
 Than I may strengthen. Let the rest, when thou hast done this right,
 Perform the rest. O would to Jove, thou Pallas, and thou Sun,
 That not a man hous'd underneath those tow'rs of Ilion, 90
 Nor any one of all the Greeks, how infinite a sum
 Soever all together make, might live unovercome,
 But only we two, 'scaping death, might have the thund'ring down
 Of every stone stuck in the walls of this so sacred town!"
 Thus spake they only 'twixt themselves. And now the foe no more
 Could Ajax stand, being so oppress'd with all the iron store 96

⁷⁴ *Ajourn*—or as we now spell it "*adjourn*."

⁷⁵ *Wench*.—It should be remembered that this word originally meant *young woman* only, without the "contemptuous familiarity," as NARES terms it, "now annexed to it."

⁸⁰ "Jupiter called the God of sounds, for the chief sound his thunder."

CHAPMAN.

The Trojans pour'd on ; with whose darts, and with Jove's will beside,
 His pow'rs were cloy'd, and his bright helm did deaf'ning blows abide,
 His plume and all head-ornaments could never hang in rest.
 His arm yet labour'd up his shield, and having done their best, 100
 They could not stir him from his stand, although he wrought it out
 With short respirings, and with sweat that ceaseless flow'd about
 His reeking limbs ; no least time given to take in any breath ;
 Ill strengthen'd ill ; when one was up, another was beneath.

Now, Muses, you that dwell in heaven, the dreadful mean inspire,
 That first enforc'd the Grecian fleet to take in Trojan fire. 105
 First Hector with his huge broad sword cut off, at setting on,
 The head of Ajax' ashen lance ; which Ajax seeing gone,
 And that he shook a headless spear, a little while unware,
 His wary spirits told him straight the hand of Heaven was there, 110
 And trembling under his conceit, which was that 'twas Jove's deed,
 Who, as he poll'd off his dart's head, so sure he had decreed
 That all the counsels of their war he would poll off like it,
 And give the Trojans victory ; so trusted he his wit,
 And left his darts. And then the ship was heap'd with horrid brands
 Of kindling fire, which instantly was seen through all the strands 115
 In unextinguishable flames that all the ship embrac'd.
 And then Achilles beat his thighs, cried out, " Patroclus, haste,
 Make way with horse. I see at fleet a fire of fearful rage.
 Arm, arm, lest all our fleet it fire, and all our pow'r engage. 120
 Arm quickly, I'll bring up the troops." To these so dreadful wars
 Patroclus, in Achilles' arms, enlighten'd all with stars,
 And richly amell'd, all haste made. He wore his sword, his shield,
 His huge-plum'd helm, and two such spears as he could nimbly wield.
 But the most fam'd Achilles' spear, big, solid, full of weight, 125
 He only left of all his arms ; for that far pass'd the might

⁹⁷ The second folio and Dr. Taylor read "*those* darts."

¹¹³ *Poll off*—strip off. These are the two best examples of the word I have met with. Dr. Taylor prints "*pull'd off*" in line 112, following the error of the second folio.

¹²³ *Amelled*—enamelled. See Bk. xvii. 734.

Of any Greek to shake but his, Achilles' only ire
 Shook that huge weapon, that was given by Chiron to his sire,
 Cut from the top of Pelion, to be heroës' deaths.
 His steeds Automedon straight join'd ; like whom no man that
 breathes, 130
 Next Peleus' son, Patroclus lov'd, for, like him, none so great
 He found in faith at every fight, nor to out-look a threat.
 Automedon did therefore guide for him Achilles' steeds,
 Xanthius and Balius swift as wind, begotten by the seeds
 Of Zephyr, and the Harpy born, Podarge, in a mead 135
 Close to the wavy ocean, where that fierce Harpy fed.
 Automedon join'd these before, and with the hindmost gears
 He fasten'd famous Pedasus, whom, from the massacres
 Made by Achilles when he took Eëtion's wealthy town,
 He brought, and, though of mortal race, yet gave him the renown 140
 To follow his immortal horse. And now, before his tents,
 Himself had seen his Myrmidons in all habiliments
 Of dreadful war. And when ye see, upon a mountain bred,
 A den of wolves, about whose hearts unmeasur'd strengths are fed,
 New come from currie of a stag, their jaws all blood-besmeared, 145
 And when from some black-water fount they all together herd,
 There having plentifully lapp'd with thin and thrust-out tongues
 The top and clearest of the spring, go belching from their lungs
 The clotted gore, look dreadfully, and entertain no dread,
 Their bellies gaunt all taken up with being so rawly fed ; 150
 Then say, that such, in strength and look, were great Achilles' men
 Now order'd for the dreadful fight, and so with all them then
 Their princes and their chiefs did show about their General's friend ;
 His friend, and all, about himself who chiefly did intend
 Th' embattelling of horse and foot. To that siege, held so long, 155
 Twice five and twenty sail he brought, twice five and twenty strong

¹⁴³ " A simile most lively expressive."—CHAPMAN.

¹⁴⁵ Currie—quarry. *Infra*, 693.

Of able men was every sail. Five colonels he made
 Of all those forces, trusty men, and all of pow'r to lead,
 But he of pow'r beyond them all. Menesthius was one,
 That ever wore discolour'd arms; he was a river's son 160
 That fell from heaven, and good to drink was his delightful stream,
 His name unwearied Sperchius, he lov'd the lovely dame
 Fair Polydora, Peleus' seed, and dear in Borus' sight,
 And she to that celestial Flood gave this Menesthius light,
 A woman mixing with a God. Yet Borus bore the name 165
 Of father to Menesthius, he marrying the dame,
 And giving her a mighty dow'r; he was the kind descent
 Of Perieres. The next man, renown'd with regiment,
 Was strong Eudorus, brought to life by one suppos'd a maid
 Bright Polymela, Phylas' seed, but had the wanton play'd 170
 With Argus-killing Mercury, who (fir'd with her fair eyes
 As she was singing in the quire of Her that makes the cries
 In clamorous hunting, and doth bear the crooked bow of gold)
 Stole to her bed in that chaste room that Phœbe chaste did hold,
 And gave her that swift-warlike son, Eudorus, brought to light 175
 As she was dancing; but as soon as She that rules the plight
 Of labouring women eas'd her throes, and show'd her son the sun,
 Strong Echeecæus, Actor's heir, woo'd earnestly, and won
 Her second favour, feeing her with gifts of infinite prize,
 And after brought her to his house, where, in his grandsire's eyes, 180
 Old Phylas, Polymela's son obtain'd exceeding grace,
 And found as careful bringing up as of his natural race
 He had descended. The third chief was fair Mæmalides
 Pisandrus, who in skill of darts obtain'd supremest praise
 Of all the Myrmidons, except their lord's companion. 185
 The fourth charge aged Phoenix had. The fifth Alcimedon,

¹⁶⁰ *Discoloured*—divers-coloured, variegated.

¹⁷⁹ *Feeing*.—Dr. Taylor has incorrectly printed "*seeing*."

¹⁸³ *Natural*.—See Bk. XIII. 166.

Son of Lærces, and much fam'd. All these digested thus
 In fit place by the mighty son of royal Peleus,
 This stern remembrance he gave all : " You, Myrmidons," said he,
 " Lest any of you should forget his threat'nings used to me 190
 In this place, and, through all the time that my just anger reign'd,
 Attempting me with bitter words for being so restrain'd,
 For my hot humour, from the fight, remember them as these :
 ' Thou cruel son of Peleus, whom She that rules the seas
 Did only nourish with her gall, thou dost ungently hold 195
 Our hands against our wills from fight. We will not be controll'd,
 But take our ships, and sail for home, before we loiter here
 And feed thy fury.' These high words exceeding often were
 The threats that, in your mutinous troops, ye us'd to me for wrath
 To be detain'd so from the field. Now then, your spleens may bathe
 In sweat of those great works ye wish'd ; now, he that can employ 201
 A generous heart, go fight, and fright these bragging sons of Troy."

This set their minds and strengths on fire, the speech enforcing well,
 Being us'd in time, but, being their king's, it much more did impel,
 And closer rush'd in all the troops. And as, for buildings high, 205
 The mason lays his stones more thick, against th' extremity
 Of wind and weather, and even then, if any storm arise,
 He thickens them the more for that, the present act so plies
 His honest mind to make sure work ; so, for the high estate
 This work was brought to, these men's minds, according to the rate,
 Were rais'd, and all their bodies join'd ; but their well-spoken king, 211
 With this so timely-thought-on speech, more sharp made valour's sting,
 And thicken'd so their targets boss'd, so all their helmets then,
 That shields propp'd shields, helms helmets knock'd, and men encourag'd
 men.

Patroclus and Automedon did arm before them all, 215
 Two bodies with one mind inform'd ; and then the General
 Betook him to his private tent, where from a coffer wrought
 Most rich and curiously, and given by Thetis to be brought

In his own ship, top-fill'd with vests, warm robes to check cold wind,
 And tapestries all golden fring'd and curl'd with thrumbs behind, 220
 He took a most unvalued bowl, in which none drank but he,
 Nor he but to the Deities, nor any Deity
 But Jove himself was serv'd with that; and that he first did cleanse
 With sulphur, then with fluences of sweetest water rease,
 Then wash'd his hands, and drew himself a mighty bowl of wine, 225
 Which (standing midst the place enclos'd for services divine,
 And looking up to heaven and Jove, who saw him well) he pour'd
 Upon the place of sacrifice, and humbly thus implor'd:

“ Great Dodonæus, president of cold Dodone's tow'rs,
 Divine Pelasgius, that dwell'st far hence; about whose bow'rs 230
 Th' austere prophetic Selli dwell, that still sleep on the ground,
 Go bare, and never cleanse their feet; as I before have found
 Grace to my vows, and hurt to Greece, so now my prayers intend.
 I still stay in the gather'd fleet, but have dismiss'd my friend
 Amongst my many Myrmidons to danger of the dart; 235
 O grant his valour my renown, arm with my mind his heart,
 That Hector's self may know my friend can work in single war,
 And not then only show his hands, so hot and singular,
 When my kind presence seconds him. But, fight he ne'er so well,
 No further let him trust his fight, but, when he shall repel 240
 Clamour and danger from our fleet, vouchsafe a safe retreat
 To him and all his companies with fames and arms complete.”

He pray'd, and heaven's great Counsellor gave satisfying ear
 To one part of his orisons, but left the other there;
 He let him free the fleet of foes, but safe retreat denied. 245
 Achilles left that utter part where he his zeal applied,

²²⁰ *Thumbs*—tufts. Properly the tufted part beyond the tie at the end of the warp in weaving. Hence any collection of tufts or tassels. The word is common.

²²¹ *Unvalued*.—See Bk. i. 12.

²⁴⁶ *Utter*.—Dr. Taylor has unnecessarily printed “*outer*.”

And turn'd into his inner tent, made fast his cup, and then
 Stood forth, and with his mind beheld the foes fight, and his men,
 That follow'd his great minded friend, embattled till they brake
 With gallant spirit upon the foe. And as fell wasps, that make 250
 Their dwellings in the broad high way, which foolish children use
 (Their cottages being near their nests) to anger and abuse
 With ever vexing them, and breed (to soothe their childish war)
 A common ill to many men, since if a traveller
 (That would his journey's end apply, and pass them unassay'd) 255
 Come near and vex them, upon him the children's faults are laid,
 For on they fly as he were such, and still defend their own ;
 So far'd it with the fervent mind of every Myrmidon,
 Who pour'd themselves out of their fleet upon their wanton foes,
 That needs would stir them, thrust so near, and cause the overthrows
 Of many others that had else been never touch'd by them, 261
 Nor would have touch'd. Patroclus then put his wind to the stream,
 And thus exhorted : " Now, my friends, remember you express
 Your late-urg'd virtue, and renown our great *Æacides*,
 That, he being strong'st of all the Greeks, his eminence may dim 265
 All others likewise in our strengths that far off imitate him ;
 And Agamemnon now may see his fault as general
 As his place high, dishonouring him that so much honours all."

Thus made he sparkle their fresh fire, and on they rush'd ; the fleet
 Fill'd full her hollow sides with sounds that terribly did greet 270
 Th' amazed Trojans, and their eyes did second their amaze
 When great Menæti'us' son they saw, and his friend's armour blaze.
 All troops stood troubled with conceit that Peleus' son was there,
 His anger cast off at the ships, and each look'd every where
 For some authority to lead the then prepared flight. 275
 Patroclus greeted with a lance the region where the fight
 Made strongest tumult, near the ship *Protesilaus* brought,
 And struck *Pyræchmen*, who before the fair-helm'd *Pæons* fought,

Led from Amydon, near whose walls the broad-stream'd Axios flows.
 Through his right shoulder flew the dart, whose blow struck all the blows
 In his pow'r from his pow'rless arm, and down he groaning fell ; 281
 His men all flying, their leader fled. This one dart did repel
 The whole guard placed about the ship, whose fire extinct, half burn'd
 The Pæons left her, and full cry to clamorous flight return'd.
 Then spread the Greeks about their ships, triumphant tumult flow'd,
 And, as from top of some steep hill the Lightner strips a cloud, 286
 And lets a great sky out from heaven, in whose delightful light,
 All prominent foreheads, forests, tow'rs, and temples cheer the sight ;
 So clear'd these Greeks this Trojan cloud, and at their ships and tents
 Obtain'd a little time to breathe, but found no present vents 290
 To their inclusions ; nor did Troy, though these Pæonians fled,
 Lose any ground, but from this ship they needfully turn'd head.

Then every man a man subdued. Patroclus in the thigh
 Struck Areilycus ; his dart the bone did break and fly
 Quite through, and sunk him to the earth. Good Menelaus slew 295
 Accomplish'd Thoas, in whose breast, being nak'd, his lance he threw
 Above his shield, and freed his soul. Phylides, taking note
 That bold Amphiclus bent at him, prevented him, and smote
 His thigh's extreme part, where of man his fattest muscle lies,
 The nerves torn with his lance's pile, and darkness clos'd his eyes. 300
 Antilochus Atymnius seiz'd, his steel lance did impress
 His first three guts, and loos'd his life. At young Nestorides
 Maris, Atymnius' brother, flew, and at him Thrasymed,
 The brother to Antilochus ; his eager javelin's head
 The muscles of his arm cut out, and shiver'd all the bone ; 305
 Night clos'd his eyes, his lifeless corse his brother fell upon.

²⁸⁸ *Cheer the sight.*—Thus the first folio ; the second and Dr. Taylor have “ *clear the sight,*” which I am almost inclined to adopt.

²⁹¹ *Inclusions*—shut in as they were by the enemy.

³⁰³ *Maris.*—Dr. Taylor, following the error of the second folio, prints “ *Mars.*”

And so by two kind brothers' hands did two kind brothers bleed,
 Both being divine Sarpedon's friends, and were the darting seed
 Of Amisodarus, that kept the bane of many men
 Abhorr'd Chimæra, and such bane now caught his children. 310
 Ajax Oiliades did take Cleobulus alive,
 Invading him stay'd by the press, and at him then let drive
 With his short sword that cut his neck, whose blood warm'd all the steel,
 And cold Death with a violent fate his sable eyes did seel.
 Peneleus and Lycon cast together off their darts, 315
 But miss'd; and both together then went with their swords; in parts
 The blade and hilt went, laying on upon the helmet's height.
 Peneleus' sword caught Lycon's neck, and cut it thorough quite.
 His head hung by the very skin. The swift Meriones,
 Pursuing flying Acamas, just as he got access 320
 To horse and chariot overtook, and took him such a blow
 On his right shoulder that he left his chariot, and did strow
 The dusty earth; life left his limbs, and night his eyes possess'd.
 Idomenæus his stern dart at Erymas address'd,
 As, like to Acamas, he fled; it cut the sundry bones 325
 Beneath his brain, betwixt his neck and foreparts, and so runs,
 Shaking his teeth out, through his mouth, his eyes all drown'd in blood,
 So through his nostrils and his mouth, that now dart-open stood,
 He breath'd his spirit. Thus had death from every Grecian chief
 A chief of Troy. For, as to kids or lambs their cruell'st thief, 330
 The wolf, steals in, and, when he sees that by the shepherd's sloth
 The dams are sperst about the hills, then serves his ravenous tooth
 With ease, because his prey is weak; so serv'd the Greeks their foes,
 Discerning well how shrieking flight did all their spirits dispose,
 Their biding virtues quite forgot. And now the natural spleen 335
 That Ajax bore to Hector still by all means would have been

³¹⁴ *Seel*.—To *seel*, specially applied to closing the eyes of hawks, or doves, by passing a thread through the lids; hence to close the eyes in any way. Nares has many excellent examples.

Within his bosom with a dart, but he that knew the war,
 Well cover'd in a well-lin'd shield, did well perceive how far
 The arrows and the javelins reach'd by being within their sounds
 And ominous singings, and observ'd the there-inclining bounds 340
 Of Conquest in her aid of him, and so obey'd her change,
 Took safest course for him and his, and stood to her as strange.
 And as, when Jove intends a storm, he lets out of the stars,
 From steep Olympus, a black cloud that all heaven's splendour bars
 From men on earth; so from the hearts of all the Trojan host 345
 All comfort lately found from Jove in flight and cries was lost.
 Nor made they any fair retreat. Hector's unruly horse
 Would needs retire him, and he left engag'd his Trojan force,
 Forc'd by the steepness of the dike, that in ill place they took,
 And kept them that would fain have gone. Their horses quite forsook
 A number of the Trojan kings, and left them in the dike; 351
 Their chariots in their foreteams broke. Patroclus then did strike
 While steel was hot, and cheer'd his friends, nor meant his enemies good,
 Who, when they once began to fly, each way receiv'd a flood,
 And chok'd themselves with drifts of dust. And now were clouds begot
 Beneath the clouds, with fright and noise the horse neglected not 356
 Their home intendments, and, where rout was busiest, there pour'd on
 Patroclus most exhortations and threats; and then lay overthrown
 Numbers beneath their axle-trees, who, lying in flight's stream,
 Made th' after chariots jot and jump in driving over them. 360

Th' immortal horse Patroclus rode did pass the dike with ease,
 And wish'd the depth and danger more; and Menestades
 As great a spirit had to reach, retiring Hector's haste,
 But his fleet horse had too much law, and fetch'd him off too fast.
 And as in Autumn the black earth is loaden with the storms 365
 That Jove in gluts of rain pours down, being angry with the forms
 Of judgment in authoriz'd men, that in their courts maintain,
 With violent office, wrested laws, and (fearing Gods, nor men)

Exile all justice, for whose fault whole fields are overflown,
 And many valleys cut away with torrents headlong thrown 370
 From neighbour mountains till the sea receive them roaring in,
 And judg'd men's labours then are vain, plagued for their judge's sin ;
 So now the foul defaults of some all Troy were laid upon,
 So like those torrents roar'd they back to windy Ilion,
 And so like tempests blew the horse with ravishing back again 375
 Those hot assailants, all their works at fleet now render'd vain.

Patroclus, when he had dispers'd the foremost phalanxes,
 Call'd back his forces to the fleet, and would not let them prease,
 As they desir'd, too near the town, but 'twixt the ships and flood
 And their steep rampire his hand steep'd Revenge in seas of blood. 380

Then Pronous was first that fell beneath his fiery lance,
 Which struck his bare breast, near his shield. The second Thestor's
 chance,

Old Enops' son, did make himself, who shrinking, and set close
 In his fair seat, even with th' approach Patroclus made, did lose
 All manly courage, in so much that from his hands his reins 385
 Fell flowing down, and his right jaw Patroclus' lance attains,
 Struck through his teeth, and there it stuck, and by it to him drew
 Dead Thestor to his chariot. It show'd, as when you view
 An angler from some prominent rock draw with his line and hook
 A mighty fish out of the sea ; for so the Greek did pluck 390
 The Trojan gaping from his seat, his jaws op'd with the dart ;
 Which when Patroclus drew, he fell ; his life and breast did part.

Then rush'd he on Erylaus, at whom he hurl'd a stone,
 Which strake his head so in the midst that two was made of one,
 Two ways it fell, cleft through his casque. And then Tlepolemus, 395
 Epaltes, Damastorides, Evippus, Echius,
 Ipheas, bold Amphoterus, and valiant Erymas,
 And Polymelus, by his sire surnam'd Argeadas,

³⁹⁴ *Was.*—So both folios. Dr. Taylor more grammatically “*were.*”

He heap'd upon the much-fed earth. When Jove's most worthy son,
Divine Sarpedon, saw these friends thus stay'd, and others run, 400

"O shame! Why fly ye?" then he cried, "Now show ye feet enow.
On, keep your way, myself will meet the man that startles you,
To make me understand his name that flaunts in conquest thus,
And hath so many able knees so soon dissolv'd to us."

Down jump'd he from his chariot, down leap'd his foe as light. 405
And as, on some far-looking rock, a cast of vultures fight,
Fly on each other, strike and truss, part, meet, and then stick by,
Tug both with crooked beaks and serres, cry, fight, and fight and cry;
So fiercely fought these angry kings, and show'd as bitter galls.

Jove, turning eyes to this stern fight, his wife and sister calls, 410
And much mov'd for the Lycian prince, said: "O that to my son
Fate, by this day and man, should cut a thread so nobly spun!
Two minds distract me; if I should now ravish him from fight
And set him safe in Lycia, or give the Fates their right."

"Austere Saturnius," she replied, "what unjust words are these?
A mortal long since mark'd by fate wouldst thou immortalize? 415
Do, but by no God be approv'd. Free him, and numbers more,
Sons of Immortals, will live free that death must taste before
These gates of Ilion; every God will have his son a God,
Or storm extremely. Give him then an honest period 420
In brave fight by Patroclus' sword, if he be dear to thee,
And grieves thee by his danger'd life; of which when he is free,
Let Death and Somnus bear him hence, till Lycia's natural womb
Receive him from his brother's hands, and citizens'; a tomb
And column rais'd to him. This is the honour of the dead." 425

She said, and her speech rul'd his pow'r; but in his safety's stead,
For sad ostent of his near death, he steep'd his living name
In drops of blood heaven swet for him, which earth drunk to his fame.

And now, as this high combat grew to this too humble end,
Sarpedon's death had this state more; 'twas usher'd by his friend 430

And charioteer, brave Thrasydes, whom in his belly's rim
Patroclus wounded with his lance, and endless ended him.

And then another act of name foreran his princely fate.
His first lance missing, he let fly a second that gave date
Of violent death to Pedasus, who, as he joy'd to die 435
By his so honourable hand, did even in dying neigh.

His ruin startled th' other steeds, the gears crack'd, and the reins
Strapped his fellows ; whose misrule Automedon restrains
By cutting the intangling gears, and so disundering quite
The brave slain beast, when both the rest obey'd, and went foreright.
And then the royal combatants fought for the final stroke, 441
When Lycia's General miss'd again, his high-raised javelin took
Above his shoulder empty way. But no such speedless flight
Patroclus let his spear perform, that on the breast did light
Of his brave foe, where life's strings close about the solid heart, 445
Impressing a recureless wound, his knees then left their part,
And let him fall ; when like an oak, a poplar, or a pine,
New fell'd by arts-men on the hills, he stretch'd his form divine
Before his horse and chariot. And as a lion leaps
Upon a goodly yellow bull, drives all the herd in heaps, 450
And under his unconquer'd jaws the brave beast sighing dies ;
So sigh'd Sarpedon underneath this prince of enemies,
Call'd Glaucus to him, his dear friend, and said : " Now, friend, thy hands
Much duty owe to fight and arms, now for my love it stands
Thy heart in much hand to approve that war is harmful, now 455
How active all thy forces are this one hour's act must show.
First call our Lycian captains up, look round, and bring up all,
And all exhort to stand like friends about Sarpedon's fall,
And spend thyself thy steel for me ; for he assur'd no day
Of all thy life, to thy last hour, can clear thy black dismay 460
In woe and infamy for me, if I be taken hence
Spoil'd of mine arms, and thy renown despoil'd of my defence.

437 *Ruin*—fall (Latin).

438 *Strapped*—entangled.

Stand firm then, and confirm thy men." This said, the bounds of death
Concluded all sight to his eyes, and to his nostrils breath.

Patroclus, though his guard was strong, forc'd way through every doubt,
Climb'd his high bosom with his foot, and pluck'd his javelin out, 466
And with it drew the film and strings of his yet-panting heart ;
And last, together with the pile, his princely soul did part.

His horse, spoil'd both of guide and king, thick-snoring and amaz'd,
And apt to flight, the Myrmidons made nimbly to, and seiz'd. 470

Glaucus, to hear his friend ask aid of him past all the rest,
Though well he knew his wound uncur'd, confusion fill'd his breast
Not to have good in any power, and yet so much good will.
And (laying his hand upon his wound, that pain'd him sharply still,
And was by Teucer's hand set on from their assail'd steep wall, 475
In keeping hurt from other men) he did on Phœbus call,
The God of med'cines, for his cure : " Thou King of cures," said he,
" That art perhaps in Lycia with her rich progeny,

Or here in Troy, but any where since thou hast pow'r to hear,
O give a hurt and woeful man, as I am now, thine ear. 480
This arm sustains a cruel wound, whose pains shoot every way,
Afflict this shoulder, and this hand, and nothing long can stay
A flux of blood still issuing ; nor therefore can I stand
With any enemy in fight, nor hardly make my hand
Support my lance ; and here lies dead the worthiest of men, 485
Sarpedon, worthy son to Jove, whose pow'r could yet abstain
From all aid in this deadly need ; give thou then aid to me,
O King of all aid to men hurt, assuage th' extremity
Of this arm's anguish, give it strength, that by my precedent
I may excite my men to blows, and this dead corse prevent 490
Of further violence." He pray'd, and kind Apollo heard,
Allay'd his anguish, and his wound of all the black blood clear'd

⁴⁶⁶ *Nostrils*.—The original and etymological spelling of *nostril* is *noethril*, and the word is generally in that form in old writers. *Nose* and *thirl* (Anglo-Sax.) a perforation.

That vex'd it so, infus'd fresh pow'rs into his weaken'd mind,
And all his spirits flow'd with joy that Phœbus stood inclin'd,
In such quick bounty, to his prayers. Then, as Sarpedon will'd, 495
He cast about his greedy eye, and first of all instill'd
To all his captains all the stings that could inflame their fight
For good Sarpedon. And from them he stretch'd his speedy pace
T' Agenor, Hector, Venus' son, and wise Polydamas,
And (only naming Hector) said: "Hector, you now forget 500
Your poor auxiliary friends that in your toils have swet
Their friendless souls out far from home. Sarpedon, that sustain'd
With justice, and his virtues all, broad Lycia, hath not gain'd
The like guard for his person here, for yonder dead he lies
Beneath the great Patroclus' lance. But come, let your supplies, 505
Good friends, stand near him. O disdain to see his corse defil'd
With Grecian fury, and his arms by their oppressions spoil'd.
These Myrmidons are come enrag'd that such a mighty boot
Of Greeks Troy's darts have made at fleet." This said, from head to foot
Grief struck their pow'rs past patience and not to be restrain'd, 510
To hear news of Sarpedon's death, who, though he appertain'd
To other cities, yet to theirs he was the very fort,
And led a mighty people there, of all whose better sort
Himself was best. This made them run in flames upon the foe;
The first man Hector, to whose heart Sarpedon's death did go. 515
Patroclus stirr'd the Grecian spirits; and first th' Ajaces, thus:
"Now, brothers, be it dear to you to fight and succour us,
As ever heretofore ye did, with men first excellent.
The man lies slain that first did scale and raze the battlement
That crown'd our wall, the Lycian prince. But if we now shall add 520
Force to his corse, and spoil his arms, a prise may more be had
Of many great ones that for him will put on to the death."
To this work these were prompt enough, and each side ordereth
Those phalanxes that most had rate of resolutions,
The Trojans and the Lycian pow'rs, the Greeks and Myrmidons. 525

These ran together for the corse, and clos'd with horrid cries,
 Their armours thund'ring with the claps laid on about the prise.
 And Jove about th' impetuous broil pernicious night pour'd out,
 As long as for his loved son pernicious Labour fought.

The first of Troy the first Greeks foil'd, when, not the last indeed 530
 Amongst the Myrmidons, was slain, the great Agacleus' seed,
 Divine Epigeus, that before had exercis'd command
 In fair Budeïus; but because he laid a bloody hand
 On his own sister's valiant son, to Peleus and his queen
 He came for pardon, and obtain'd; his slaughter being the mean 535
 He came to Troy, and so to this. He ventur'd even to touch
 The princely carcass, when a stone did more to him by much,
 Sent out of able Hector's hand; it cut his skull in twain,
 And struck him dead. Patroclus, griev'd to see his friend so slain,
 Before the foremost thrust himself. And as a falcon frays 540
 A flock of stares or caddesses; such fear brought his assays
 Amongst the Trojans and their friends; and, angry at the heart,
 As well as griev'd, for him so slain, another stony dart
 As good as Hector's he let fly, that dusted in the neck
 Of Sthenelaus, thrust his head to earth first, and did break 545
 The nerves in sunder with his fall; off fell the Trojans too,
 Even Hector's self, and all as far as any man can throw
 (Provok'd for games, or in the wars to shed an enemy's soul)
 A light long dart. The first that turn'd was he that did control
 The targeteers of Lycia, Prince Glaucus, who to hell 550
 Sent Bathyclæus, Chalcon's son; he did in Hellas dwell,
 And shin'd for wealth and happiness amongst the Myrmidons;
 His bosom's midst the javelin struck, his fall gat earth with groans.
 The Greeks griev'd, and the Trojans joy'd, for so renown'd a man;
 About whom stood the Grecians firm. And then the death began 555

⁵⁴¹ *Caddesses*—daws. *Caddow* in Halliwell. "In some places it is called a *Caddese* or *Choff*."—RANDLE HOLME *Academie of Arm.* Bk. II. cap. XI. p. 248.

⁵⁴⁴ *Dusted*.—See Bk. XXI. 377.

On Troy's side by Meriones ; he slew one great in war,
 Laogonus, Onetor's son, the priest of Jupiter,
 Created in th' Idæan hill. Betwixt his jaw and ear
 The dart stuck fast, and loos'd his soul, sad mists of hate and fear
 Invading him. Anchises' son despatch'd a brazen lance 560
 At bold Meriones ; and hop'd to make an equal chance
 On him with bold Laogonus, though under his broad shield
 He lay so close. But he discern'd, and made his body yield
 So low, that over him it flew, and trembling took the ground,
 With which Mars made it quench his thirst, and since the head could wound
 No better body, and yet thrown from ne'er the worse a hand, 565
 It turn'd from earth, and look'd awry. Æneas let it stand,
 Much angry at the vain event, and told Meriones
 He scap'd but hardly, nor had cause to hope for such success
 Another time, though well he knew his dancing faculty, 570
 By whose agility he scap'd, for, had his dart gone by
 With any least touch, instantly he had been ever slain.

He answer'd : " Though thy strength be good, it cannot render vain
 The strength of others with thy jests ; nor art thou so divine,
 But when my lance shall touch at thee, with equal speed to thine, 575
 Death will share with it thy life's pow'rs ; thy confidence can shun
 No more than mine what his right claims." Menœtius' noble son
 Rebuk'd Meriones, and said : " What need'st thou use this speech ?
 Nor thy strength is approv'd with words, good friend, nor can we reach
 The body, nor make th' enemy yield, with these our counterbraves. 580
 We must enforce the binding earth to hold them in her graves.
 If you will war, fight. Will you speak ? Give counsel. Counsel,
 blows,

Are th' ends of wars and words. Talk here the time in vain bestows."

He said, and led, and, nothing less for any thing he said,
 His speech being season'd with such right, the worthy seconded. 585
 And then, as in a sounding vale, near neighbour to a hill,
 Wood-fellers make a far-heard noise with chopping, chopping still,

And laying on, on blocks and trees ; so they on men laid load,
 And beat like noises into air, both as they struck and trod.
 But, past their noise, so full of blood, of dust, of darts, lay smit 580
 Divine Sarpedon, that a man must have an excellent wit
 That could but know him, and might fail, so from his utmost head,
 Even to the low plants of his feet, his form was altered,
 All thrusting near it every way, as thick as flies in spring
 That in a sheep-cote, when new milk assembles them, make wing, 585
 And buzz about the top-full pails. Nor ever was the eye
 Of Jove averted from the fight ; he view'd, thought, ceaselessly
 And diversly upon the death of great Achilles' friend,
 If Hector there, to wreak his son, should with his javelin end
 His life, and force away his arms, or still augment the field ; 600
 He then concluded that the flight of much more soul should yield
 Achilles' good friend more renown, and that even to their gates
 He should drive Hector and his host ; and so disanimates
 The mind of Hector that he mounts his chariot, and takes Flight
 Up with him, tempting all to her, affirming his insight 605
 Knew evidently that the beam of Jove's all-ordering scales
 Was then in sinking on their side, surcharg'd with flocks of souls.

Then not the noble Lycians stay'd, but left their slaughter'd lord
 Amongst the corpses' common heap ; for many more were pour'd
 About and on him, while Jove's hand held out the bitter broil. 610
 And now they spoil'd Sarpedon's arms, and to the ships the spoil
 Was sent by Menœtiades. Then Jove thus charg'd the Sun :

" Haste, honour'd Phœbus, let no more Greek violence be done
 To my Sarpedon, but his corse of all the sable blood
 And javelins purg'd ; then carry him far hence to some clear flood, 615
 With whose waves wash, and then embalm each thorough-cleansed
 limb

With our ambrosia, which perform'd, divine weeds put on him,

606 *Scales—scales.*

And then to those swift mates and twins, sweet Sleep and Death, commit
 His princely person, that with speed they both may carry it
 To wealthy Lycia, where his friends and brothers will embrace, 620
 And tomb it in some monument, as fits a prince's place."

Then flew Apollo to the fight from the Idalian hill,
 At all parts putting into act his great Commander's will,
 Drew all the darts, wash'd, balm'd the corse; which, deck'd with ornament,
 By Sleep and Death, those feather'd twins, he into Lycia sent. 625

Patroclus then Automedon commands to give his steeds
 Large reins, and all way to the chace, so madly he exceeds
 The strict commission of his friend; which had he kept had kept
 A black death from him. But Jove's mind hath evermore outstept
 The mind of man, who both affrights and takes the victory. 630
 From any hardest hand with ease; which he can justify,
 Though he himself commands him fight, as now he put this chace
 In Menetiaides' mind. How much then weighs the grace,
 Patroclus, that Jove gives thee now, in scoles put with thy death,
 Of all these great and famous men the honourable breath! 635

Of which Adrestus first he slew, and next Autonus,
 Epistora, and Perimus, Pylartes, Elasmus,
 Swift Menalippus, Moliu; all these were overthrown
 By him, and all else put in rout; and then proud Ilion
 Had stoop'd beneath his glorious hand, he rag'd so with his lance, 640
 If Phœbus had not kept the tow'r and help'd the Ilians,
 Sustaining ill thoughts 'gainst the prince. Thrice to the prominence
 Of Troy's steep wall he bravely leap'd, thrice Phœbus thrust him thence,
 Objecting his all-dazzling shield with his resistless hand;
 But fourthly, when, like one of heaven, he would have stirr'd his stand,
 Apollo threaten'd him, and said: "Cease, it exceeds thy fate, 645
 Forward Patroclus, to expugn with thy bold lance this state,

⁶¹⁹ *That with speed.*—The second folio and Taylor, "*and with speed.*"

⁶²⁵ See Commentary.

⁶⁴⁴ *His all-dazzling.*—The second folio has, "objecting *all his* dazzling shield," and so Dr. Taylor.

Nor under great Achilles' pow'rs, to thine superior far,
 Lies Troy's grave ruin." When he spake, Patroclus left that war,
 Leap'd far back, and his anger shunn'd. Hector detain'd his horse 650
 Within the Scæan port, in doubt to put his personal force
 Amongst the rout, and turn their heads, or shun in Troy the storm.

Apollo, seeing his suspense, assum'd the goodly form
 Of Hector's uncle, Asius, the Phrygian Dymas' son,
 Who near the deep Sangarius had habitation, 655
 Being brother to the Trojan queen. His shape Apollo took,
 And ask'd of Hector, why his spirit so clear the fight forsook?
 Affirming 'twas unfit for him, and wish'd his forces were
 As much above his, as they mov'd in an inferior sphere.
 He should, with shame to him, be gone; and so bad drive away 660
 Against Patroclus, to approve if He that gave them day
 Would give the glory of his death to his preferred lance.
 So left he him, and to the fight did his bright head advance,
 Mix'd with the multitude, and stirr'd foul tumult for the foe.
 Then Hector bad Cebriones put on, himself let go 665
 All other Greeks within his reach, and only gave command
 To front Patroclus. He at him, jump'd down, his strong left hand
 A javelin held, his right a stone, a marble sharp and such
 As his large hand had pow'r to gripe, and gave it strength so much
 As he could lie to, nor stood long in fear of that huge man 670
 That made against him, but full on with his huge stone he ran,
 Discharg'd, and drave it 'twixt the brows of bold Cebriones.
 Nor could the thick bone there prepar'd extenuate so th' access,
 But out it drave his broken eyes, which in the dust fell down,
 And he div'd after; which conceit of diving took the son 675
 Of old Menætiæus, who thus play'd upon the other's bane.

"O heavens! For truth, this Trojan was a passing active man!
 With what exceeding ease he dives, as if at work he were
 Within the fishy seas! This man alone would furnish cheer

661 *He that gave them day*—Apollo.

For twenty men, though 'twere a storm, to leap out of a sail, 680
 And gather oysters for them all, he does it here as well.
 And there are many such in Troy." Thus jested he so near
 His own grave death ; and then made in to spoil the charioteer,
 With such a lion's force and fate, as, often ruining
 Stalls of fat oxen, gets at length a mortal wound to sting 685
 His soul out of that ravenous breast that was so insolent,
 And so his life's bliss proves his bane ; so deadly confident
 Wert thou, Patroclus, in pursuit of good Cebriones,
 To whose defence now Hector leap'd. The opposite address,
 These masters of the cry in war now made, was of the kind 690
 Of two fierce kings of beasts, oppos'd in strife about a hind
 Slain on the forehead of a hill, both sharp and hungry set,
 And to the currie never came but like two deaths they met ;
 Nor these two entertain'd less mind of mutual prejudice
 About the body, close to which when each had press'd for prise, 695
 Hector the head laid hand upon, which, once grip'd, never could
 Be forc'd from him ; Patroclus then upon the feet got hold,
 And he pinch'd with as sure a nail. So both stood tugging there,
 While all the rest made eager fight and grappled every where.
 And as the east and south winds strive to make a lofty wood 700
 Bow to their greatness, barky elms, wild ashes, beeches, bow'd
 Even with the earth, in whose thick arms the mighty vapours lie,
 And toss by turns, all, either way, their leaves at random fly,
 Boughs murmur, and their bodies crack, and with perpetual din
 The sylvans falter, and the storms are never to begin ; 705
 So rag'd the fight, and all from Flight pluck'd her forgotten wings,
 While some still stuck, still new-wing'd shafts flew dancing from their
 strings,
 Huge stones sent after that did shake the shields about the corse,
 Who now, in dust's soft forehead stretch'd, forgot his guiding horse.

⁶⁸¹ *As well.*—The second folio has "*all well.*"

⁶⁹³ *Currie.*—Suprà, line 155.

As long as Phœbus turn'd his wheels about the midst of heaven, 710
So long the touch of either's darts the falls of both made even ;
But, when his wain drew near the west, the Greeks past measure were
The abler soldiers, and so swept the Trojan tumult clear
From off the body, out of which they drew the hurl'd-in darts,
And from his shoulders stripp'd his arms ; and then to more such parts
Patroclus turn'd his striving thoughts to do the Trojans ill. 716
Thrice, like the God of war, he charg'd, his voice as horrible,
And thrice nine those three charges slew ; but in the fourth assay,
O then, Patroclus, show'd thy last, the dreadful Sun made way
Against that onset, yet the prince discern'd no Deity, 720
He kept the press so, and, besides, obscur'd his glorious eye
With such felt darkness. At his back he made a sudden stand,
And 'twixt his neck and shoulders laid down-right with either hand
A blow so weighty, that his eyes a giddy darkness took,
And from his head his three-plum'd helm the bounding violence shook,
That rung beneath his horses' hoofs, and, like a water-spout, 726
Was crush'd together with the fall ; the plumes that set it out,
All spatter'd with black blood and dust, when ever heretofore
It was a capital offence to have or dust or gore
Defile a triple-feather'd helm, but on the head divine 730
And youthful temples of their prince it us'd, untouch'd, to shine.
Yet now Jove gave it Hector's hands, the other's death was near.
Besides whose lost and filed helm his huge long weighty spear,
Well bound with iron, in his hand was shiver'd, and his shield
Fell from his shoulders to his feet, the bawdrick strewing the field ; 736
His curets left him, like the rest. And all this only done
By great Apollo. Then his mind took in confusion,
The vigorous knittings of his joints dissolv'd, and, thus dismay'd,
A Dardan, one of Panthus' sons, and one that overlaid
All Trojans of his place with darts, swift footing, skill, and force 740
In noble horsemanship, and one that tumbled from their horse,

One after other, twenty men, and when he did but learn
The art of war, nay when he first did in the field discern
A horse and chariot of his guide, this man, with all these parts,
His name Euphorbus, comes behind, and 'twixt the shoulders darts
Forlorn Patroclus, who yet liv'd, and th' other, getting forth 746
His javelin, took him to his strength; nor durst he stand the worth
Of thee, Patroclus, though disarm'd, who yet, discomfited
By Phœbus' and Euphorbus' wound, the red heap of the dead
He now too late shunn'd, and retir'd. When Hector saw him yield,
And knew he yielded with a wound, he scour'd the armed field, 751
Came close up to him, and both sides struck quite through with his lance.
He fell, and his most weighty fall gave fit tune to his chance,
For which all Greece extremely mourn'd. And as a mighty strife
About a little fount begins, and riseth to the life 755
Of some fell boar resolv'd to drink, when likewise to the spring
A lion comes alike dispos'd, the boar thirsts, and his king,
Both proud, and both will first be serv'd; and then the lion takes
Advantage of his sovereign strength, and th' other, fainting, makes
Resign his thirst up with his blood; Patroclus, so enforc'd 760
When he had forc'd so much brave life, was from his own divorce'd.
And thus his great divorcer brav'd: " Patroclus, thy conceit
Gave thee th' eversion of our Troy, and to thy fleet a freight
Of Trojan ladies, their free lives put all in bands by thee;
But, too much prizer of thy self, all these are propp'd by me, 765
For these have my horse stretch'd their hoofs to this so long a war,
And I, far best of Troy in arms, keep off from Troy as far,
Even to the last beam of my life, their necessary day.
And here, in place of us and ours, on thee shall vultures prey,
Poor wretch, nor shall thy mighty friend afford thee any aid, 770
That gave thy parting much deep charge, and this perhaps he said:
' Martial Patroclus, turn not face, nor see my fleet before
The cures from great Hector's breast, all gilded with his gore,

Thou hew'st in pieces.' If thus vain were his far-stretch'd commands,
As vain was thy heart to believe his words lay in thy hands." 775

He, languishing, replied : " This proves thy glory worse than vain,
That when two Gods have given thy hands what their pow'rs did obtain,
(They conquering, and they spoiling me both of my arms and mind,
It being a work of ease for them) thy soul should be so blind
To oversee their evident deeds, and take their pow'rs to thee ; 780
When, if the pow'rs of twenty such had dar'd t' encounter me,
My lance had strew'd earth with them all. Thou only dost obtain
A third place in my death, whom, first, a harmful fate hath slain
Effect'd by Latona's son, second, and first of men,
Euphorbus. And this one thing more concerns thee ; note it then :
Thou shalt not long survive thyself ; nay, now death calls for thee, 785
And violent fate ; Achilles' lance shall make this good for me."

Thus death join'd to his words his end ; his soul took instant wing,
And to the house that hath no lights descended, sorrowing
For his sad fate, to leave him young, and in his ablest age. 790
He dead, yet Hector ask'd him why, in that prophetic rage,
He so forespake him, when none knew but great Achilles might
Prevent his death, and on his lance receive his latest light ?
Thus setting on his side his foot, he drew out of his wound
His brazen lance, and upwards cast the body on the ground ; 795
When quickly, while the dart was hot, he charg'd Automedon,
Divine guide of Achilles' steeds, in great contention
To seize him too ; but his so swift and deathless horse, that fetch'd
Their gift to Peleus from the Gods, soon rapt him from his reach.

792 *Forespake*—predict, foreshow, specially foretell coming death.

" My mother was half a witch ; never anything that she *forespake*, but came to pass."—BEAUM. AND FLETCHER. *Hon. Man's Fort.*

" Urging

That my bad tongue, by their bad usage made so,
Forespake their cattle, doth bewitch their corn."

BOWLEY, DECKER AND FORD's *Witch of Edmonton*.

COMMENTARIUS.

89. **A** ἰ γὰρ Ζεῦ τε πάτερ, &c. These last verses in the original by many austere ancients have suffered expunction, as being unworthy the mouth of an hero, because he seems to make such a wish in them. Which is as poorly conceited of the expungers* as the rest of the places in Homer that have groaned or laughed under their castigations, Achilles not out of his heart (which any true eye may see) wishing it, but out of a frolic and delightful humour, being merry with his friend in private,† which the verse following in part expresseth:

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.

Sic hi quidem talia inter se loquebantur. *Inter se* intimating the meaning aforesaid. But our divine master's most ingenious imitating the life of things (which is the soul of a poem) is never respected nor perceived by his interpreters, only standing pedantically on the grammar and words, utterly ignorant of the sense and grace of him.

111. Γῶ δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμόν, &c. Ἔργα θεῶν, &c. *Agnovit autem Ajax in animo inculpato opera deorum, ῥίγησέν τε, exhorruitque.* Another most ingenious and spritful imitation of the life and ridiculous humour of Ajax I must needs note here, because it flies all his translators and interpreters, who take it merely for serious, when it is apparently sceptical and ridiculous, with which our author would delight his understanding reader, and mix mirth with matter. He saith, that Hector cut off the head of Ajax' lance, which he seeing would needs affect a kind of prophetic wisdom (with which he is never charged in Homer)

* *Expungers.*—The second folio has "*expungers*;" and so Taylor.

† *In private.*—These words are wanting in the second folio, and Taylor.

and imagined strongly the cutting off his lance's head cast a figure thus deep ; that as Hector cut off that, Jove would utterly cut off the heads of their counsels to that fight, and give the Trojans victory. Which to take seriously and gravely is most dull, and, as I may say, Aiantical : the voice *κείπει* (which they expound *præcidebat*, and indeed is *tondebat*, *κείρω* signifying most properly *tondeo*) helping well to decipher the irony. But to understand gravely that the cutting off his lance's head argued Jove's intent to cut off their counsels, and to allow the wit of Ajax for his so far-fetch'd apprehension, I suppose no man can make less than idle, and witless. A plain continuance, therefore, it is of Ajax' humour, whom in divers other places he plays upon, as in likening him, in the Eleventh Book, to a mill ass, and elsewhere to be noted hereafter.

625. Ὕπνῳ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάουσιν. By Sleep and Death (which he ingeniously calleth twins) was the body of Jove's son, Sarpedon, taken from the fight, and borne to Lycia. On which place Eustathius doubts whether truly and indeed it was transferred to Lycia, and he makes the cause of his doubt this: That Death and Sleep are *inania quædam*, things empty and void ; οὐ στερέμνια πρόσωπα, *not solid or firm persons*, ἀλλ' ἀνυπόστατα πάθῃ, but *quæ nihil ferre possunt*. And, therefore, he thought there was *κενίριον quoddam*, that is, some *void or empty sepulchre or monument* prepared for that hero in Lycia, &c., or else makes another strange translation of it by wonder ; which Spondanus thinks to have happened truly, but rather would interpret it merely and nakedly a poetical fiction. His reason I will forbear to utter, because it is unworthy of him. But would not a man wonder that our great and grave Eustathius would doubt whether Sleep and Death carried Sarpedon's person, personally, to Lycia ; or not rather make no question of the contrary ? Homer's, nor any poet's, end in such poetical relations, being to affirm the truth of things personally done ; but to please with the truth of their matchless wits, and some worthy doctrine conveyed in it. Nor would Homer have any one believe the personal transportance of Sarpedon by Sleep and Death, but only varieth and graceth his poem with these prosopopeias, and delivers us this most ingenious and grave

doctrine in it : That the hero's body, for which both those mighty hosts so mightily contended, Sleep and Death (those same *quædam inania*) took from all their personal and solid forces. Wherein he would further note to us, that, from all the bitterest and deadliest conflicts and tyrannies of the world, Sleep and Death, when their worst is done, deliver and transfer men ; a little mocking withal the vehement and greedy prosecutions of tyrants and soldiers against, or for that, which two such deedless poor things take from all their empery. And yet, against Eustathius' manner of slighting their powers, what is there, of all things belonging to man, so powerful over him as Death and Sleep ? And why may not our Homer (whose words I hold with Spondanus ought to be an undisputable deed and authority with us) as well personate Sleep and Death, as all men besides personate Love, Anger, Sloth, &c. ? Thus only where the sense and soul of my most worthily revered author is abused, or not seen, I still insist, and glean these few poor corn ears after all other men's harvests.

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.



THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A DREADFUL fight about Patroclus' corse,
Euphorbus slain by Menelaus' force,
Hector in th' armour of Æacides,
Antilochus relating the decease
Of slain Patroclus to fair Thetis' son,
The body from the striving Trojans won,
Th' Ajaces making good the after field,
Make all the subject that this book doth yield.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Rho the vent'rous hosts maintain
A slaughterous conflict for the slain.*



OR could his slaughter rest conceal'd from Menelaus' ear,
Who flew amongst the foremost fights, and with his targé
and spear
Circled the body, as much griev'd, and with as tender heed
To keep it theirs, as any dam about her first-born seed,

* This Argument is thus printed in the first folio. The second, which Dr. Taylor follows, has

“ In Rho, the *virtuous* hosts maintain
A slaughterous conflict for the *same*.”

Not proving what the pain of birth would make the love before. 5
 Nor to pursue his first attain Euphorbus' spirit forbore,
 But, seeing Menelaus chief in rescue of the dead,
 Assay'd him thus: " Atrides, cease, and leave the slaughtered
 With his embrued spoil to the man that first of all our state
 And famous succours, in fair fight, made passage to his fate ; 10
 And therefore suffer me to wear the good name I have won
 Amongst the Trojans, lest thy life repay what his hath done."

" O Jupiter," said he, incens'd, " thou art no honest man
 To boast so past thy pow'r to do. Not any lion can,
 Nor spotted leopard, nor boar, whose mind is mightiest 15
 In pouring fury from his strength, advance so proud a crest
 As Panthus' fighting progeny. But Hyperenor's pride,
 That joy'd so little time his youth, when he so vilified
 My force in arms, and call'd me worst of all our chivalry,
 And stood my worst, might teach ye all to shun this surcuidrie ; 20
 I think he came not safely home to tell his wife his acts.
 Nor less right of thy insolence my equal fate exacts,
 And will obtain me, if thou stay'st. Retire then, take advice.
 A fool sees nought before 'tis done, and still too late is wise."

This mov'd not him but to the worse, since it renew'd the sting 25
 That his slain brother shot in him, rememb'ed by the king,
 To whom he answer'd: " Thou shalt pay for all the pains endur'd
 By that slain brother, all the wounds sustain'd for him recur'd
 With one made in thy heart by me. 'Tis true thou mad'st his wife
 A heavy widow when her joys of wedlock scarce had life, 30

⁹ " This Euphorbus was he that, in Ovid, Pythagoras saith he was in the wars of Troy."—CHAPMAN.

²⁰ *Surcuidrie*—often spelt "*surquedry*," overweening pride, self-sufficiency; from "*sur*" and the old word "*cuidre*" to ween, deem, presume (Cotgrave). Examples are numerous, from Chaucer to Donne. Chaucer defines it in his *Persones Tale*. " Presumption is when a man undertaketh an emprise that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do; and this is called *surquidrie*."

And hurt'st our parents with his grief ; all which thou gloriest in,
 Forespeaking so thy death, that now their grief's end shall begin.
 To Panthus, and the snowy hand of Phrontes, I will bring
 Those arms, and that proud head of thine. And this laborious thing
 Shall ask no long time to perform. Nor be my words alone, 35
 But their performance ; Strength, and Fight, and Terror thus sets on."

This said, he struck his all-round shield ; nor shrunk that, but his lance
 That turn'd head in it. Then the king assay'd the second chance,
 First praying to the King of Gods, and his dart entry got
 (The force much driving back his foe) in low part of his throat, 40
 And ran his neck through. Then fell pride and he, and all with gore
 His locks, that like the Graces were, and which he ever wore
 In gold and silver ribands wrapp'd, were piteously wet.

And when alone in some choice place a husbandman hath set
 The young plant of an olive tree, whose root being ever fed 45
 With plenty of delicious springs, his branches bravely spread,
 And all his fresh and lovely head grown curl'd with snowy flow'rs,
 That dance and flourish with the winds that are of gentlest pow'rs,
 But when a whirlwind, got aloft, stoops with a sudden gale,
 Tears from his head his tender curls, and tosseth therewithal 50
 His fix'd root from his hollow mines ; it well presents the force
 Of Sparta's king, and so the plant Euphorbus and his corse.

He slain, the king stripp'd off his arms, and with their worthy prise,
 All fearing him, had clearly past, if heaven's fair Eye of eyes
 Had not, in envy of his acts, to his encounter stirr'd 55
 The Mars-like Hector, to whose pow'rs the rescue he preferr'd
 Of those fair arms, and took the shape of Mentas, colonel
 Of all the Cicones that near the Thracian Hebrus dwell.
 Like him, he thus puts forth his voice : " Hector, thou scour'st the field
 In headstrong púrsuit of those horse that hardly are compell'd 60

²² *Forespeaking*.—See Bk. xvi. 792.

²³ *Assay'd*.—The second folio and Dr. Taylor "*assailed*."

⁴⁴ Dr. Taylor "*as when*."

⁴⁴ *Fair Eye of eyes*—Apollo.

To take the draught of chariots by any mortal's hand ;
 The great grandchild of *Æacus* hath only their command,
 Whom an immortal mother bore. While thou attend'st on these,
 The young *Atrides*, in defence of *Menætiades*,
 Hath slain *Euphorbus*." Thus the God took troop with men again, 65
 And *Hector*, heartily perplex'd, look'd round, and saw the slain
 Still shedding rivers from his wound ; and then took envious view
 Of brave *Atrides* with his spoil, in way to whom he flew
 Like one of *Vulcan's* quenchless flames. *Atrides* heard the cry
 That ever usher'd him, and sigh'd, and said : " O me, if I 70
 Should leave these goodly arms and him that here lies dead for me,
 I fear I should offend the Greeks ; if I should stay and be
 Alone with *Hector* and his men, I may be compass'd in,
 Some sleight or other they may use, many may quickly win
 Their wills of one, and all *Troy* comes ever where *Hector* leads. 75
 But why, dear mind, dost thou thus talk ? When men dare set their
 heads

Against the Gods, as sure they do that fight with men they love,
 Straight one or other plague ensues. It cannot therefore move
 The grudge of any Greek that sees I yield to *Hector*, he
 Still fighting with a spirit from heaven. And yet if I could see 80
 Brave *Ajax*, he and I would stand, though 'gainst a God ; and sure
 'Tis best I seek him, and then see if we two can procure
 This corse's freedom through all these. A little then let rest
 The body, and my mind be still. Of two bads choose the best."

In this discourse, the troops of *Troy* were in with him, and he 85
 Made such a lion-like retreat as when the herdsmen see
 The royal savage, and come on, with men, dogs, cries, and spears,
 To clear their horned stall, and then the kingly heart he bears

⁶⁴ *The young Atrides*—i. e. the younger, *Menelaus*.

⁷⁰ " Note the manly and wise discourse of *Menelaus* with himself seeing *Hector* advancing towards him."—*CHAPMAN*.

⁷⁹ *Grudge*—anger, ill-will.

⁸⁴ Dr. *Taylor* from the second folio, erroneously, " the body of my mind."

(With all his high disdain) falls off ; so from this odds of aid
 The golden-hair'd Atrides fled, and in his strength display'd 90
 Upon his left hand him he wish'd, extremely busied
 About encouraging his men to whom an extreme dread
 Apollo had infus'd. The king reach'd Ajax instantly,
 And said : " Come, friend, let us two haste, and from the tyranny
 Of Hector free Patroclus' corse." He straight and gladly went ; 95
 And then was Hector haling off the body, with intent
 To spoil the shoulders of the dead and give the dogs the rest,
 His arms he having pris'd before, when Ajax brought his breast
 To bar all further spoil. With that he had sure Hector thought
 'Twas best to satisfy his spleen ; which temper Ajax wrought 100
 With his mere sight, and Hector fled. The arms he sent to Troy,
 To make his citizens admire, and pray Jove send him joy.

Then Ajax gather'd to the corse, and hid it with his targe,
 There setting down as sure a foot as, in the tender charge
 Of his lov'd whelps, a lion doth, two hundred hunters near 105
 To give him onset, their more force makes him the more austere,
 Drowns all their clamours in his roars, darts, dogs, doth all despise,
 And lets his rough brows down so low they cover all his eyes ;
 So Ajax look'd, and stood, and stay'd for great Priamides.

When Glaucus Hippolochides saw Ajax thus depress 110
 The spirit of Hector, thus he chid : " O goodly man at arms,
 In fight a Paris, why should fame make thee fort 'gainst our harms,
 Being such a fugitive ? Now mark how well thy boasts defend
 Thy city only with her own. Be sure it shall descend
 To that proof wholly. Not a man of any Lycian rank 115
 Shall strike one stroke more for thy town, for no man gets a thank
 Should he eternally fight here, nor any guard of thee.
 How wilt thou, worthless that thou art, keep off an enemy

⁹⁰ *Displayed*—saw. Bk. xi. 74.

¹¹² *Fort.*—So both folios ; Dr. Taylor has wrongly changed it to *sort*, and favoured us with a note.

From our poor soldiers, when their prince, Sarpedon, guest and friend
To thee, and most deservedly, thou flew'st from in his end, 120
And left'st to all the lust of Greece? O Gods, a man that was
In life so huge a good to Troy, and to thee such a grace,
In death not kept by thee from dogs! If my friends will do well,
We'll take our shoulders from your walls, and let all sink to hell;
As all will, were our faces turn'd. Did such a spirit breathe 125
In all you Trojans as becomes all men that fight beneath
Their country's standard, you would see that such as prop your cause
With like exposure of their lives have all the honour'd laws
Of such a dear confederacy kept to them to a thread,
As now ye might reprise the arms Sarpedon forfeited 130
By forfeit of your rights to him, would you but lend your hands
And force Patroclus to your Troy. Ye know how dear he stands
In his love that of all the Greeks is, for himself, far best,
And leads the best near-fighting men, and therefore would at least
Redeem Sarpedon's arms, nay him, whom you have likewise lost. 135
This body drawn to Ilion would after draw and cost
A greater ransom if you pleas'd; but Ajax startles you;
'Tis his breast bars this right to us; his looks are darts enow
To mix great Hector with his men. And not to blame ye are
You choose foes underneath your strengths, Ajax exceeds ye far." 140

Hector look'd passing sour at this, and answer'd: "Why dar'st
thou,

So under, talk above me so? O friend, I thought till now
Thy wisdom was superior to all th' inhabitants
Of gleby Lycia, but now impute apparent wants
To that discretion thy words show, to say I lost my ground 145
For Ajax' greatness. Nor fear I the field in combats drown'd,
Nor force of chariots, but I fear a Power much better seen
In right of all war than all we. That God, that holds between
Our victory and us his shield, lets conquest come and go
At his free pleasure, and with fear converts her changes so 150

Upon the strongest. Men must fight when his just spirit impels,
 Not their vain glories. But come on, make thy steps parallels
 To these of mine, and then be judge how deep the work will draw.
 If then I spend the day in shifts, or thou canst give such law
 To thy detractive speeches then, or if the Grecian host 155
 Holds any that in pride of strength holds up his spirit most,
 Whom, for the carriage of this prince that thou enforcest so,
 I make not stoop in his defence. You, friends, ye hear and know
 How much it fits ye to make good this Grecian I have slain,
 For ransom of Jove's son, our friend. Play then the worthy men, 160
 Till I induce Achilles' arms." This said, he left the fight,
 And call'd back those that bore the arms, not yet without his sight,
 In convoy of them towards Troy. For them he chang'd his own,
 Remov'd from where it rained tears, and sent them back to town.

Then put he on th' eternal arms that the Celestial States 165
 Gave Peleus; Peleus being old their use appropriates
 To his Achilles, that, like him, forsook them not for age.
 When He, whose empire is in clouds, saw Hector bent to wage
 War in divine Achilles' arms, he shook his head, and said:
 "Poor wretch, thy thoughts are far from death, though he so near hath laid
 His ambush for thee. Thou putt'st on those arms, as braving him 171
 Whom others fear, hast slain his friend, and from his youthful limb
 Torn rudely off his heavenly arms, himself being gentle, kind,
 And valiant. Equal measure then thy life in youth must find.
 Yet since the justice is so strict, that not Andromache, 175
 In thy denied return from fight, must ever take of thee
 Those arms, in glory of thy acts, thou shalt have that frail blaze
 Of excellence that neighbours death, a strength even to amaze."

To this His sable brows did bow; and he made fit his limb
 To those great arms, to fill which up the War-god enter'd him 180

177 "*That frail blaze of excellence that neighbours death.*—Chapman has here made an unauthorized addition to the original; but it is a superstition almost universal that any remarkable exhibition of pre-eminence, success, or happiness, is an omen of speedy death."—COOKE TAYLOR. Compare Judges xvi. 28.

Austere and terrible, his joints and every part extends
 With strength and fortitude ; and thus to his admiring friends
 High Clamour brought him. He so shin'd, that all could think no less
 But he resembled every way great-soul'd *Æacides*.
 Then every way he scour'd the field, his captains calling on ; 185
Asteropæus, *Ennomus* that foresaw all things done,
Glaucus, and *Medon*, *Desinor*, and strong *Thersilocus*,
Phorcis, and *Mesthles*, *Chromius*, and great *Hippothous* ;
 To all these, and their populous troops, these his excitements were :
 “ Hear us, innumerable friends, near-bordering nations, hear. 190
 We have not call'd you from your towns to fill our idle eye
 With number of so many men (no such vain empery
 Did ever joy us) but to fight, and of our Trojan wives,
 With all their children, manfully to save the innocent lives.
 In whose cares we draw all our towns of aiding soldiers dry 195
 With gifts, guards, victual, all things fit, and hearten their supply
 With all like rights ; and therefore now let all sides set down this,
 Or live, or perish ; this of war the special secret is.
 In which most resolute design, who ever bears to town
Patroclus, laid dead to his hand, by winning the renown 200
 Of *Ajax*' slaughter, the half-spoil we wholly will impart
 To his free use, and to ourself the other half convert ;
 And so the glory shall be shar'd, ourself will have no more
 Than he shall shine in.” This drew all to bring abroad their store
 Before the body. Every man had hope it would be his, 205
 And forc'd from *Ajax*. Silly fools, *Ajax* prevented this
 By raising rampires to his friend with half their carcasses.
 And yet his humour was to roar, and fear, and now no less
 To startle *Sparta*'s king, to whom he cried out : “ O my friend !
 O *Menelaus* ! Now no hope to get off ; here's the end 210

²¹⁰ *Now no hope.*—Both folios and Dr. Taylor have “ *ne'er more hope,*” but in the list of errata to the first folio it is thus corrected.

Of all our labours. Not so much I fear to lose the corse
 (For ~~that's~~ sure gone, the fowls of Troy and dogs will quickly force
 That piece-meal) as I fear my head, and thine, O Atreus' son.
 Hector a cloud brings will hide all. Instant destruction,
 Grievous and heavy, comes. O call our peers to aid us; fly." 215

He hasted, and us'd all his voice, sent far and near his cry:
 "O princes, chief lights of the Greeks, and you that publicly
 Eat with our General and me, all men of charge, O know
 Jove gives both grace and dignity to any that will show
 Good minds for only good itself, though presently the eye 220
 Of him that rules discern him not. 'Tis hard for me t'esp
 Through all this smoke of burning fight each captain in his place,
 And call assistance to our need. Be then each other's grace,
 And freely follow each his next. Disdain to let the joy
 Of great *Æacides* be forc'd to feed the beasts of Troy." 225

His voice was first heard and obey'd by swift *Oïliades*;
Idomeneus and his mate, renown'd *Meriones*,
 Were seconds to *Oïleus'* son; but, of the rest, whose mind
 Can lay upon his voice the names that after these combin'd
 In setting up this fight on end? The *Trojans* first gave on. 230
 And as into the sea's vast mouth when mighty rivers run,
 Their billows and the sea resound, and all the utter shore
 Rebellow in her angry shocks the sea's repulsive roar;
 With such sounds gave the *Trojans* charge, so was their charge repress'd.
 One mind fill'd all *Greeks*, good brass shields close couch'd to every
 breast, 235

And on their bright helms Jove pour'd down a mighty deal of night
 To hide *Patroclus*, whom alive, and when he was the knight
 Of that grandchild of *Æacus*, *Saturnius* did not hate,
 Nor dead would see him dealt to dogs, and so did instigate

²²⁵ *Couched.*—Bk. XIII. 717.

²³⁵ *Bright.*—The second folio, followed by Dr. Taylor, erroneously omits this word.

His fellows to his worthy guard. At first the Trojans drave 240
 The black-ey'd Grecians from the corse, but not a blow they gave
 That came at death. A while they hung about the body's heels,
 The Greeks quite gone. But all that while did Ajax whet the steels
 Of all his forces, that cut back way to the corse again.
 Brave Ajax (that for form and fact pass'd all that did maintain 245
 The Grecian fame, next Thetis' son) now flew before the first.
 And as a sort of dogs and youths are by a boar dispers'd
 About a mountain; so fled these from mighty Ajax, all
 That stood in conflict for the corse, who thought no chance could fall
 Betwixt them and the prize at Troy, for bold Hippothous, 250
 Lethus' Pelasgus' famous son, was so adventurous
 That he would stand to bore the corse about the ancle-bone,
 Where all the nervy fibres meet and ligaments in one
 That make the motion of those parts; through which he did convey
 The thong or bawdric of his shield, and so was drawing away 255
 All thanks from Hector and his friends; but in their stead he drew
 An ill that no man could avert, for Telamonius threw
 A lance that struck quite through his helm, his brain came leaping out,
 Down fell Letheides, and with him the body's hoisted foot.
 Far from Larissa's soil he fell; a little time allow'd 260
 To his industrious spirits to quit the benefits bestow'd
 By his kind parents. But his wreak Priamides assay'd,
 And threw at Ajax; but his dart, discover'd, pass'd, and stay'd
 At Schedius, son of Iphitus, a man of ablest hand
 Of all the strong Phocensians, and liv'd with great command 265
 In Panopæus. The fell dart fell through his channel-bone,
 Pierc'd through his shoulder's upper part, and set his spirit gone.
 When after his another flew, the same hand giving wing
 To martial Phorcis' startled soul, that was the after spring
 Of Phænops' seed. The javelin struck his curets through, and tore 270
 The bowels from the belly's midst. His fall made those before

266 *Channel-bone*—collar-bone.

Give back a little, Hector's self enforc'd to turn his face.
 And then the Greeks bestow'd their shouts, took vantage of the chace,
 Drew off, and spoil'd Hippothous and Phorcis of their arms.
 And then ascended Ilion had shaken with alarms, 275
 Discovering th' impotence of Troy, even past the will of Jove,
 And by the proper force of Greece, had Phœbus fail'd to move
 Æneas in similitude of Periphas (the son
 Of grave Epytes) king at arms, and had good service done
 To old Anchises, being wise, and even with him in years. 280
 But, like this man, the far-seen God to Venus' son appears,
 And ask'd him how he would maintain steep Ilion in her height
 In spite of Gods, as he presum'd, when men approv'd so slight
 All his presumptions, and all theirs that puff'd him with that pride,
 Believing in their proper strengths, and generally supplied 285
 With such unfrighted multitudes? But he well knew that Jove,
 Besides their self-conceits, sustain'd their forces with more love
 Than theirs of Greece, and yet all that lack'd power to hearten them.
 Æneas knew the God, and said: "It was a shame extreme,
 That those of Greece should beat them so, and by their cowardice, 290
 Not want of man's aid nor the Gods', and this before his eyes
 A Deity stood even now and vouch'd, affirming Jove their aid;
 And so bad Hector and the rest, to whom all this he said,
 Turn head, and not in that quick ease part with the corse to Greece."
 This said, before them all he flew, and all as of a piece 295
 Against the Greeks flew. Venus' son Leocritus did end,
 Son of Arisbas, and had place of Lycomedes' friend,
 Whose fall he friendly pitied, and, in revenge, bestow'd
 A lance that Apisaon struck so sore that straight he strow'd
 The dusty centre, and did stick in that congealed blood 300
 That forms the liver. Second man he was to all that stood
 In name for arms amongst the troop that from Pæonia came,
 Asteropæus being the first, who was in ruth the same

That Lycomedes was ; like whom, he put forth for the wreck
 Of his slain friend, but wrought it not, because he could not break 305
 The bulwark made of Grecian shields and bristled wood of spears
 Combin'd about the body slain. Amongst whom Ajax bears
 The greatest labour, every way exhorting to abide,
 And no man fly the corse a foot, nor break their ranks in pride
 Of any foremost daring spirit, but each foot hold his stand, 310
 And use the closest fight they could. And this was the command
 Of mighty Ajax ; which observ'd, they steep'd the earth in blood.
 The Trojans and their friends fell thick. Nor all the Grecians stood
 (Though far the fewer suff' red fate) for ever they had care
 To shun confusion, and the toil that still oppresseseth there. 315

So set they all the field on fire ; with which you would have
 thought

The sun and moon had been put out, in such a smoke they fought
 About the person of the prince. But all the field beside
 Fought underneath a lightsome heaven ; the sun was in his pride,
 And such expansure of his beams he thrust out of his throne 320
 That not a vapour durst appear in all that region,
 No, not upon the highest hill. There fought they still and breath'd,
 Shunn'd danger, cast their darts aloof, and not a sword unsheath'd.
 The other plied it, and the war and night plied them as well,
 The cruel steel afflicting all, the strongest did not dwell 325
 Unhurt within their iron roofs. Two men of special name,
 Antilochus and Thrasymed, were yet unserv'd by Fame
 With notice of Patroclus' death. They thought him still alive
 In foremost tumult, and might well, for (seeing their fellows thrive
 In no more comfortable sort than fight and death would yield) 330
 They fought apart ; for so their sire, old Nestor, strictly will'd,
 Enjoining fight more from the fleet. War here increas'd his heat
 The whole day long, continually the labour and the sweat

³²² Fought still—I. e. ceased from fight.

³²⁶ Iron roofs—armour.

The knees, calves, feet, hands, faces, smear'd of men that Mars applied
 About the good Achilles' friend. And as a huge ox-hide 333
 A currier gives amongst his men, to supple and extend
 With oil till it be drunk withall, they tug, stretch out, and spend
 Their oil and liquor liberally, and chafe the leather so
 That out they make a vapour breathe, and in their oil doth go,
 A number of them set on work, and in an orb they pull, 340
 That all ways all parts of the hide they may extend at full ;
 So here and there did both parts hale the corse in little place,
 And wrought it all ways with their sweat ; the Trojans hop'd for grace
 To make it reach for Ilion, the Grecians to their fleet.
 A cruel tumult they stirr'd up, and such as should Mars see 't 345
 (That horrid hurrier of men) or She that betters him,
 Minerva, never so incens'd, they could not disesteem.
 So baneful a contention did Jove that day extend
 Of men and horse about the slain. Of whom his god-like friend
 Had no instruction, so far off, and underneath the wall 350
 Of Troy, that conflict was maintain'd ; which was not thought at all
 By great Achilles, since he charg'd, that having set his foot
 Upon the ports, he would retire, well knowing Troy no boot
 For his assaults without himself, since not by him as well
 He knew it was to be subdued. His mother oft would tell 355
 The mind of mighty Jove therein, oft hearing it in heaven.
 But of that great ill to his friend was no instruction given
 By careful Thetis. By degrees must ill events be known.

The foes cleft one to other still about the overthrown.
 His death with death infected both. Even private Greeks would say
 Either to other : " 'Twere a shame for us to go our way, 361
 And let the Trojans bear to Troy the praise of such a prize !
 Which let the black earth gasp and drink our blood for sacrifice
 Before we suffer. 'Tis an act much less infortunate,
 And then would those of Troy resolve, though certainly our fate 365

336 " An inimitable simile."—CHAPMAN. See Commentary.

Will fell us altogether here. Of all not turn a face."
 Thus either side his fellow's strength excited past his place,
 And thus through all th' unfruitful air an iron sound ascended
 Up to the golden firmament; when strange affects contended
 In these immortal heaven-bred horse of great *Æacides*, 370
 Whom, once remov'd from forth the fight, a sudden sense did seize
 Of good *Patroclus*' death, whose hands they oft had undergone,
 And bitterly they wept for him. Nor could *Automedon*
 With any manage make them stir, oft use the scourge to them,
 Oft use his fairest speech, as oft threats never so extreme, 375
 They neither to the *Hellespont* would bear him, nor the fight,
 But still as any tombstone lays his never stirred weight
 On some good man or woman's grave for rites of funeral,
 So unremoved stood these steeds, their heads to earth let fall,
 And warm tears gushing from their eyes, with passionate desire 380
 Of their kind manager, their manes, that flourish'd with the fire
 Of endless youth allotted them, fell through the yoky sphere,
 Ruthfully ruffled and defil'd. *Jove* saw their heavy cheer,
 And, pitying them, spake to his mind: "Poor wretched beasts," said he,
 "Why gave we you t' a mortal king, when immortality 385
 And incapacity of age so dignifies your states?
 Was it to haste the miseries pour'd out on human fates?
 Of all the miserablest things that breathe and creep on earth,
 No one more wretched is than man. And for your deathless birth
Hector must fail to make you prise. Is't not enough he wears, 390
 And glories vainly in those arms? Your chariots and rich gears,
 Besides you, are too much for him. Your knees and spirits again
 My care of you shall fill with strength, that so ye may sustain
Automedon, and bear him off. To *Troy* I still will give
 The grace of slaughter, till at fleet their bloody feet arrive, 395

³⁶⁹ *Affects*.—The second folio and Taylor, "*effects*."

³⁸⁰ *Desire*—regret (Latin, *desiderium*).

³⁸² *Yoky sphere*—the wooden collar to which the harness was attached.

³⁸⁷ *Human*.—The second folio and Taylor, "*humans*."

Till Phœbus drink the western sea, and sacred Darkness throws
 Her sable mantle 'twixt their points." Thus in the steeds he blows
 Excessive spirit; and through the Greeks and Ilians they rapt
 The whirring chariot, shaking off the crumbled centre wrapt
 Amongst their tresses. And with them, Automedon let fly 400
 Amongst the Trojans, making way through all as frightfully
 As through a jangling flock of geese a lordly vulture beats,
 Given way with shrieks by every goose that comes but near his threats,
 With such state fled he through the press, pursuing as he fled;
 But made no slaughter, nor he could, alone being carried 405
 Upon the sacred chariot. How could he both works do,
 Direct his javelin and command his fiery horses too?

At length he came where he beheld his friend Alcimedon,
 That was the good Laercius', the son of Æmon's, son,
 Who close came to his chariot side, and ask'd: "What God is he 410
 That hath so robb'd thee of thy soul, to run thus frantiely
 Amongst these forefights, being alone, thy fighter being slain,
 And Hector glorying in his arms?" He gave these words again:

"Alcimedon, what man is he of all the Argive race
 So able as thyself to keep in use of press and pace 415
 These deathless horse, himself being gone that like the Gods had th' art
 Of their high manage? Therefore take to thy command his part,
 And ease me of the double charge which thou hast blam'd with right."

He took the scourge and reins in hand, Automedon the fight.
 Which Hector seeing, instantly, Æneas standing near, 420
 He told him, he discern'd the horse that mere immortal were
 Address'd to fight with coward guides; and therefore hop'd to make
 A rich prize of them, if his mind would help to undertake,
 For these two could not stand their charge. He granted, and both cast
 Dry solid hides upon their necks, exceeding soundly brast; 425

³⁹⁸ *Rapt*—(Latin) rapidly bore.

⁴⁰³ *Shrieks*—shrieks, shrill notes.

⁴²⁵ *Brast*—brass'd, covered with brass. The original is πολλὰς δ' ἐπελήλατο χαλχός. It must not be confounded with the old word "*brast*," burst, broken.

And forth they went, associate with two more god-like men,
 Aretus and bold Chromius; nor made they question then
 To prise the goodly-crested horse, and safely send to hell
 The soul of both their guardians. O fools, that could not tell
 They could not work out their return from fierce Automedon 430
 Without the liberal cost of blood; who first made orison
 To father Jove, and then was fill'd with fortitude and strength,
 When (counselling Alcimedon to keep at no great length
 The horse from him, but let them breathe upon his back, because
 He saw th' advance that Hector made, whose fury had no laws 435
 Propos'd to it, but both their lives and those horse made his prise,
 Or his life theirs) he call'd to friend, these well-approv'd supplies,
 Th' Ajaces, and the Spartan king, and said, " Come, princes, leave
 A sure guard with the corse, and then to your kind care receive
 Our threaten'd safeties. I discern the two chief props of Troy 440
 Prepar'd against us. But herein, what best men can enjoy
 Lies in the free knees of the Gods. My dart shall lead ye all.
 The sequel to the care of Jove I leave, whatever fall."

All this spake good Automedon; then, brandishing his lance,
 He threw, and struck Aretus' shield, that gave it entrance 445
 Through all the steel, and, by his belt, his belly's inmost part
 It pierc'd, and all his trembling limbs gave life up to his dart.
 Then Hector at Automedon a brazen lance let fly,
 Whose flight he saw, and falling flat, the compass was too high,
 And made it stick beyond in earth, th' extreme part burst, and there
 Mars buried all his violence. The sword then for the spear 451
 Had chang'd the conflict, had not haste sent both th' Ajaces in,
 Both serving close their fellows' call, who, where they did begin,
 There drew the end. Priamides, Æneas, Chromius
 (In doubt of what such aid might work) left broken hearted thus 455

⁴⁴² " In the Greek always this phrase is used, not in the hands, but *ἐν γούνασι* *κείραι*, in the knees of the Gods lies our helps, &c."—CHAPMAN.

Aretus to Automedon, who spoil'd his arms, and said :

“ A little *this* revives my life for him so lately dead ;
 Though by this nothing countervail'd.” And with this little vent
 Of inward grief, he took the spoil, with which he made ascent
 Up to his chariot, hands and feet of bloody stains so full 460
 That lion-like he look'd, new turn'd from tearing up a bull.

And now another bitter fight about Patroclus grew,
 Tear-thirsty, and of toil enough ; which Pallas did renew,
 Descending from the cope of stars, dismiss'd by sharp-ey'd Jove
 To animate the Greeks, for now inconstant change did move 465
 His mind from what he held of late. And as the purple bow
 Jove bends at mortals, when of war he will the signal show,
 Or make it a presage of cold, in such tempestuous sort
 That men are of their labours eas'd, but labouring cattle hurt ;
 So Pallas in a purple cloud involv'd herself, and went 470
 Amongst the Grecians, stirr'd up all ; but first encouragement
 She breath'd in Atreus' younger son, and, for disguise, made choice
 Of aged Phoenix' shape, and spake with his unwearied voice :

“ O Menelaus, much defame and equal heaviness
 Will touch at thee, if this true friend of great *Æacides* 475
 Dogs tear beneath the Trojan walls, and therefore bear thee well,
 Toil through the host, and every man with all thy spirit impel.”

He answer'd : “ O thou long-since born, O Phoenix, that hast won
 The honour'd foster-father's name of Thetis' god-like son,
 I would Minerva would but give strength to me, and but keep 480
 These busy darts off ; I would then make in indeed, and steep
 My income in their bloods, in aid of good Patroclus ; much
 His death afflicts me, much. But yet, this Hector's grace is such
 With Jove, and such a fiery strength and spirit he has, that still
 His steel is killing, killing still.” The king's so royal will 485

⁴⁶⁸ *This little vent.*—The second folio and Taylor, “ *his.*”

⁴⁶⁹ See Commentary.

⁴⁷² *Income*—communication, or infusion, of courage from the Gods. The word in this sense Todd says was a favourite in Cromwell's time,

Minerva joy'd to hear, since she did all the Gods outgo
 In his remembrance. For which grace she kindly did bestow
 Strength on his shoulders, and did fill his knees as liberally
 With swiftness, breathing in his breast the courage of a fly,
 Which loves to bite so, and doth bear man's blood so much good will,
 That still though beaten from a man she flies upon him still; 491
 With such a courage Pallas fill'd the black parts near his heart,
 And then he hasted to the slain, cast off a shining dart,
 And took one Podes, that was heir to old Eetion,
 A rich man and a strenuous, and by the people done 495
 Much honour, and by Hector too, being consort and his guest;
 And him the yellow-headed king laid hold on at his waist
 In offering flight, his iron pile struck through him, down he fell,
 And up Atrides drew his corse. Then Phœbus did impel
 The spirit of Hector, Phænops like, surnam'd Asiades, 500
 Whom Hector us'd of all his guests with greatest friendliness,
 And in Abydus stood his house; in whose form thus he spake:
 "Hector! What man of all the Greeks will any terror make
 Of meeting thy strength any more, when thou art terrified
 By Menelaus, who, before he slew thy friend, was tried 505
 A passing easy soldier, where now (besides his end
 Impos'd by him) he draws him off, and not a man to friend,
 From all the Trojans? This friend is Podes, Eetion's son."

This hid him in a cloud of grief, and set him foremost on.
 And then Jove took his snake-fring'd shield, and Ida cover'd all 510
 With sulphury clouds, from whence he let abhorred lightnings fall,
 And thunder'd till the mountain shook, and with this dreadful state
 He usher'd victory to Troy, to Argos flight and fate.
 Peneleus Bœotius was he that foremost fled,
 Being wounded in his shoulder's height; but there the lance's head 515
 Struck lightly, glancing to his mouth, because it struck him near,
 Thrown from Polydamas. Leitus next left the fight in fear

⁴⁹⁹ See Commentary.

⁵¹² *This dreadful.*—The second folio, followed by Taylor, has "*his dreadful*."

(Being hurt by Hector in his hand) because he doubted sore
His hand in wished fight with Troy would hold his lance no more.

Idomeneus sent a dart at Hector (rushing in, 520
And following Leitus) that struck his bosom near his chin,
And brake at top. The Ilians for his escape did shout.
When Hector at Deucalides another lance sent out
As in his chariot he stood ; it miss'd him narrowly,
For, as it fell, Cœranus drave his speedy chariot by, 525
And took the Trojan lance himself ; he was the charioteer
Of stern Meriones, and first on foot did service there,
Which well he left to govern horse, for saving now his king,
With driving 'twixt him and his death, though thence his own did
spring,

Which kept a mighty victory from Troy, in keeping death 530
From his great sovereign. The fierce dart did enter him beneath
His ear, betwixt his jaw and it, drave down, cut through his tongue,
And struck his teeth out ; from his hands the horses' reins he flung,
Which now Meriones receiv'd as they bestrew'd the field,
And bade his sovereign scourge away, he saw that day would yield 535
No hope of victory for them. He fear'd the same, and fled.

Nor from the mighty-minded son of Telamon lay hid,
For all his clouds, high Jove himself, nor from the Spartan king.
They saw Him in the victory, He still was varying
For Troy. For which sight Ajax said : " O heavens, what fool is he
That sees not Jove's hand in the grace now done our enemy ? 541
Not any dart they touch but takes, from whomsoever thrown,
Valiant or coward, what he wants Jove adds, not any one
Wants his direction to strike sure, nor ours to miss as sure.
But come, let us be sure of this, to put the best in ure 545
That lies in us, which two-fold is, both to fetch off our friend,
And so to fetch him off as we may likeliest contend

⁵⁴⁵ *Ure*—*use*. Skinner thinks it a contraction of *usura*. It is frequent in Chaucer. Todd gives examples from Hooker and L'Estrange.

To fetch ourselves off, that our friends surviving may have right
 In joy of our secure retreat, as he that fell in fight,
 Being kept as sure from further wrong. Of which perhaps they doubt,
 And looking this way, grieve for us, not able to work out 551
 Or pass from this man-slaughterer, great Hector, and his hands,
 That are too hot for men to touch, but that these thirsty sands
 Before our fleet will be enforc'd to drink our headlong death.
 Which to prevent by all fit means, I would the parted breath 553
 Of good Patroclus to his friend with speed imparted were
 By some he loves, for, I believe, no heavy messenger
 Hath yet inform'd him. But alas! I see no man to send,
 Both men and horse are hid in mists that every way descend.
 O father Jupiter, do thou the sons of Greece release 560
 Of this felt darkness, grace this day with fit transparencies,
 And give the eyes thou giv'st their use, destroy us in the light,
 And work thy will with us, since needs thou wilt against us fight."

This spake he weeping, and his tears Saturnius pity show'd,
 Dispers'd the darkness instantly, and drew away the cloud 565
 From whence it fell; the sun shin'd out, and all the host appear'd;
 And then spake Ajax, whose heard prayer his spirits highly cheer'd:

" Brave Menelaus, look about, and if thou canst descry
 Nestor's Antilochus alive, incite him instantly
 To tell Achilles that his friend, most dear to him, is dead." 570

He said, nor Menelaus stuck at any thing he said,
 As loth to do it, but he went. As from a grazier's stall
 A lion goes, when overlaid with men, dogs, darts, and all,
 Not easily losing a fat ox, but strong watch all night held,
 His teeth yet watering, oft he comes, and is as oft repell'd, 575
 The adverse darts so thick are pour'd before his brow-hid eyes,
 And burning firebrands which, for all his great heart's heat, he flies,

⁵⁵¹ *Looking*.—The second folio erroneously prints "*look*," which Dr. Taylor has repeated.

⁵⁷¹ *A grazier's*.—The second folio and Taylor "*the*."

And, grumbling, goes his way betimes ; so from Patroclus went
 Atrides, much against his mind, his doubts being vehement
 Lest, he gone from his guard, the rest would leave for very fear 580
 The person to the spoil of Greece. And yet his guardians were
 Th' Ajaces and Meriones, whom much his care did press,
 And thus exhort: " Ajaces both, and you Meriones,
 Now let some true friend call to mind the gentle and sweet nature
 Of poor Patroclus, let him think, how kind to every creature 585
 His heart was living, though now dead." Thus urg'd the fair-hair'd king,
 And parted, casting round his eye. As when upon her wing
 An eagle is, whom men affirm to have the sharpest sight
 Of all air's region of fowls, and, though of mighty height,
 Sees yet within her leavy form of humble shrubs, close laid, 590
 A light-foot hare, which straight she stoops, trusses, and strikes her dead ;
 So dead thou struck'st thy charge, O king, through all war's thickets, so
 Thou look'dst, and swiftly found'st thy man exhorting 'gainst the foe,
 And heart'ning his plied men to blows us'd in the war's left wing ;
 To whom thou saidst: " Thou god-lov'd man, come here, and hear a thing
 Which I wish never were to hear. I think even thy eye sees 595
 What a destruction God hath laid upon the sons of Greece,
 And what a conquest he gives Troy, in which the best of men,
 Patroclus, lies exanimate, whose person passing fain
 The Greeks would rescue and bear home ; and therefore give thy speed
 To his great friend, to prove if he will do so good a deed 601
 To fetch the naked person off, for Hector's shoulders wear
 His prised arms." Antilochus was highly griev'd to hear
 This heavy news, and stood surpris'd with stupid silence long,
 His fair eyes standing full of tears, his voice, so sweet and strong, 605
 Stuck in his bosom ; yet all this wrought in him no neglect
 Of what Atrides gave in charge, but for that quick effect
 He gave Laodocus his arms (his friend that had the guide
 Of his swift horse) and then his knees were speedily applied

586 See Commentary.

590 *Leavy*.—See Bk. vi. 86, 127.

In his sad message, which his eyes told all the way in tears. 610
 Nor would thy generous heart assist his sore charg'd soldiers,
 O Menelaus, in mean time, though left in much distress,
 Thou sent'st them god-like Thrasymede, and mad'st thy kind regress
 Back to Patroclus, where arriv'd, half breathless thou didst say
 To both th' Ajaces this: "I have sent this messenger away 615
 To swift Achilles, who, I fear, will hardly help us now,
 Though mad with Hector; without arms he cannot fight, ye know.
 Let us then think of some best mean both how we may remove
 The body, and get off ourselves from this vociferous drove
 And fate of Trojans." "Bravely spoke at all parts," Ajax said, 620
 "O glorious son of Atreus. Take thou then straight the dead,
 And thou, Meriones; we two, of one mind as one name,
 Will back ye soundly, and on us receive the wild-fire flame
 That Hector's rage breathes after you before it come at you."
 This said, they took into their arms the body, all the show, 625
 That might be, made to those of Troy, at arm's end bearing it.
 Out shriek'd the Trojans when they saw the body borne to fleet,
 And rush'd on. As at any boar, gash'd with the hunter's wounds,
 A kennel of the sharpest set and sorest bitten hounds
 Before their youthful huntsmen haste, and eagerly a while 630
 Pursue, as if they were assur'd of their affected spoil;
 But when the savage, in his strength as confident as they,
 Turns head amongst them, back they fly, and every one his way;
 So troop-meal Troy.pursu'd a while, laying on with swords and
 darts;

⁶³⁴ *Troop-meal*—in troops, troop by troop. So *piece-meal*. To *meal* was to mingle, mix together; from the French *mêler*. Shakespeare says,

"Were he *mealed*

With that which he corrects, then he were tyrannous."

Measure for Measure, IV. 2.

Cotgrave, "Mesler: to mingle, mix, *mell*." "*Melling*" and "*medled*" are frequent in Shakespeare and Spenser. *Mêlée*, in fact, is almost naturalized with us. The reader would do well to consult Dr. Jamieson's excellent "*Dictionary of the Scottish Language*," in voce "*mell*."

But when th' Ajaces turn'd on them and made their stand, their hearts
 Drunk from their faces all their bloods, and not a man sustain'd 636
 The forechace, nor the after-fight. And thus Greece nobly gain'd
 The person towards home. But thus, the changing war was rack'd
 Out to a passing bloody length; for as, once put in act,
 A fire, invading city roofs, is suddenly engrost 640
 And made a wondrous mighty flame, in which is quickly lost
 A house long building, all the while a boist'rous gust of wind
 Lumb'ring amongst it; so the Greeks, in bearing of their friend,
 More and more foes drew, at their heels a tumult thund'ring still
 Of horse and foot. Yet as mules, in haling from a hill 645
 A beam or mast, through foul deep way, well clapp'd and heartened, close
 Lie to their labour, tug and sweat, and passing hard it goes,
 Urg'd by their drivers to all haste; so dragg'd they on the corse,
 Still both th' Ajaces at their backs, who back still turn'd the force,
 Though after it grew still the more. Yet as a sylvan hill 650
 Thrusts back a torrent that hath kept a narrow channel still,
 Till at his oaken breast it beats, but there a check it takes
 That sends it over all the vale, with all the stir it makes,
 Nor can with all the confluence break through his rooty sides;
 In no less firm and brave repulse th' Ajaces curb'd the prides 655
 Of all the Trojans; yet all held the pursuit in his strength,
 Their chiefs being Hector, and the son of Venus, who at length
 Put all the youth of Greece besides in most amazeful rout,
 Forgetting all their fortitudes, distraught, and shrieking out;
 A number of their rich arms lost, fallen from them here and there 660
 About and in the dike; and yet, the war concludes not here.

⁶⁴⁰ *Engrost*—engrossed, made thick, large.

⁶⁴³ *Lumb'ring*—not usual in the sense of "*noise*." Dr. Taylor (from Richardson's Dict.) quotes Cowper,

"The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The *lumbering* of the wheels."

COMMENTARIUS.

335.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύροις βοῶς μεγάλῳ βοείῃν
 Λαοῖσιν δόψῃ τανύειν μεθύουσαν ἀλοιφήν·
 Δειξάμενοι δ' ἄρα τοῖ γε διαστάντες τανύουσιν
 Κνελός, ἄφαρ δὲ τε ἱεμάς ἔβη, ἔννευ δὲ τ' ἀλοιφήν
 Πολλῶν ἐκόντων, γάνυται δὲ τε πᾶσα διαπρό·
 Ὡς οἱ γ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα νέκυν ὀλίγη ἐνὶ χώρῃ
 Ἐλκειον ἀμφοτέροι.

Thus translated *ad verbum* by Spondanus:—

Sicut autem quando vir tauri bovis magni pellem
 Populis dederit distendendam temulentam pinguedine,
 Accipientes autem utique hi dispositi extendunt
 In orbem, statim autem humor exiit, penetratque adeps,
 Multis trahentibus: tenditur autem tota undique;
 Sic hi huc et illuc cadaver parvo in spacio
 Trahebant utrique.

Laurent. Valla thus in prose:—

Et quemadmodum si quis pinguem tauri pellem à pluribus extendi
 juberet; inter extendendum et humor et pingue desudat; sic illi huc
 parvo in spatio distrahebant.

Eobanus thus in verse:—

——— Ac si quis distendere pellem
 Taurinam jubeat, crassam pinguedine multâ,
 Multorum manibus, terræ desudet omasum,
 Et liquor omnis humi; sic ipsum tempore parvo
 Patroclum in diversa, manus numerosa trahebat, &c.

To answer a hot objection made to me by a great scholar for not translating Homer word for word and letter for letter, as out of his heat he strained it, I am enforced to cite this admirable simile, like the other before in my Annotations at the end of the Fifteenth Book, and refer

it to my judicial reader's examination whether such a translation becomes Homer or not, by noting so much as needs to be by one example ; whether the two last above-said translators, in being so short with our everlasting master, do him so much right as my poor conversion, expressing him by necessary exposition and illustration of his words and meaning with more words or not. The reason of his simile is to illustrate the strife of both the armies for the body of Patroclus ; which it doth perform most inimitably, their toil and sweat about it being considered, which I must pray you to turn to before. The simile itself, yet, I thought not unfit to insert here to come up the closer to them with whom I am to be compared, my pains and understanding converting it thus :—

And as a huge ox hide
 A currier gives amongst his men to supple and extend
 With oil, till it be drunk withal, they tug, stretch out, and spend
 Their oil and liquor liberally, and chafe the leather so
 They make it breathe a vapour out, and in their liquors go,
 A number of them set a-work, and in an orb they pull,
 That all ways all parts of the hide they may extend at full ;
 So here and there did both hosts hale the corse in little place,*
 And wrought it all ways with their sweat, &c.

In which last words of the application considered lies the life of this illustration, our Homer's divine invention, wherein I see not in any of their shorter translations touched at. But what could express more the toil about this body, forcing it this way and that, as the opposite advantage served on both sides ? An ox's hide, after the tanning, asking so much labour and oil to supple and extend it,—*τανύειν μεθύονταν ἀλοιφῇ*, *distendendam temulentam pinguedine* ; *to be stretch'd out, being drunk with tallow, oil, or liquor* ; the word *μεθύονταν*, which signifies *temulentam*, of *μεθύω* signifying *ebrius sum* (being a metaphor) and used by Homer, I thought fit to express so, both because it is Homer's, and doth much more illustrate than *crassam pinguedine multâ*, as Eoban turns it. But Valla leaves it clearly out, and with his briefness utterly maims the simile, which (to my understanding being so excellent) I

* The second folio "space."

could not but with thus much repetition and labour inculcate the sense of it, since I see not that any translator hath ever thought of it. And therefore (against the objector that would have no more words than Homer used in his translator) I hope those few words I use more, being necessary to express such a sense as I understand in Homer, will be at least borne withal; without which, and other such needful explanations, the most ingenious invention and sense of so matchless a writer might pass endlessly obscured and unthought on—my manner of translation being partly built on this learned and judicious authority: *Est sciti interpretis, non verborum numerum et ordinem sectari, sed res ipsas et sententias attentè perpendere, easque verbis et formulis orationis vestire idoneis et aptis ei linguæ in quam convertitur.*

480. ——— *εἰ γὰρ Ἀθήνη*, &c. Minerva appearing to Menelaus like Phoenix, and encouraging him (as you may read before) to fight, he speaks as to Phoenix, and wishes Minerva would but put away the force or violence of the darts, and he would aid and fight bravely; which is a continuance of his character, being expressed for the most part by Homer ridiculous and simple. The original words yet, because neither Eobanus nor Valla understood the character, they utterly pervert, as, if you please to examine them, you may see. The words are these, *βελέων δ' ἀπερύκοι ἐρῶν*, which Spondanus truly interprets, *telorum vero depulerit impetum*; *ἀπερύκω* being a compound of *ἐρύκω*, signifying *arceo*, *repello*, *propulso*, *abigo*; and yet they translate the words, *et telis vim afferret*, as if Menelaus wished that Pallas would give force to his darts; which Eobanus follows, saying, *et tela valentia præstet*, most ignorantly and unsufferably converting it, supposing them to be his own darts he spake of, and would have blest with Minerva's addition of virtue and power; where Homer's are plain; he spake of the enemy's darts, whose force if she would avert, he would fight for Patroclus.

489. *Καὶ οἱ μύης θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐνέκε*, &c. *Et ei muscæ audaciam in pectoribus immisit.* Minerva inspired him with the courage of a fly, which all his interpreters very ridiculously laugh at in Homer, as if he

heartily intended to praise Menelaus by it, not understanding his irony here, agreeing with all the other silliness noted in his character. Eobanus Hessus, in pity of Homer, leaves it utterly out; and Valla comes over him with a little salve for the sore disgrace he hath by his ignorant reader's laughters, and expounds the words above-said thus: *Lene namque ejus ingenium prudenti audaciâ implevit*, laying his medicine nothing near the place. Spondanus (disliking Homer with the rest in this simile) would not have Lucian forgotten in his merry encomium of a fly, and therefore cites him upon this place, playing upon Homer; which, because it is already answered in the irony to be understood in Homer* (he laughing at all men so ridiculous) I forbear to repeat, and cite only Eustathius, that would salve it with altering the word *θάραρος*, which signifies *confidentia*, or *audacia* (*per metathesin literæ ρ*) for *θράσος*, which is *temeritas*; of which I see not the end, and yet cite all to show how such great clerks are perplexed, and abuse Homer, as not being *satis compotes mentis poetice*; for want of which (which all their reading and language cannot supply) they are thus often gravelled and mistaken.

586. Ὡς αἰετὸς, &c. *Veluti aquila*. The sport Homer makes with Menelaus is here likewise confirmed and amplified in another simile, resembling him intentionally to a hare-finder, though, for colour's sake, he useth the word eagle; as in all other places where he presents him (being so eminent a person) he hides his simplicity with some shadow of glory or other. The circumstances making it clear, being here, and in divers other places, made a messenger from Ajax and others to call such and such to their aid; which was unfit for a man of his place, if he had been in magnanimity and valour equal, or any thing near it. But to confirm his imperfection therein in divers other places, he is called *μαλθακὸς αἰχμητῆς*, *mollis bellator*; and therefore was fittest to be employed to call up those that were hardier and abler. In going about

* The second folio, which is followed in Dr. Taylor's edition, erroneously omits the words, "*which because* * * * *in Homer.*"

134 *SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.*

which business, Homer shows how he looked about, leering like a hare-finder; for to make it simply a simile illustrating the state of his address in that base affair had neither wit nor decorum. Both which being at their height in the other sense (because our Homer was their great master to all accomplishment) let none detract so miserably from him as to take this otherwise than a continuance of his irony.

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.



THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES mourns, told of Patroclus' end,
When Thetis doth from forth the sea ascend
And comfort him, advising to abstain
From any fight till her request could gain
Fit arms of Vulcan. Juno yet commands
To show himself. And at the dike he stands
In sight of th' enemy, who with his sight
Flies; and a number perish in the flight.
Patroclus' person (safe brought from the wars)
His soldiers wash. Vulcan the arms prepares.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Sigma continues the alarms,
And fashions the renowned arms.



HEY fought still like the rage of fire. And now Antilochus
Came to Æacides, whose mind was much solicitous
For that which, as he fear'd, was fall'n. He found him
near the fleet

With upright sail-yards, uttering this to his heroic conceit :
“ Ah me ! Why see the Greeks themselves thus beaten from the field,
And routed headlong to their fleet ? O let not heaven yield
Effect to what my sad soul fears, that, as I was foretold,
The strongest Myrmidon next me, when I should still behold .

The sun's fair light, must part with it. Past doubt Meneceus' son
 Is he on whom that fate is wrought. O wretch, to leave undone 10
 What I commanded, that the fleet once freed of hostile fire,
 Not meeting Hector, instantly he should his pow'rs retire."

As thus his troubled mind discours'd, Antilochus appear'd,
 And told with tears the sad news thus: " My lord, that must be heard
 Which would to heaven I might not tell! Meneceus' son lies dead, 15
 And for his naked corse (his arms already forfeited,
 And worn by Hector) the debate is now most vehement."

This said, grief darken'd all his pow'rs. With both his hands he rent
 The black mould from the forced earth, and pour'd it on his head,
 Smear'd all his lovely face, his weeds, divinely fashioned, 20
 All fil'd and mangled, and himself he threw upon the shore,
 Lay, as laid out for funeral, then tumbled round, and tore
 His gracious curls. His ecstasy he did so far extend,
 That all the ladies won by him and his now slaughter'd friend,
 Afflicted strangely for his plight, came shrieking from the tents, 25
 And fell about him, beat their breasts, their tender lineaments
 Dissolv'd with sorrow. And with them wept Nestor's warlike son,
 Fell by him, holding his fair hands, in fear he would have done
 His person violence; his heart, extremely straiten'd, burn'd,
 Beat, swell'd, and sigh'd as it would burst. So terribly he mourn'd, 30
 That Thetis, sitting in the deeps of her old father's seas,
 Heard, and lamented. To her plaints the bright Nereides
 Flock'd all, how many those dark gulfs soever comprehend.
 There Glaucus, and Cymodoce, and Spio, did attend,
 Nesæa, and Cymothoe, and calm Amphithoe, 35
 Thalia, Thoa, Panope, and swift Dynamene,
 Actæa, and Limnoria, and Halia the fair
 Fam'd for the beauty of her eyes, Amathia for her hair,
 Iæra, Proto, Clymene, and curl'd Dexamene,
 Pherusa, Doris, and with these the smooth Amphinome, 40

²¹ *Fil'd*—defiled.

²² *Gracious*—graceful.

Chaste Galatea so renown'd, and Callianira, came,
 With Doto and Orythia, to cheer the mournful dame.
 Apseudes likewise visited, and Callianassa gave
 Her kind attendance, and with her Agave grac'd the cave,
 Nemertes, Mæra, followed, Melita, Ianesse, 45
 With Ianira, and the rest of those Nereides
 That in the deep seas make abode ; all which together beat
 Their dewy bosoms, and to all thus Thetis did repeat
 Her cause of mourning : " Sisters, hear how much the sorrows weigh
 Whose cries now call'd ye. Hapless I brought forth unhappily 50
 The best of all the sons of men, who, like a well-set plant
 In best soils, grew and flourish'd, and when his spirit did want
 Employment for his youth and strength, I sent him with a fleet
 To fight at Ilion ; from whence his fate-confined feet
 Pass all my deity to retire. The court of his high birth, 55
 The glorious court of Peleus, must entertain his worth
 Never hereafter. All the life he hath to live with me
 Must waste in sorrows. And this son I now am bent to see,
 Being now afflicted with some grief not usually grave,
 Whose knowledge and recure I seek." This said, she left her cave, 60
 Which all left with her ; swimming forth, the green waves, as they swam,
 Cleft with their bosoms, curl'd, and gave quick way to Troy. Being
 come,
 They all ascended, two and two, and trod the honour'd shore,
 Till where the fleet of Myrmidons, drawn up in heaps, it bore.
 There stay'd they at Achilles' ship, and there did Thetis lay 65
 Her fair hand on her son's curl'd head, sigh'd, wept, and bade him say
 What grief drew from his eyes those tears ? " Conceal it not," said she,
 " Till this hour thy uplifted hands have all things granted thee.
 The Greeks, all thrust up at their sterns, have pour'd out tears enow,
 And in them seen how much they miss remission of thy vow." 70

⁵⁵ *Pass all my deity to retire*—surpass all my divine powers to bring back.

⁶⁰ *Not usually*—more than usually.

He said, " 'Tis true, Olympius hath done me all that grace,
But what joy have I of it all when thus thrusts in the place
Loss of my whole self in my friend? Whom, when his foe had slain,
He spoil'd of those profaned arms that Peleus did obtain
From heaven's high Pow'rs, solemnizing thy sacred nuptial bands, 75
As th' only present of them all, and fitted well their hands,
Being lovely, radiant, marvellous. O would to heaven thy throne,
With these fair Deities of the sea, thou still hadst sat upon,
And Peleus had a mortal wife, since by his means is done
So much wrong to thy grieved mind, my death being set so soon, 80
And never suffering my return to grace of Peleus' court!
Nor do I wish it; nor to live in any man's resort,
But only that the crying blood for vengeance of my friend
Mangled by Hector may be still'd; his foe's death paying his end."

She, weeping, said: "That hour is near, and thy death's hour then nigh;
Which in thy wish serv'd of thy foe succeedeth instantly." 86

"And instantly it shall succeed," he answer'd, "since my fate
Allow'd not to my will a pow'r to rescue, ere the date
Of his late slaughter, my true friend. Far from his friends he died,
Whose wrong therein my eyes had light and right to see denied. 90
Yet now I neither light myself, nor have so spent my light,
That either this friend or the rest (in numbers infinite
Slaughter'd by Hector) I can help, nor grace with wish'd repair
To our dear country, but breathe here unprofitable air,
And only live a load to earth with all my strength, though none 95
Of all the Grecians equal it. In counsel many a one
Is my superior; what I have, no grace gets; what I want
Disgraceth all. How then too soon can hastiest death supplant
My fate-curst life? Her instrument to my indignity
Being that black fiend Contention, whom would to God might die 100
To Gods and men, and Anger too, that kindles tyranny
In men most wise, being much more sweet than liquid honey is
To men of pow'r to satiate their watchful enmities,

And like a pliant fume it spreads through all their breasts, as late
 It stole stern passage thorough mine, which he did instigate 105
 That is our General. But the fact so long past, the effect
 Must vanish with it, though both griev'd; nor must we still respect
 Our soothed humours. Need now takes the rule of either's mind.
 And when the loser of my friend his death in me shall find,
 Let death take all. Send him, ye Gods, I'll give him my embrace. 110
 Not Hercules himself shunn'd death, though dearest in the grace
 Of Jupiter; even him Fate stoop'd, and Juno's cruelty.
 And if such fate expect my life, where death strikes I will lie.
 Meantime I wish a good renown, that these deep-breasted dames
 Of Ilion and Dardania may, for the extinguish'd flames 115
 Of their friends' lives, with both their hands wipe miserable tears
 From their so curiously-kept cheeks, and be the officers
 To execute my sighs on Troy, when (seeing my long retreat
 But gather'd strength, and gives my charge an answerable heat)
 They well may know 'twas I lay still, and that my being away 120
 Presented all their happiness. But any further stay
 (Which your much love perhaps may wish) assay not to persuade;
 All vows are kept, all prayers heard, now free way for fight is made."
 The silver-footed Dame replied: "It fits thee well, my son,
 To keep destruction from thy friends, but those fair arms are won 125
 And worn by Hector that should keep thyself in keeping them,
 Though their fruition be but short, a long death being near him,
 Whose cruel glory they are yet. By all means then forbear
 To tread the massacres of war, till I again appear
 From Mulciber with fit new arms; which, when thy eye shall see 130
 The sun next rise, shall enter here with his first beams and me."
 Thus to her Sisters of the Sea she turn'd, and bade them open
 The doors and deeps of Nereus; she in Olympus' top

¹⁰⁹ *Loser*—destroyer, the one who has caused the loss of my friend.

¹¹³ *Expect*—await.

¹²⁰ *They well*.—The second folio incorrectly, "*that well may know*."

Must visit Vulcan for new arms to serve her wreakful son,
And had inform her father so, with all things further done. 135

This said, they underwent the sea, herself flew up to heaven.
In mean space, to the Hellespont and ships the Greeks were driven
In shameful rout; nor could they yet, from rage of Priam's son,
Secure the dead of new assaults, both horse and men made on
With such impression. Thrice the feet the hands of Hector seiz'd, 140
And thrice th' Ajaces thump'd him off. With whose repulse displeas'd,
He wreak'd his wrath upon the troops, then to the corse again
Made horrid turnings, crying out of his repulsed men,
And would not quit him quite for death. A lion almost sterv'd
Is not by upland herdsmen driven from urging to be serv'd 145
With more contention, than his strength by those two of a name;
And had perhaps his much prais'd will, if th' airy-footed Dame,
Swift Iris, had not stoop'd in haste, ambassadress from heaven
To Peleus' son, to bid him arm; her message being given
By Juno, kept from all the Gods; she thus excited him: 150
"Rise, thou most terrible of men, and save the precious limb
Of thy belov'd, in whose behalf the conflict now runs high
Before the fleet, the either host fells other mutually,
These to retain, those to obtain. Amongst whom most of all
Is Hector prompt, he's apt to drag thy friend home, he your pall 155
Will make his shoulders; his head forc'd, he'll be most famous; rise,
No more lie idle, set the foe a much more costly prize
Of thy friend's value than let dogs make him a monument,
Where thy name will be graven." He ask'd, "What Deity hath sent
Thy presence hither?" She replied: "Saturnia, she alone, 160
Not high Jove knowing, nor one God that doth inhabit on
Snowy Olympus." He again: "How shall I set upon
The work of slaughter when mine arms are worn by Priam's son?"

¹⁴⁴ *Sterv'd*.—Although used by Chapman perhaps only for rhyme's sake (like *perse*, Bk. xi. 395, an old English word) this is the real and etymological spelling. To *sterve* is to *die*; and the sense of *starve*, with cold or hunger, originated in the 17th Century.

¹⁴⁶ *Two of a name*—Ajaces.

¹⁴⁸ *Pall*—pale.

How will my Goddess-mother grieve, that bad I should not arm
Till she brought arms from Mulciber ! But should I do such harm 165
To her and duty, who is he, but Ajax, that can vaunt
The fitting my breast with his arms, and he is conversant
Amongst the first in use of his, and rampires of the foe
Slain near Patroclus builds to him ?" " All this," said she, " we know,
And wish thou only wouldst but show thy person to the eyes 170
Of these hot Ilians, that, afraid of further enterprise,
The Greeks may gain some little breath." She woo'd, and he was won ;
And straight Minerva honour'd him, who Jove's shield clapp'd upon
His mighty shoulders, and his head girt with a cloud of gold
That cast beams round about his brows. And as when arms enfold 175
A city in an isle, from thence a fume at first appears,
Being in the day, but, when the even her cloudy forehead rears,
Thick show the fires, and up they cast their splendour, that men nigh,
Seeing their distress, perhaps may set ships out to their supply ;
So, to show such aid, from his head a light rose, scaling heaven, 180
And forth the wall he stept and stood, nor brake the precept given
By his great mother, mix'd in fight, but sent abroad his voice ;
Which Pallas far-off echoed, who did betwixt them hoise
Shrill tumult to a topless height. And as a voice is heard
With emulous affection, when any town is spher'd 185
With siege of such a foe as kills men's minds, and for the town
Makes sound his trumpet ; so the voice from Thetis' issue thrown
Won emulously th' ears of all. His brazen voice once heard,
The minds of all were startled so they yielded ; and so fear'd
The fair-man'd horses that they flew back, and their chariots turn'd,
Presaging in their augurous hearts the labours that they mourn'd 191
A little after, and their guides a repercussive dread
Took from the horrid radiance of his refulgent head,
Which Pallas set on fire with grace. Thrice great Achilles spake,
And thrice, in heat of all the charge, the Trojans started back. 195

Gives me the mean to quit our want with glory, and conclude 260
 The Greeks in sea-boards and our seas, to slack it, and extrude
 His offer'd bounty by our flight. Fool that thou art, bewray
 This counsel to no common ear, for no man shall obey ;
 If any will, I'll check his will. But what our self command,
 Let all observe. Take suppers all, keep watch of every hand. 265
 If any Trojan have some spoil that takes his too much care,
 Make him dispose it publicly ; 'tis better any fare
 The better for him than the Greeks. When light then decks the
 skies,
 Let all arm for a fierce assault. If great Achilles rise,
 And will enforce our greater toil, it may rise so to him. 270
 On my back he shall find no wings, my spirit shall force my limb
 To stand his worst, and give or take. Mars is our common lord,
 And the desirous swordman's life he ever puts to sword."
 This counsel gat applause of all, so much were all unwise ;
 Minerva robb'd them of their brains, to like the ill advice 275
 The great man gave, and leave the good since by the meaner given.
 All took their suppers ; but the Greeks spent all the heavy even
 About Patroclus' mournful rites, Pelides leading all
 In all the forms of heaviness. He by his side did fall,
 And his man-slaughtering hands impos'd into his oft-kiss'd breast, 280
 Sighs blew up sighs, and lion-like, grac'd with a goodly crest,
 That in his absence being robb'd by hunters of his whelps,
 Returns to his so desolate den, and, for his wanted helps,
 Beholding his unlook'd-for wants, flies roaring back again,
 Hunts the sly hunter, many a vale resounding his disdain ; 285
 So mourn'd Pelides his late loss, so weighty were his moans,
 Which, for their dumb sounds, now gave words to all his Myrmidons :
 " O Gods," said he, " how vain a vow I made, to cheer the mind
 Of sad Menœtius, when his son his hand to mine resign'd,
 That high tower'd Opus he should see, and leave rac't Ilion 290
 With spoil and honour, even with me ! But Jove vouchsafes to none

Wish'd passages to all his vows ; we both were destinate
 To bloody one earth here in Troy, nor any more estate
 In my return hath Peleus or Thetis ; but because
 I last must undergo the ground, I'll keep no funeral laws, 295
 O my Patroclus, for thy corse, before I hither bring
 The arms of Hector and his head to thee for offering.
 Twelve youths, the most renown'd of Troy, I'll sacrifice beside,
 Before thy heap of funeral, to thee unpaired.
 In mean time, by our crooked sterns lie drawing tears from me, 300
 And round about thy honour'd corse these dames of Dardanie
 And Ilion with the ample breasts (whom our long spears and pow'rs
 And labours purchas'd from the rich and by-us-ruin'd tow'rs,
 And cities strong and populous with divers-languag'd men)
 Shall kneel, and neither day nor night be licens'd to abstain 305
 From solemn watches, their toil'd eyes held ope with endless tears."

This passion past, he gave command to his near soldiers
 To put a tripod to the fire, to cleanse the fester'd gore
 From off the person. They obey'd, and presently did pour
 Fresh water in it, kindled wood, and with an instant flame 310
 The belly of the tripod girt, till fire's hot quality came
 Up to the water. Then they wash'd and fill'd the mortal wound
 With wealthy oil of nine years old, then wrapp'd the body round
 In largeness of a fine white sheet, and put it then in bed ;
 When all watch'd all night with their lord, and spent sighs on the dead.

Then Jove ask'd Juno : " If at length she had suffic'd her spleen, 315
 Achilles being won to arms ? Or if she had not been
 The natural mother of the Greeks, she did so still prefer
 Their quarrel ? " She, incens'd, ask'd : " Why he still was taunting her
 For doing good to those she lov'd, since man to man might show 320
 Kind offices, though thrall to death, and though they did not know
 Half such deep counsels as disclos'd beneath her far-seeing state,
 She, reigning queen of Goddesses, and being ingenerate

Of one stock with himself, besides the state of being his wife ?
 And must her wrath, and ill to Troy, continue such a strife 325
 From time to time 'twixt him and her?" This private speech they
 had.

And now the silver-footed Queen had her ascension made
 To that incorruptible house, that starry golden court
 Of fiery Vulcan, beautiful amongst th' immortal sort,
 Which yet the lame God built himself. She found him in a sweat 330
 About his bellows, and in haste had twenty tripods beat
 To set for stools about the sides of his well-built hall,
 To whose feet little wheels of gold he put, to go withal,
 And enter his rich dining room, alone, their motion free,
 And back again go out alone, miraculous to see. 335
 And thus much he had done of them, yet handles were to add,
 For which he now was making studs. And while their fashion had
 Employment of his skilful hand, bright Thetis was come near,
 Whom first fair well-hair'd Charis saw, that was the nuptial fere
 Of famous Vulcan, who the hand of Thetis took, and said: 340

"Why, fair-train'd, lov'd, and honour'd dame, are we thus visited
 By your kind presence? You, I think, were never here before.
 Come near, that I may banquet you, and make you visit more."

She led her in, and in a chair of silver (being the fruit
 Of Vulcan's hand) she made her sit, a footstool of a suit 345
 Apposing to her crystal feet; and call'd the God of fire,
 For Thetis was arriv'd, she said, and entertain'd desire
 Of some grace that his art might grant. "Thetis to me," said he,
 "Is mighty, and most reverend, as one that nourish'd me,
 When grief consum'd me, being cast from heaven by want of shame
 In my proud mother, who, because she brought me forth so lame, 351
 Would have me made away, and then had I been much distress'd
 Had Thetis and Eurynome in either's silver breast

³³⁰ *Fere*—companion, lover.

³⁵¹ *Had I*.—The second folio and Taylor, "*I had*."

Not rescu'd me ; Eurynome that to her father had
 Reciprocal Oceanus. Nine years with them I made 355
 A number of well-arted things, round bracelets, buttons brave,
 Whistles, and carquenets. My forge stood in a hollow cave,
 About which, murmuring with foam, th' unmeasur'd ocean
 Was ever beating ; my abode known nor to God nor man,
 But Thetis and Eurynome, and they would see me still, 360
 They were my loving guardians. Now then the starry hill,
 And our particular roof, thus grac'd with bright-hair'd Thetis here,
 It fits me always to repay a recompense as dear
 To her thoughts as my life to me. Haste, Charis, and appose
 Some dainty guest-rites to our friend, while I my bellows loose 365
 From fire, and lay up all my tools." Then from an anvil rose
 Th' unwieldy monster, halted down, and all awry he went.
 He took his bellows from the fire, and every instrument
 Lock'd safe up in a silver chest. Then with a sponge he drest
 His face all over, neck and hands, and all his hairy breast, 370
 Put on his coat, his sceptre took, and then went halting forth,
 Handmaids of gold attending him, resembling in all worth
 Living young damsels, fill'd with minds and wisdom, and were train'd
 In all immortal ministry, virtue and voice contain'd,
 And mov'd with voluntary pow'rs ; and these still waited on 375
 Their fiery sovereign, who (not apt to walk) sate near the throne
 Of fair-hair'd Thetis, took her hand, and thus he courted her :
 " For what affair, O fair-train'd queen, reverend to me, and dear,
 Is our court honour'd with thy state, that hast not heretofore 379
 Perform'd this kindness ? Speak thy thoughts, thy suit can be no more
 Than my mind gives me charge to grant. Can my pow'r get it wrought ?
 Or that it have not only pow'r of only act in thought ?"
 She thus : " O Vulcan, is there one of all that are of heaven
 That in her never-quiet mind Saturnius hath given

³⁵⁵ *Reciprocal*—i. e. father to her as well as Thetis.

³⁵⁷ *Carquenets*—necklaces. Spelt "carcanet," "carkanet," "carknett," &c.

So much affliction as to me, whom only he subjects, 385
 Of all the sea-nymphs, to a man, and makes me bear th' affects
 Of his frail bed, and all against the freedom of my will,
 And he worn to his root with age? From him another ill
 Ariseth to me: Jupiter, you know, hath given a son,
 The excellent'st of men, to me, whose education 390
 On my part well hath answered his own worth, having grown
 As in a fruitful soil a tree that puts not up alone
 His body to a naked height, but jointly gives his growth
 A thousand branches; yet to him so short a life I brought,
 That never I shall see him more return'd to Peleus' court. 395
 And all that short life he hath spent in most unhappy sort;
 For first he won a worthy dame, and had her by the hands
 Of all the Grecians, yet this dame Atrides countermands;
 For which in much disdain he mourn'd, and almost pin'd away,
 And yet for this wrong he receiv'd some honour, I must say. 400
 The Greeks, being shut up at their ships, not suffer'd to advance
 A head out of their batter'd sterns, and mighty suppliance
 By all their grave men hath been made, gifts, honours, all propos'd
 For his reflection; yet he still kept close, and saw enclos'd
 Their whole host in this general plague. But now his friend put on
 His arms, being sent by him to field, and many a Myrmidon 405
 In conduct of him. All the day they fought before the gates
 Of Scæa, and most certainly that day had seen the dates
 Of all Troy's honours in her dust, if Phœbus (having done
 Much mischief more) the envied life of good Menœtius' son 410
 Had not with partial hands enforc'd, and all the honour given
 To Hector, who hath pris'd his arms. And therefore I am driven
 To embrace thy knees for new defence to my lov'd son. Alas!
 His life, prefix'd so short a date, had need spend that with grace.

⁴⁰² *Suppliance*—supplication.

⁴⁰⁴ *Reflection*—to turn him from his purpose.

⁴¹⁴ *Prefix'd*—previously-fixed, fore-doomed.

A shield then for him, and a helm, fair greaves, and curets, such 415
 As may renown thy workmanship, and honour him as much,
 I sue for at thy famous hands." "Be confident," said he,
 "Let these wants breed thy thoughts no care. I would it lay in me
 To hide him from his heavy death, when fate shall seek for him,
 As well as with renowned arms to fit his goodly limb, 420
 Which thy hands shall convey to him, and all eyes shall admire,
 See, and desire again to see thy satisfied desire."

This said, he left her there, and forth did to his bellows go,
 Appos'd them to the fire again, commanding them to blow.
 Through twenty holes made to his hearth at once blew twenty pair, 425
 That fir'd his coals, sometimes with soft, sometimes with vehement, air,
 As he will'd, and his work requir'd. Amids the flame he cast
 Tin, silver, precious gold, and brass; and in the stock he plac'd
 A mighty anvil; his right hand a weighty hammer held,
 His left his tongs. And first he forg'd a strong and spacious shield 430
 Adorn'd with twenty several hues; about whose verge he beat
 A ring, three-fold and radiant, and on the back he set
 A silver handle; five-fold were the equal lines he drew
 About the whole circumference, in which his hand did shew
 (Directed with a knowing mind) a rare variety; 435
 For in it he presented Earth; in it the Sea and Sky;
 In it the never-wearied Sun, the Moon exactly round,
 And all those Stars with which the brows of ample heaven are crown'd,
 Orion, all the Pleiades, and those seven Atlas got,
 The close-beam'd Hyades, the Bear, surnam'd the Chariot, 440
 That turns about heaven's axle-tree, holds ope a constant eye
 Upon Orion, and of all the cressets in the sky
 His golden forehead never bows to th' Ocean empery.

Two cities in the spacious field he built, with goodly state
 Of divers-language'd men. The one did nuptials celebrate, 445

426 Presented.—The second folio, and Taylor, "represented."

Observing at them solemn feasts, the brides from forth their bow'rs
 With torches usher'd through the streets, a world of paramours
 Excited by them; youths and maids in lovely circles danc'd,
 To whom the merry pipe and harp their spritely sounds advanc'd,
 The matrons standing in their doors admiring. 450
 A solemn court of law was kept, where throngs of people were.
 The case in question was a fine impos'd on one that slew
 The friend of him that follow'd it, and for the fine did sue,
 Which th' other pleaded he had paid. Th' adverse part denied,
 And openly affirm'd he had no penny satisfied. 455
 Both put it to arbitrement. The people cried 'twas best
 For both parts, and th' assistants too gave their dooms like the rest.
 The heralds made the people peace. The seniors then did bear
 The voiceful heralds' sceptres, sat within a sacred sphere,
 On polish'd stones, and gave by turns their sentence. In the court 460
 Two talents' gold were cast, for him that judg'd in justest sort.

The other city other wars employ'd as busily,
 Two armies glittering in arms, of one confederacy,
 Besieg'd it, and a parlè had with those within the town.
 Two ways they stood resolv'd; to see the city overthrown, 465
 Or that the citizens should heap in two parts all their wealth,
 And give them half. They neither lik'd, but arm'd themselves by stealth,
 Left all their old men, wives, and boys, behind to man their walls,
 And stole out to their enemy's town. The Queen of martials
 And Mars himself conducted them; both which, being forg'd of gold,
 Must needs have golden furniture, and men might so behold 471
 They were presented Deities. The people Vulcan forg'd
 Of meaner metal. When they came where that was to be urg'd
 For which they went, within a vale close to a flood, whose stream
 Us'd to give all their cattle drink, they there enambush'd them, 475

⁴⁶⁰ Thus the first folio "*spritely*," i. e. "*spirithy*." The second and Dr. Taylor have "*spriteful*," i. e. "*spiritful*," "*spirited*," a word frequently used by Chapman.

⁴⁶⁷ *Dooms*—decisions.

⁴⁶¹ *Talents' gold*.—The second folio and Taylor, "*talents of gold*."

And sent two scouts out to descry when th' enemy's herds and sheep
 Were setting out. They straight came forth, with two that us'd to keep
 Their passage always ; both which pip'd, and went on merrily,
 Nor dream'd of ambuscadoes there. The ambush then let fly, 479
 Slew all their white fleec'd sheep, and neat, and by them laid their guard.
 When those in siege before the town so strange an uproar heard,
 Behind, amongst their flocks and herds (being then in counsel set)
 They then start up, took horse, and soon their subtle enemy met,
 Fought with them on the river's shore, where both gave mutual blows
 With well-pil'd darts. Amongst them all perverse Contention rose,
 Amongst them Tumult was enrag'd, amongst them ruinous Fate 486
 Had her red-finger ; some they took in an unhurt estate,
 Some hurt yet living, some quite slain, and those they tugg'd to them
 By both the feet, stripp'd off and took their weeds, with all the stream
 Of blood upon them that their steels had manfully let out. 490
 They fared as men alive indeed drew dead indeed about.

To these the fiery Artizan did add a new-ear'd field,
 Large and thrice plough'd, the soil being soft, and of a wealthy yield ;
 And many men at plough he made, that drave earth here and there,
 And turn'd up stitches orderly, at whose end when they were, 495
 A fellow ever gave their hands full cups of luscious wine ;
 Which emptied, for another stitch, the earth they undermine,
 And long till th' utmost bound be reach'd of all the ample close.
 The soil turn'd up behind the plough all black like earth arose,
 Though forg'd of nothing else but gold, and lay in show as light 500
 As if it had been plough'd indeed, miraculous to sight.

⁴⁷⁷ The second folio erroneously omits "out."

⁴⁸⁰ *Neat*—oxen.

⁴⁸¹ *Fared*.—The second folio and Taylor, "*feared*."

⁴⁸² *New-ear'd*—newly ploughed. It might have been thought that such a common word (occurring in the Bible, see *Isai. xxx. 24*, *1 Sam. viii. 12*, &c. &c.) would have been understood by Dr. Taylor, witness however his note: "*Covered with corn just ripened into ears*. The epithet is very picturesque and expressive."!

⁴⁸⁵ *Stitches*—furrows.

There grew by this a field of corn, high, ripe, where reapers wrought,
And let thick handfuls fall to earth, for which some other brought
Bands, and made sheaves. Three binders stood, and took the handfuls
reap'd

From boys that gather'd quickly up, and by them armfuls heap'd. 505
Amongst these at a furrow's end the king stood pleas'd at heart,
Said no word, but his sceptre show'd. And from him, much apart,
His harvest-bailiffs underneath an oak a feast prepar'd,
And having kill'd a mighty ox, stood there to see him shar'd,
Which women for their harvest folks (then come to sup) had dress'd,
And many white wheat-cakes bestow'd, to make it up a feast. 511

He set near this a vine of gold, that crack'd beneath the weight
Of bunches black with being ripe; to keep which at the height,
A silver rail ran all along, and round about it flow'd
An azure moat, and to this guard a quickset was bestow'd 515
Of tin, one only path to all, by which the pressmen came
In time of vintage. Youths and maids, that bore not yet the flame
Of manly Hymen, baskets bore of grapes and mellow fruit.
A lad that sweetly touched a harp, to which his voice did suit,
Center'd the circles of that youth, all whose skill could not do 520
The wanton's pleasure to their minds, that danced, sung, whistled too.

A herd of oxen then he carv'd, with high rais'd heads, forged all
Of gold and tin, for colour mix'd, and bellowing from their stall
Rush'd to their pastures at a flood that echo'd all their throats,
Exceeding swift, and full of reeds; and all in yellow coats 525
Four herdsmen follow'd; after whom nine mastiffs went. In head
Of all the herd, upon a bull, that deadly bellowed,
Two horrid lions ramp't, and seiz'd, and tugg'd off bellowing still;
Both men and dogs came; yet they tore the hide, and lapp'd their fill

⁵¹⁹ The second folio has strangely omitted this line. Dr. Taylor of course printing from that copy has also omitted it, yet it surely ought to have caught his eye, both from the sense and rhyme.

⁵²⁴ *At a flood.*—"At" is omitted in the second folio and Dr. Taylor's edition.

Of black blood, and the entrails ate. In vain the men assay'd 530
 To set their dogs on ; none durst pinch, but cur-like stood and bay'd
 In both the faces of their kings, and all their onsets fled.

Then in a passing pleasant vale the famous Artsman fed,
 Upon a goodly pasture ground, rich flocks of white-fleec'd sheep,
 Built stables, cottages, and cotes that did the shepherds keep 535
 From wind and weather. Next to these he cut a dancing place,
 All full of turnings, that was like the admirable maze
 For fair-hair'd Ariadne made by cunning Dædalus ;
 And in it youths and virgins danc'd, all young and beauteous,
 And glewed in another's palms. Weeds that the wind did toss 540
 The virgins wore ; the youths woven coats, that cast a faint dim gloss
 Like that of oil. Fresh garlands too the virgins' temples crown'd ;
 The youths gilt swords wore at their thighs, with silver bawdries bound.
 Sometimes all wound close in a ring, to which as fast they spun,
 As any wheel a turner makes, being tried how it will run, 545
 While he is set ; and out again as full of speed they wound,
 Not one left fast, or breaking hands. A multitude stood round,
 Delighted with their nimble sport ; to end which two begun,
 Mids all, a song, and turning sung the sport's conclusion.
 All this he circled in the shield, with pouring round about, 550
 In all his rage, the Ocean, that it might never out.

This shield thus done, he forg'd for him such curets as outshin'd
 The blaze of fire. A helmet then (through which no steel could find
 Forc'd passage) he compos'd, whose hue a hundred colours took,
 And in the crest a plume of gold, that each breath stirr'd, he stuck. 555

All done, he all to Thetis brought, and held all up to her.
 She took them all, and, like t' the hawk surnam'd the osspringer,
 From Vulcan to her mighty son, with that so glorious show,
 Stoop'd from the steep Olympian hill hid in eternal snow.

⁵⁴⁰ *Glewed*—joined ; i. e. with hands clasped.

⁵⁵⁷ *Osspringer*—osprey.

COMMENTARIUS.

184. Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλη φωνή' ὅτε τ' ἱαχε σάλπιγξ
 Ἄστυ περιπλομένων δηίων ὑπὸ θυμοραϊστίων
 Ὡς τότ' ἀριζήλη φωνή γένετ' Αἰακίδαο.
 Οἱ δ' ὥς σὺν αἶον ὅπα χάλκεον Αἰακίδαο.
 Πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός.

Thus turned by Spondanus *ad verbum* :—

“ Ut autem cum cognitu facilis vox est, cum clangit tuba
 Urbem obsidentes hostes propter perniciosos :
 Sic tunc clara vox fuit Ἄκιδæ.
 Hi autem postquam igitur audiverunt vocem ferream Ἄκιδæ,
 Omnibus commotus est animus.”

Valla thus :—

“ Sicut enim cum obsidentibus sævis urbem hostibus, vel clarior vox,
 vel classicum perstrept; ita nunc Achilles magna voce inelamavit. Quam
 cum audirent Trojanæ, perturbati sunt animis.”

Eobanus Hessus thus :—

“ Nam sicut ab urbe
 Obsessâ increpuere tubæ, vel classica cantu
 Ferrea; sic Troas vox perturbabat Achillis.”

Mine own harsh conversion (which I will be bold to repeat, after
 these, thus closely for your easier examination) in this, as before :—

“ ——— And as a voice is heard
 With emulous attention, when any town is spher'd
 With siege of such a foe as kills men's minds, and for the town
 Makes sound his trumpet; so the voice from Thetis' issue thrown
 Won emulously the ears of all. His brazen voice once heard,
 The minds of all were startled so, they yielded.”

In conference of all our translations, I would gladly learn of my
 more learned reader if the two last conversions do anything near express

the conceit of Homer, or if they bear any grace worth the signification of his words, and the sense of his illustration; whose intent was not to express the clearness or shrillness of his voice in itself, but the envious terror it wrought in the Trojans—ἀριζήλη φωνή not signifying in this place *clara*, or *cognitu facilis, vox*, but *æmulanda vox*; ἀριζήλος signifying *quem valde æmulamur, aut valde æmulandus*, though these interpreters would rather receive it here for ἀρίδηνος *verso* δ in ζ, *ut sit clarus, illustris, &c.* But how silly a curiosity is it to alter the word upon ignorance of the signification it hath in its place: the word ἀριζήλος being a compound of ἀρι, which signifieth *valde*, and ζήλος, which is *æmulatio*; or of ζήλω, which signifies *æmulo*. To this effect then (saith Homer, in this simile)—as a voice that works a terror, carrying an envy with it, sounds to a city besieged when the trumpet of a dreadful and mind-destroying enemy summons it, (for so δῆϊων θυμοπαϊστῶν signifies; θυμοπαϊστῆς signifying *animum destruens*, being a compound of παίω, which signifies *destruo*, and θυμός, which is *animus*),—that is, when the parole comes, after the trumpet's sound, uttering the resolution of the dreadful enemy before it. The further application of this simile is left out by mischance.



THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THETIS presenting armour to her son,
He calls a court, with full reflection*
Of all his wrath; takes of the king of men
Free-offer'd gifts. All take their breakfast then;
He only fasting, arms, and brings abroad
The Grecian host, and (hearing the abode†
Of his near death by Xanthus prophesied)
The horse, for his so bold presage, doth chide.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Taũ gives the anger period,
And great Achilles comes abroad.



THE moon arose, and from the ocean, in her saffron robe,
Gave light to all, as well to Gods as men of th' under globe.
Thetis stoop'd home, and found the prostrate person of
her son

About his friend, still pouring out himself in passion;
A number more being heavy consorts to him in his cares.
Amongst them all Thetis appear'd and, sacred comforters,

5

* *Reflection*—turning, change. See Bk. XVIII. 404.

† *Abode*—omen. Bk. XIII. 146.

Made these short words: " Though we must grieve, yet bear it thus,
my son,

It was no man that prostrated in this sad fashion
Thy dearest friend, it was a God that first laid on his hand,
Whose will is law. The Gods' decrees no human must withstand. 10
Do thou embrace this fabric of a God, whose hand before
Ne'er forg'd the like, and such as yet no human shoulder wore."

Thus, setting down, the precious metal of the arms was such
That all the room rung with the weight of every slend'rest touch.
Cold tremblings took the Myrmidons; none durst sustain, all fear'd 15
T' oppose their eyes; Achilles yet, as soon as they appear'd,
Stern Anger enter'd. From his eyes, as if the day-star rose,
A radiance terrifying men did all the state enclose.
At length he took into his hands the rich gift of the God,
And, much pleas'd to behold the art that in the shield he show'd, 20
He brake forth into this applause: " O mother, these right well
Show an immortal finger's touch; man's hand must never deal
With arms again. Now I will arm; yet, that no honour make
My friend forgotten, I much fear lest with the blows of flies
His brass-inflicted wounds are fil'd; life gone, his person lies 25
All apt to putrefaction." She bade him doubt no harm
Of those offences, she would care to keep the petulant swarm
Of flies, that usually taint the bodies of the slain,
From his friend's person. Though a year the earth's top should sustain
His slaughter'd body, it should still rest sound, and rather hold 30
A better state than worse, since time that death first made him cold.
And so bade call a council, to dispose of new alarms,
Where, to the king, that was the pastor of that flock in arms,
He should depose all anger, and put on a fortitude
Fit for his arms. All this his pow'rs with dreadful strength indued. 35
She, with her fair hand, still'd into the nostrils of his friend
Red nectar and ambrosia, with which she did defend

The corse from putrefaction. He trod along the shore,
 And summon'd all th' heroic Greeks, with all that spent before
 The time in exercise with him, the masters, pilots too, 40
 Vict'lers, and all. All, when they saw Achilles summon so,
 Swarm'd to the council, having long left the laborious wars.
 To all these came two halting kings, true servitors of Mars,
 Tydides and wise Ithacus, both leaning on their spears,
 Their wounds still painful ; and both these sat first of all the peers. 45

The last come was the king of men, sore wounded with the lance
 Of Coon Antenorides. All set, the first in utterance
 Was Thetis' son, who rose and said : " Atrides, had not this
 Conferr'd most profit to us both, when both our enmities
 Consum'd us so, and for a wench, whom, when I chose for prise, 50
 In laying Lyrnessus' ruin'd walls amongst our victories,
 I would to heaven, as first she set her dainty foot aboard,
 Diana's hand had tumbled off, and with a javelin gor'd !
 For then th' unmeasurable earth had not so thick been gnawn,
 In death's convulsions, by our friends, since my affects were drawn 55
 To such distemper. To our foe, and to our foe's chief friend,
 Our jar brought profit, but the Greeks will never give an end
 To thought of what it prejudic'd them. Past things yet past our aid ;
 Fit grief for what wrath rul'd in them must make th' amends repaid
 With that necessity of love that now forbids our ire, 60
 Which I with free affects obey. 'Tis for the senseless fire
 Still to be burning, having stuff ; but men must curb rage still,
 Being fram'd with voluntary pow'rs as well to check the will
 As give it reins. Give you then charge, that for our instant fight
 The Greeks may follow me to field, to try if still the night 65
 Will bear out Trojans at our ships. I hope there is some one
 Amongst their chief encouragers will thank me to be gone,
 And bring his heart down to his knees in that submission."

The Greeks rejoic'd to hear the heart of Peleus' mighty son
 So qualified. And then the king, not rising from his throne 70

For his late hurt, to get good ear, thus order'd his reply :

“ Princes of Greece, your states shall suffer no indignity,
 If, being far off, ye stand and hear ; nor fits it such as stand
 At greater distance to disturb the counsel now in hand
 By uproar, in their too much care of hearing. Some, of force, 75
 Must lose some words ; for hard it is, in such a great concourse
 (Though hearers' ears be ne'er so sharp) to touch at all things spoke ;
 And in assemblies of such trust, how can a man provoke
 Fit pow'r to hear, or leave to speak ? Best auditors may there
 Lose fittest words, and the most vocal orator fit ear. 80
 My main end then, to satisfy Pelides with reply,
 My words shall prosecute, to him my speech especially
 Shall bear direction. Yet I wish the court in general
 Would give fit ear ; my speech shall need attention of all.

Oft have our peers of Greece much blam'd my forcing of the prise as
 Due to Achilles ; of which act, not I, but destinies,
 And Jove himself, and black Erinnyes (that casts false mists still
 Betwixt us and our actions done, both by her pow'r and will)
 Are authors. What could I do then ? The very day and hour
 Of our debate, that Fury stole in that act on my pow'r. 85
 And more ; all things are done by strife ; that ancient seed of Jove,
 Ate, that hurts all, perfects all, her feet are soft, and move
 Not on the earth, they bear her still aloft men's heads, and there
 The harmful hurts them. Nor was I alone her prisoner,
 Jove, best of men and Gods, hath been, not he himself hath gone 90
 Beyond her fetters, no, she made a woman put them on ;
 For when Alcmena was to vent the force of Hercules
 In well-wall'd Thebes, thus Jove triumph'd : ‘ Hear, Gods and Goddesses,
 The words my joys urg'd : In this day, Lucina, bringing pain
 To labouring women, shall produce into the light of men 100
 A man that all his neighbour kings shall in his empire hold,
 And vaunt that more than manly race whose honour'd veins enfold

⁹⁷ *Vent*—give birth to.

My eminent blood.' Saturnia conceiv'd a present sleight,
 And urg'd conformance of his vaunt t' infringe it, her conceit
 In this sort urg'd: 'Thou wilt not hold thy word with this rare man,
 Or, if thou wilt, confirm it with the oath Olympian, 106
 That whosoever falls this day betwixt a woman's knees,
 Of those men's stocks that from thy blood derive their pedigrees,
 Shall all his neighbour towns command.' Jove, ignorant of fraud,
 Took that great oath, which his great ill gave little cause t' applaud.
 Down from Olympus' top she stoop'd, and quickly reach'd the place 111
 In Argos where the famous wife of Sthenelus, whose race
 He fetch'd from Jove by Perseus, dwelt. She was but seven months gone
 With issue, yet she brought it forth; Alcmena's matchless son
 Delay'd from light, Saturnia repress'd the teeming throes 115
 Of his great mother. Up to heaven she mounts again, and shows,
 In glory, her deceit to Jove. 'Bright-light'ning Jove,' said she,
 'Now th' Argives have an emperor; a son deriv'd from thee
 Is born to Persean Sthenelus, Eurystheus his name,
 Noble and worthy of the rule thou swor'st to him.' This came 120
 Close to the heart of Jupiter, and Ate, that had wrought
 This anger by Saturnia, by her bright hair he caught,
 Held down her head, and over her made this infallible vow:
 'That never to the cope of stars should reascend that brow,
 Being so unfortunate to all.' Thus, swinging her about, 125
 He cast her from the fiery heaven, who ever since thrust out
 Her fork'd sting in th' affairs of men. Jove ever since did grieve,
 Since his dear issue Hercules did by his vow achieve
 The unjust toils of Eurystheus. Thus fares it now with me,
 Since under Hector's violence the Grecian progeny 130
 Fell so unfitly by my spleen, whose falls will ever stick
 In my griev'd thoughts, my weakness yet (Saturnius making sick
 The state my mind held) now recur'd, th' amends shall make even
 weight

With my offence. And therefore rouse thy spirits to the fight

With all thy forces ; all the gifts propos'd thee at thy tent 135
 Last day by royal Ithacus my officers shall present.
 And, if it like thee, strike no stroke, though never so on thorns
 Thy mind stands to thy friend's revenge, till my command adorns
 Thy tents and coffers with such gifts as well may let thee know
 How much I wish thee satisfied." He answer'd : " Let thy vow, 140
 Renown'd Atrides, at thy will be kept, as justice would,
 Or keep thy gifts ; 'tis all in thee. The council now we hold
 Is for repairing our main field with all our fortitude.
 My fair show made brooks no retreat, nor must delays delude
 Our deed's expectance. Yet undone the great work is. All eyes 145
 Must see Achilles in first fight depeopling enemies,
 As well as counsel it in court, that every man set on
 May choose his man to imitate my exercise upon."

Ulysses answer'd : " Do not yet, thou man made like the Gods,
 Take fasting men to field. Suppose, that whatsoever odds 150
 It brings against them with full men, thy boundless eminence
 Can amply answer, yet refrain to tempt a violence.
 The conflict wearing out our men was late, and held as long,
 Wherein, though most Jove stood for Troy, he yet made our part
 strong
 To bear that most. But 'twas to bear, and that breeds little heart. 155
 Let wine and bread then add to it ; they help the twofold part,
 The soul and body, in a man, both force and fortitude.
 All day men cannot fight and fast, though never so indued
 With minds to fight, for, that suppos'd, there lurks yet secretly
 Thirst, hunger, in th' oppressed joints which no mind can supply. 160
 They take away a marcher's knees. Men's bodies thoroughly fed,
 Their minds share with them in their strength ; and, all day combated,
 One stirs not, till you call off all. Dismiss them then to meat,
 And let Atrides tender here, in sight of all this seat,

¹⁶⁰ *Which*.—The second folio omits, and so Dr. Taylor.

¹⁶⁴ *This*.—The second folio and Taylor "*his*."

The gifts he promis'd. Let him swear before us all, and rise 165
 To that oath, that he never touch'd in any wanton wise
 The lady he enforc'd. Besides, that he remains in mind
 As chastely satisfied ; not touch'd, or privily inclin'd
 With future vantages. And last, 'tis fit he should approve
 All these rites at a solemn feast in honour of your love, 170
 That so you take no mangled law for merits absolute.
 And thus the honours you receive, resolving the pursuit
 Of your friend's quarrel, well will quit your sorrow for your friend.
 And thou, Atrides, in the taste of so severe an end,
 Hereafter may on others hold a juster government ; 175
 Nor will it aught impair a king to give a sound content
 To any subject soundly wrong'd." " I joy," replied the king,
 " O Laertiades, to hear thy liberal counselling ;
 In which is all decorum kept, nor any point lacks touch
 That might be thought on to conclude a reconciliation such 180
 As fits example, and us two. My mind yet makes me swear,
 Not your impulsion ; and that mind shall rest so kind and clear,
 That I will not forswear to God. Let then Achilles stay,
 Though never so inflam'd for fight, and all men here I pray
 To stay, till from my tents these gifts be brought here, and the truce
 At all parts finish'd before all. And thou of all I choose, 186
 Divine Ulysses, and command to choose of all your host
 Youths of most honour, to present to him we honour most
 The gifts we late vow'd, and the dames. Mean space about our tents
 Talthybius shall provide a boar, to crown these kind events 190
 With thankful sacrifice to Jove and to the God of Light."

Achilles answer'd : " These affairs will show more requisite,
 Great king of men, some other time, when our more free estates
 Yield fit cessation from the war, and when my spleen abates ;
 But now, to all our shames besides, our friends by Hector slain 195
 (And Jove to friend) lie unfetch'd off. Haste, then, and meat your men,

¹⁹¹ See Commentary.
 erroneously omit these words.

¹⁹² *Of men.*—The second folio and Dr. Taylor

Though, I must still say, my command would lead them fasting forth,
 And all together feast at night. Meat will be something worth
 When stomachs first have made it way with venting infamy,
 And other sorrows late sustain'd, with long'd-for wrecks, that lie 200
 Heavy upon them, for right's sake. Before which load be got
 From off my stomach, meat nor drink, I vow, shall down my throat,
 My friend being dead, who digg'd with wounds, and bor'd through both
 his feet,

Lies in the entry of my tent, and in the tears doth fleet
 Of his associates. Meat and drink have little merit then 205
 To comfort me, but blood, and death, and deadly groans of men."

The great in counsels yet made good his former counsels thus :
 " O Peleus' son, of all the Greeks by much most valorous,
 Better and mightier than myself no little with thy lance
 I yield thy worth ; in wisdom, yet, no less I dare advance 210
 My right above thee, since above in years, and knowing more.
 Let then thy mind rest in thy words. We quickly shall have store
 And all satiety of fight, whose steel heaps store of straw
 And little corn upon a floor, when Jove, that doth withdraw
 And join all battles, once begins t' incline his balances, 215
 In which he weighs the lives of men. The Greeks you must not press
 To mourning with the belly ; death hath nought to do with that
 In healthful men that mourn for friends. His steel we stumble at,
 And fall at, every day, you see, sufficient store, and fast.
 What hour is it that any breathes ? We must not use more haste 220
 Than speed holds fit for our revenge. Nor should we mourn too much.
 Who dead is must be buried. Men's patience should be such
 That one day's moan should serve one man. The dead must end with
 death,

And life last with what strengthens life. All those that held their breath
 From death in fight the more should eat, that so they may supply 225
 Their fellows that have stuck in field, and fight incessantly.

Let none expect reply to this, nor stay ; for this shall stand
 Or fall with some offence to him that looks for new command,
 Whoever in dislike holds back. All join then, all things fit
 Allow'd for all ; set on a charge, at all parts answering it." 230

This said, he chose, for noblest youths to bear the presents, these :
 The sons of Nestor, and with them renown'd Meriones,
 Phylides, Thoas, Lycomed, and Meges, all which went,
 And Menalippus, following Ulysses to the tent
 Of Agamemnon. He but spake, and with the word the deed 235
 Had join'd effect. The fitness well was answer'd in the speed.

The presents, added to the dame the General did enforce,
 Were twenty caldrons, tripods seven, twelve young and goodly horse.
 Seven ladies excellently seen in all Minerva's skill,
 The eighth Briseis who had pow'r to ravish every will, 240
 Twelve talents of the finest gold, all which Ulysses weigh'd
 And carried first, and after him the other youths convey'd
 The other presents, tender'd all in face of all the court.
 Up rose the king. Talthybius, whose voice had a report
 Like to a God, call'd to the rites. There having brought the boar,
 Atreides with his knife took say upon the part before, 245
 And lifting up his sacred hands to Jove to make his vows,
 Grave silence struck the complete court, when, casting his high brows
 Up to the broad heaven, thus he spake : " Now witness, Jupiter,
 First, highest, and thou best of Gods ; thou Earth that all dost bear :
 Thou Sun ; ye Furies under earth that every soul torment 251
 Whom impious perjury distains ; that nought incontinent

²³⁵ *Took say*—assay, sample. NARES has fully illustrated this word. "To give the say at court, was for the royal taster to declare the goodness of the wine or dishes. In hunting the say was taken of the venison, when the deer was killed, in this form :—

"The person that takes say is to draw the edge of the knife leisurely along the very middle of the belly, beginning near the brisket, and drawing a little upon it, to discover how fat the deer is.—*Genl. Recreat.* p. 75.

In bed, or any other act to any slend'rest touch
 Of my light vows, hath wrong'd the dame ; and, let my plagues be such
 As are inflicted by the Gods in all extremity 255

Of whomsoever perjur'd men, if godless perjury
 In least degree dishonour me." This said, the bristled throat
 Of the submitted sacrifice with ruthless steel he cut ;
 Which straight into the hoary sea Talthybius cast, to feed
 The sea-born nation. Then stood up the half-celestial seed 260
 Of fair-hair'd Thetis, strength'ning thus Atrides' innocence :

" O father Jupiter, from thee descends the confluence
 Of all man's ill, for now I see the mighty king of men
 At no hand forc'd away my prise, nor first inflam'd my spleen
 With any set ill in himself, but thou, the King of Gods, 265
 Incens'd with Greece, made that the mean to all their periods.

Which now amend we as we may, and give all suffrages
 To what wise Ithacus advis'd ; take breakfasts, and address
 For instant conflict." Thus he rais'd the court, and all took way
 To several ships. The Myrmidons the presents did convey 270
 T' Achilles' fleet, and in his tents dispos'd them, doing grace
 Of seat and all rites to the dames, the horses put in place
 With others of *Æacides*. When, like love's golden Queen,
 Briseis all in ghastly wounds had dead Patroclus seen,
 She fell about him, shrieking out, and with her white hands tore 275
 Her hair, breasts, radiant cheeks, and, drown'd in warm tears, did deplore
 His cruel destiny. At length she gat pow'r to express
 Her violent passion, and thus spake this like-the-goddesses.

" O good Patroclus, to my life the dearest grace it had,
 I, wretched dame, departing hence, enforc'd, and dying sad, 280
 Left thee alive, when thou hadst cheer'd my poor captivity,
 And now return'd I find thee dead ; misery on misery
 Ever increasing with my steps. The lord to whom my sire
 And dearest mother gave my life in nuptials, his life's fire

255 Submitted—(Latin) placed under.

260 Half-celestial seed—Achilles.

I saw before our city gates extinguish'd, and his fate 285
 Three of my worthy brothers' lives, in one womb generate,
 Felt all in that black day of death. And when Achilles' hand
 Had slain all these, and rac't the town Mynetes did command,
 (All cause of never-ending griefs presented) thou took'st all
 On thy endeavour to convert to joy as general, 290
 Affirming, he that hurt should heal, and thou wouldst make thy friend,
 Brave captain that thou wert, supply my vowed husband's end,
 And in rich Phthia celebrate, amongst his Myrmidons,
 Our nuptial banquets ; for which grace with these most worthy moans
 I never shall be satiate, thou ever being kind, 295
 Ever delightful, one sweet grace fed still with one sweet mind."

Thus spake she weeping, and with her did th' other ladies moan
 Patroclus' fortunes in pretext, but in sad truth their own.

About Æacides himself the kings of Greece were plac'd,
 Entreating him to food ; and he entreated them as fast, 300
 Still intermixing words and sighs, if any friend were there
 Of all his dearest, they would cease, and offer him no cheer
 But his due sorrows, for before the sun hath left that sky
 He would not eat, but of that day sustain th' extremity.

Thus all the kings, in resolute grief and fasting, he dismiss'd ; 305
 But both th' Atrides, Ithacus, and war's old Martialist,
 Idomeneus and his friend, and Phoenix, these remain'd
 Endeavouring comfort, but no thought of his vow'd woe restrain'd.
 Nor could, till that day's bloody fight had calm'd his blood, he still
 Remember'd something of his friend, whose good was all his ill. 310
 Their urging meat the diligent fashion of his friend renew'd
 In that excitement : " Thou," said he, " when this speed was pursued
 Against the Trojans, evermore apposedst in my tent
 A pleasing breakfast ; being so free, and sweetly diligent,
 Thou mad'st all meat sweet. Then the war was tearful to our foe, 315
 But now to me ; thy wounds so wound me, and thy overthrow ;

For which my ready food I fly, and on thy longings feed.
 Nothing could more afflict me ; Fame relating the foul deed
 Of my dear father's slaughter, blood drawn from my sole son's heart,
 No more could wound me. Cursed man, that in this foreign part 320
 (For hateful Helen) my true love, my country, sire, and son,
 I thus should part with. Scyros now gives education,
 O Neoptolemus, to thee, if living yet, from whence
 I hop'd, dear friend, thy longer life safely return'd from hence,
 And my life quitting thine, had pow'r to ship him home, and show 325
 His young eyes Phthia, subjects, court ; my father being now
 Dead, or most short-liv'd, troublous age oppressing him, and fear
 Still of my death's news." These sad words he blew into the ear
 Of every visitant with sighs, all echo'd by the peers,
 Rememb'ring who they left at home. All whose so humane tears 330
 Jove pitied ; and, since they all would in the good of one
 Be much reviv'd, he thus bespake Minerva : " Thetis' son
 Now, daughter, thou hast quite forgot. O, is Achilles' care
 Extinguish'd in thee ? Prostrated in most extreme ill fare
 He lies before his high-sail'd fleet for his dead friend ; the rest 335
 Are strength'ning them with meat, but he lies desperately oppress'd
 With heartless fasting. Go thy ways, and to his breast instill
 Red nectar and ambrosia, that fast procure no ill
 To his near enterprise." This spur he added to the free,
 And, like a harpy, with a voice that shrieks so dreadfully, 340
 And feathers that like needles prick'd, she stoop'd through all the stars
 Amongst the Grecians, all whose tents were now fill'd for the wars,
 Her seres struck through Achilles' tent, and closely she instill'd
 Heaven's most-to-be-desired feast to his great breast, and fill'd
 His sinews with that sweet supply, for fear unsavoury fast 345
 Should creep into his knees. Herself the skies again enchac't.

322 " Scyros was an isle in the sea *Ægeum*, where Achilles himself was brought up, as well as his son."—CHAPMAN.

346 *Enchac't*—enclosed ; i. e. the skies *enshrined* her.

The host set forth, and pour'd his steel waves far out of the fleet.
And as from air the frosty north wind blows a cold thick sleet
That dazzles eyes, flakes after flakes incessantly descending ; 349
So thick, helms, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, never ending,
Flow'd from the navy's hollow womb. Their splendours gave heaven's eye
His beams again. Earth laugh'd to see her face so like the sky ;
Arms shin'd so hot, and she such clouds made with the dust she cast,
She thunder'd, feet of men and horse importun'd her so fast.
In midst of all, divine Achilles his fair person arm'd, 355
His teeth gnash'd as he stood, his eyes so full of fire they warm'd,
Unsuffer'd grief and anger at the Trojans so combin'd.
His greaves first us'd, his goodly curets on his bosom shin'd,
His sword, his shield that cast a brightness from it like the moon.
And as from sea sailors discern a harmful fire let run 360
By herdsmen's faults, till all their stall flies up in wrastling flame,
Which being on hills is seen far off, but being alone, none came
To give it quench, at shore no neighbours, and at sea their friends
Driven off with tempests ; such a fire from his bright shield extends
His ominous radiance, and in heaven impress'd his fervent blaze. 365
His crested helmet, grave and high, had next triumphant place
On his curl'd head, and like a star it cast a spurry ray,
About which a bright thick'ned bush of golden hair did play,
Which Vulcán forg'd him for his plume. Thus complete arm'd, he tried
How fit they were, and if his motion could with ease abide 370
Their brave instruction ; and so far they were from hind'ring it,
That to it they were nimble wings, and made so light his spirit,
That from the earth the princely captain they took up to air.
Then from his armoury he drew his lance, his father's spear,
Huge, weighty, firm, that not a Greek but he himself alone 375
Knew how to shake ; it grew upon the mountain Pelion,
From whose height Chiron hew'd it for his sire, and fatal 'twas
To great-soul'd men, of Peleus and Pelion surnamed Pelias.

Then from the stable their bright horse Automedon withdraws
 And Alcymus ; put poitrils on, and cast upon their jaws 380
 Their bridles, hurling back the reins, and hung them on the seat.
 The fair scourge then Automedon takes up, and up doth get
 To guide the horse. The fight's seat last Achilles took behind,
 Who look'd so arm'd as if the sun, there fall'n from heaven, had shin'd,
 And terribly thus charg'd his steeds : " Xanthus and Balius, 385
 Seed of the Harpy, in the charge ye undertake of us,
 Discharge it not as when Patroclus ye left dead in field,
 But, when with blood, for this day's fast observ'd, revenge shall yield
 Our heart satiety, bring us off." Thus, since Achilles spake
 As if his aw'd steeds understood, 'twas Juno's will to make 390
 Vocal the palate of the one, who shaking his fair head
 (Which in his mane, let fall to earth, he almost buried)
 Thus Xanthus spake : " Ablest Achilles, now, at least, our care
 Shall bring thee off ; but not far hence the fatal minutes are
 Of thy grave ruin. Nor shall we be then to be reprov'd, 395
 But mightiest Fate, and the great God. Nor was thy best belov'd
 Spoil'd so of arms by our slow pace, or courage's impair,
 The best of Gods, Latona's son, that wears the golden hair,
 Gave him his death's wound, though the grace he gave to Hector's hand.
 We, like the spirit of the west that all spirits can command 400
 For pow'r of wing, could run him off ; but thou thyself must go,
 So fate ordains, God and a man must give thee overthrow."

This said, the Furies stopp'd his voice. Achilles, far in rage,
 Thus answer'd him : " It fits not thee thus proudly to presage
 My overthrow. I know myself it is my fate to fall 405
 Thus far from Phthia ; yet that fate shall fail to vent her gall
 Till mine vent thousands." These words us'd, he fell to horrid deeds,
 Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made fly his one-hoof'd steeds.

COMMENTARIUS.

191. **K**άπρον ἑτοιμασάτω, &c. *Aprum præparet mactandum Jovique Solique: he shall prepare a boar for sacrifice to Jove and the Sun.* It is the end of Agamemnon's speech in this book before to Ulysses, and promiseth that sacrifice to Jove and the Sun at the reconciliation of himself and Achilles. Our Commentors (Eustathius and Spondanus, &c.) will by no means allow the word *κάπρος* here for Homer's, but an unskilfulness in the divulger; and will needs have it *ῥς* or *σῦς*, which Spondanus says is altogether here to be understood, as Eustathius' words teach,— for to offer so fierce a beast to Jove as a boar, he says is absurd, and cites Natalis, lib. i. cap. xvii., where he says Homer in this place makes a tame sow sacrificed to Jove, who was as tamely and simply deceived as the rest. Eustathius' reason for it is, that *sus* is *animal salax*; and since the oath Agamemnon takes at this sacrifice to satisfy Achilles, that he hath not touched Briseis, is concerning a woman, very fitly is a sow here sacrificed. But this seems to Spondanus something ridiculous (as I hope you will easily judge it) and, as I conceive, so is his own opinion to have the original word *κάπρον* altered, and expounded *suem*. His reason for it he makes nice to utter, saying, he knows what is set down amongst the learned touching the sacrifice of a sow. But because it is (he says, *ἀπρὸς διόνυσον, nihil ad rem* (though, as they expound it, it is too much *ad rem*,) he is willing to keep his opinion in silence, unless you will take it for a splayed or gelded sow; and if Agamemnon would innuate that as this sow, being splayed, is free from Venus, so had he never attempted the dishonour of Briseis. And adventure, says Spondanus, you cannot think of a better exposition; and a worse cannot be conjectured, unless that of Eustathius, as I

hope you will clearly grant me when you hear but mine, which is this,—the sacrifice is not made by Agamemnon for any resemblance or reference it hath to the lady now to be restored (which since these clerks will needs have it a sow, in behalf of ladies, I disdain) but only to the reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles ; for a sacred sign whereof, and that their wraths were now absolutely appeased, Agamemnon thought fit a boar (being the most wrathful of all beasts) should be sacrificed to Jove ; intimating that in that boar they sacrificed their wraths to Jupiter, and became friends. And thus is the original word preserved, which (together with the sacred sense of our Homer) in a thousand other places suffers most ignorant and barbarous violence. But here (being weary both with finding faults and my labour) till a refreshing come, I will end my poor Comment ; holding it not altogether unfit, with this ridiculous contention of our Commentors, a little to quicken you, and make it something probable that their oversight in this trifle is accompanied with a thousand other errors in matter of our divine Homer's depth and gravity ; which will not open itself to the curious austerity of belabouring art, but only to the natural and most ingenious soul of our thrice-sacred Poesy.



THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

By Jove's permission all the Gods descend
To aid on both parts. For the Greeks contend
Juno, Minerva, Neptune, Mulciber,
And Mercury. The Deities that prefer
The Trojan part are Phœbus, Cyprides,
Phœbe, Latona, and the Foe to peace,*
With bright Scamander. Neptune in a mist
Preserves Æneas daring to resist
Achilles, by whose hand much scathe is done,
Besides the slaughter of old Priam's son
Young Polydor, whose rescue Hector makes,
Him flying Phœbus to his rescue takes.
The rest, all shunning their importun'd fates,
Achilles beats even to the Ilian gates.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Upsilon Strife stirs in heaven,
The day's grace to the Greeks is given.



THE Greeks thus arm'd, and made insatiate with desire of fight,
About thee, Peleus' son, the foe, in ground of greatest height,
Stood opposite, rang'd. Then Jove charg'd Themis from Olympus' top
To call a court. She every way dispers'd, and summon'd up

* Mars.

All Deities ; not any flood, besides Oceanus, 5
 But made appearance ; not a nymph (that arbores odorous,
 The heads of floods and flow'ry meadows make their sweet abodes)
 Was absent there ; but all at his court that is King of Gods
 Assembled, and in lightsome seats of admirable frame,
 Perform'd for Jove by Vulcan, sat. Even angry Neptune came, 10
 Nor heard the Goddess with unwilling ear, but with the rest
 Made free ascension from the sea, and did his state invest
 In midst of all, began the council, and inquir'd of Jove
 His reason for that session, and on what point did move
 His high intention for the foes ; he thought the heat of war 15
 Was then near breaking out in flames ? To him the Thunderer :
 " Thou know'st this council by the rest of those fore-purposes
 That still inclin'd me ; my cares must still succour the distress
 Of Troy ; though in the mouth of Fate, yet vow I not to stir
 One step from off this top of heaven, but all th' affair refer 20
 To any one. Here I'll hold state, and freely take the joy
 Of either's fate. Help whom ye please, for 'tis assur'd that Troy
 Not one day's conflict can sustain against Æacides,
 If Heaven oppose not. His mere looks threw darts enow t' impress
 Their pow'rs with trembling, but when blows sent from his fiery hand
 (Thrice heat by slaughter of his friend) shall come and countermand 25
 Their former glories, we have fear, that though Fate keep their wall,
 He'll overturn it. Then descend, and cease not till ye all
 Add all your aids ; mix earth and heaven together with the fight
 Achilles urgeth." These his words did such a war excite 30
 As no man's pow'r could wrastle down ; the Gods with parted hearts
 Departed heaven, and made earth war. To guide the Grecian darts,
 Juno and Pallas, with the God that doth the earth embrace,
 And most-for-man's-use Mercury (whom good wise inwards grace)
 Were partially and all employ'd, and with them halted down 35
 (Proud of his strength) lame Mulciber, his walkers quite misgrown,

²² Neptune.²⁶ *Walkers*—feet.

But made him tread exceeding sure. To aid the Ilian side,
 The changeable in arms went, Mars, and him accompanied
 Diana that delights in shafts, and Phœbus never shorn,
 And Aphrodite laughter-pleas'd, and She of whom was born 40
 Still young Apollo, and the Flood that runs on golden sands
 Bright Xanthus. All these aided Troy; and, till these lent their hands,
 The Grecians triumph'd in the aid Æacides did add;
 The Trojans trembling with his sight, so gloriously clad
 He overshin'd the field, and Mars no harmfuller than he, 45
 He bore the iron stream on clear. But when Jove's high decree
 Let fall the Gods amongst their troops, the field swell'd, and the fight
 Grew fierce and horrible. The Dame that armies doth excite
 Thunder'd with clamour, sometimes set at dike without the wall,
 And sometimes on the bellowing shore. On th' other side, the call 50
 Of Mars to fight was terrible, he cried out like a storm,
 Set on the city's pinnacles; and there he would inform
 Sometimes his heart'nings, other times where Simois pours on
 His silver current at the foot of high Callicolon.
 And thus the bless'd Gods both sides urg'd; they all stood in the mids,
 And brake contention to the hosts. And over all their heads 55
 The Gods' King in abhorred claps his thunder rattled out.
 Beneath them Neptune toss'd the earth; the mountains round about
 Bow'd with affright and shook their heads, Jove's hill the earthquake felt,
 Steep Ida, trembling at her roots, and all her fountains spilt, 60
 Their brows all crannied; Troy did nod, the Grecian navy play'd
 As on the sea; th' Infernal King, that all things frays, was fray'd,
 And leap'd affrighted from his throne, cried out, lest over him
 Neptune should rend in two the earth, and so his house, so dim,
 So loathsome, filthy, and abhorr'd of all the Gods beside, 65
 Should open both to Gods and men. Thus all things shook and cried

⁴⁰ Pallas.

⁴¹ *Inform*—animate, actuate by vital powers. A common use. See TODD.

⁴² Pluto.

When this black battle of the Gods was joining. Thus array'd
 'Gainst Neptune Phœbus with wing'd shafts, 'gainst Mars the blue-
 ey'd Maid,
 'Gainst Juno Phœbe, whose white hands bore singing darts of gold,
 Her side arm'd with a sheaf of shafts, and (by the birth twofold 70
 Of bright Latona) sister twin to Him that shoots so far.
 Against Latona Hermes stood, grave guard, in peace and war,
 Of human beings. Against the God whose empire is in fire,
 The wat'ry Godhead, that great Flood, to show whose pow'r entire
 In spoil as th' other, all his stream on lurking whirlpits trod, 75
 Xanthus by Gods, by men Scamander, call'd. Thus God 'gainst God
 Enter'd the field. Æacides sustain'd a fervent mind
 To cope with Hector; past all these, his spirit stood inclin'd
 To glut Mars with the blood of him. And at Æacides
 Apollo sent Anchises' son; but first he did impress 80
 A more than natural strength in him, and made him feel th' excess
 Infus'd from heaven; Lycaon's shape gave show to his address,
 (Old Priam's son) and thus he spake: "Thou counsellor of Troy,
 Where now fly out those threats that late put all our peers in joy
 Of thy fight with Æacides? Thy tongue once, steep'd in wine, 85
 Durst vaunt as much." He answer'd him: "But why wouldst thou incline
 My pow'rs 'gainst that proud enemy, and 'gainst my present heat?
 I mean not now to bid him blows. That fear sounds my retreat,
 That heretofore discourag'd me, when after he had ras'd
 Lyrnessus, and strong Pedasus, his still breath'd fury chas'd 90
 Our oxen from th' Idæan hill, and set on me, but Jove
 Gave strength and knees, and bore me off, that had not walk'd above
 This centre now but propp'd by him; Minerva's hand (that held
 A light to this her favourite, whose beams show'd and impell'd
 His pow'rs to spoil) had ruin'd me, for these ears heard her cry: 95
 'Kill, kill the seed of Ilion, kill th' Asian Lelegi.'

Mere man then must not fight with him that still hath Gods to friend,
 Averting death on others' darts, and giving his no end
 But with the ends of men. If God like fortune in the fight
 Would give my forces, not with ease wing'd victory should light 100
 On his proud shoulders, nor he 'scape, though all of brass he boasts
 His plight consisteth." He replied: "Pray thou those Gods of hosts,
 Whom he implores, as well as he, and his chance may be thine;
 Thou cam'st of Gods like him; the Queen that reigns in Salamine
 Fame sounds thy mother; he deriv'd of lower Deity, 105
 Old Nereus' daughter bearing him. Bear then thy heart as high,
 And thy unwearied steel as right, nor utterly be beat
 With only cruelty of words, not proof against a threat."

This strength'ned him, and forth he rush'd; nor could his strength'ning
 fly

White-wristed Juno, nor his drifts. She every Deity 110
 Of th' Achive faction call'd to her, and said: "Ye must have care,
 Neptune and Pallas, for the frame of this important war
 Ye undertake here. Venus' son, by Phœbus being impell'd,
 Runs on Achilles; turn him back, or see our friend upheld
 By one of us. Let not the spirit of Æacides 115
 Be over-dar'd, but make him know the mightiest Deities
 Stand kind to him, and that the Gods, protectors of these tow'rs
 That fight against Greece, and were here before our eminent pow'rs,
 Bear no importance. And besides, that all we stoop from heaven
 To curb this fight, that no impair be to his person given 120
 By any Trojans, nor their aids, while this day bears the sun.
 Hereafter, all things that are wrapp'd in his birth-thread, and spun
 By Parcas in that point of time his mother gave him air,
 He must sustain. But if report perform not the repair
 Of all this to him, by the voice of some Immortal State, 125
 He may be fearful, if some God should set on him, that Fate
 Makes him her minister. The Gods, when they appear to men
 And manifest their proper forms, are passing dreadful then."

Neptune replied : " Saturnia, at no time let your care
 Exceed your reason ; 'tis not fit. Where only humans are, 130
 We must not mix the hands of Gods, our odds is too extreme.
 Sit we by, in some place of height, where we may see to them,
 And leave the wars of men to men. But if we see from thence
 Or Mars or Phœbus enter fight, or offer least offence
 To Thetis' son, not giving free way to his conquering rage, 135
 Then comes the conflict to our cares ; we soon shall disengage
 Achilles, and send them to heaven to settle their abode
 With equals, flying under-strifes." This said, the black-hair'd God
 Led to the tow'r of Hercules, built circular and high
 By Pallas and the Ilians, for fit security 140
 To Jove's divine son 'gainst the whale that drave him from the shore
 To th' ample field. There Neptune sat, and all the Gods that bore
 The Greeks good meaning, casting all thick mantles made of clouds
 On their bright shoulders. Th' oppos'd Gods sat hid in other shrouds
 On top of steep Callicolon, about thy golden sides, 145
 O Phœbus, brandisher of darts, and thine, whose rage abides
 No peace in cities. In this state these Gods in council sate,
 All ling'ring purpos'd fight, to try who first would elevate
 His heavenly weapon. High-thron'd Jove cried out to set them on,
 Said, all the field was full of men, and that the earth did groan 150
 With feet of proud encounterers, burn'd with the arms of men
 And barbed horse. Two champions for both the armies then
 Met in their midst prepar'd for blows, divine Æacides,
 And Venus' son. Æneas first stepp'd threat'ning forth the prease,
 His high helm nodding, and his breast barr'd with a shady shield, 155
 And shook his javelin. Thetis' son did his part to the field.
 As when the harmful king of beasts (sore threaten'd to be slain
 By all the country up in arms) at first makes coy disdain
 Prepare resistance, but at last when any one hath led
 Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turns yawning head, 160

141 Hercules.

146 Mars.

Fell anger lathers in his jaws, his great heart swells, his stern
 Lasheth his strength up, sides and thighs waddled with stripes to learn
 Their own pow'r, his eyes glow, he roars, and in he leaps to kill,
 Secure of killing ; so his pow'r then rous'd up to his will
 Matchless Achilles, coming on to meet Anchises' son. 165

Both near, Achilles thus inquir'd : " Why stand'st thou thus alone,
 Thou son of Venus ? Calls thy heart to change of blows with me ?
 Sure Troy's whole kingdom is propos'd ; some one hath promis'd thee
 The throne of Priam for my life ; but Priam's self is wise,
 And, for my slaughter, not so mad to make his throne thy prise. 170
 Priam hath sons to second him. Is't then some piece of land,
 Past others fit to set and sow, that thy victorious hand
 The Ilians offer for my head ? I hope that prise will prove
 No easy conquest. Once, I think, my busy javelin drove,
 With terror, those thoughts from your spleen. Retain'st thou not the
 time

When single on th' Idæan hill I took thee with the crime 175
 Of runaway, thy oxen left, and when thou hadst no face
 That I could see ; thy knees bereft it, and Lyrnessus was
 The mask for that ? Then that mask, too, I open'd to the air
 (By Jove and Pallas' help) and took the free light from the fair, 180
 Your ladies bearing prisoners ; but Jove and th' other Gods
 Then saft thee. Yet again I hope they will not add their odds
 To save thy wants, as thou presum'st. Retire then, aim not at
 Troy's throne by me ; fly ere thy soul flies ; fools are wise too late."

He answer'd him : " Hope not that words can child-like terrify 185
 My stroke-proof breast. I well could speak in this indecency,
 And use tart terms ; but we know well what stock us both put out,
 Too gentle to bear fruits so rude. Our parents ring about
 The world's round bosom, and by fame their dignities are blown
 To both our knowledges, by sight neither to either known, 190
 Thine to mine eyes, nor mine to thine. Fame sounds thy worthiness
 From famous Peleus, the sea-nymph that hath the lovely tress,

Thetis, thy mother ; I myself affirm my sire to be
 Great-soul'd Anchises, she that holds the Paphian Deity
 My mother. And of these this light is now t' exhale the tears 195
 For their lov'd issue ; thee or me ; childish, unworthy, dares
 Are not enough to part our pow'rs ; for if thy spirits want
 Due excitation, by distrust of that desert I vaunt,
 To set up all rests for my life, I'll lineally prove
 (Which many will confirm) my race. First, cloud-commanding Jove
 Was sire to Dardanus that built Dardania ; for the walls 201
 Of sacred Ilion spread not yet, these fields, those fair-built halls
 Of divers-languag'd men, not rais'd ; all then made populous
 The foot of Ida's fountful hill. This Jove-got Dardanus
 Begot king Erichthonius, for wealth past all compares 205
 Of living mortals ; in his fens he fed three thousand mares,
 All neighing by their tender foals, of which twice six were bred
 By lofty Boreas, their dams lov'd by him as they fed,
 He took the brave form of a horse that shook an azure mane,
 And slept with them. These twice-six colts had pace so swift, they ran
 Upon the top-ayles of corn-ears, nor bent them any whit ; 211
 And when the broad back of the sea their pleasure was to sit,
 The superficies of his waves they slid upon, their hoves
 Not dipp'd in dank sweat of his brows. Of Erichthonius' loves
 Sprang Tros the king of Trojans. Tros three young princes bred, 215
 Ilus, renown'd Assaracus, and heavenly Ganymed
 The fairest youth of all that breath'd, whom, for his beauty's love,
 The Gods did ravish to their state to bear the cup to Jove.
 Ilus begot Laomedon. God-like Laomedon
 Got Tithon, Priam, Clytius, Mars-like Hycetaon, 220

196 *Dares*—defiance.

“Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the *dare* to Cæsar, and commands

The empire of the sea.”—SHAKESPEARE. *Ant. and Cleop.* 1. 2.

211 *Top-ayles*—the beards of corn. HALLIWELL says “*ails*” is the term for beards of barley in Essex. Probably from French *aîle*, Latin *ala*.

213 *Hoves*—hoofs.

And Lampus. Great Assaracus Capys begot; and he
 Anchises. Prince Anchises me. King Priam Hector. We
 Sprang both of one high family. Thus fortunate men give birth,
 But Jove gives virtue; he augments, and he impairs the worth 224
 Of all men; and his will their rule; he, strong'st, all strength affords.
 Why then paint we, like dames, the face of conflict with our words?
 Both may give language that a ship driven with a hundred oars
 Would overburthen. A man's tongue is voluble, and pours
 Words out of all sorts every way. Such as you speak you hear.
 What then need we vie calumnies, like women that will wear 230
 Their tongues out, being once incens'd, and strive for strife to part
 (Being on their way) they travel so? From words words may avert;
 From virtue not. It is your steel, divine Æacides,
 Must prove my proof, as mine shall yours." Thus amply did he ease
 His great heart of his pedigree; and sharply sent away 235
 A dart that caught Achilles' shield, and rung so it did fray
 The son of Thetis, his fair hand far-thrusting out his shield
 For fear the long lance had driven through. O fool, to think 'twould yield,
 And not to know the God's firm gifts want want to yield so soon
 To men's poor pow'rs. The eager lance had only conquest won 240
 Of two plates, and the shield had five, two forg'd of tin, two brass,
 One, that was centre-plate, of gold, and that forbad the pass
 Of Anchisiades' lance. Then sent Achilles forth
 His lance, that through the first fold struck, where brass of little worth
 And no great proof of hides was laid; through all which Pelias ran 245
 His iron head, and after it his ashen body wan
 Pass to the earth, and there it stuck, his top on th' other side,
 And hung the shield up; which hard down Æneas pluck'd to hide
 His breast from sword blows, shrunk up round, and in his heavy eye
 Was much grief shadow'd, much afraid that Pelias stuck so high. 250

²³⁹ *Want want*.—So both folios. Perhaps we should read, "*want wont*," i. e.
 are not wont to yield, &c.

²⁵⁰ *Stuck*.—Dr. Taylor prints "*struck*."

Then prompt Achilles rushing in, his sword drew, and the field
 Rung with his voice. Æneas now left and let hang his shield,
 And, all distracted, up he snatch'd a two-men's strength of stone
 And either at his shield or casque he set it rudely gone,
 Nor car'd where, so it struck a place that put on arms for death. 255
 But he (Achilles came so close) had doubtless sunk beneath
 His own death, had not Neptune seen and interpos'd the odds
 Of his divine pow'r, uttering this to the Achaian Gods :
 " I grieve for this great-hearted man ; he will be sent to hell,
 Even instantly, by Peleus' son, being only mov'd to deal 260
 By Phœbus' words. What fool is he ! Phœbus did never mean
 To add to his great words his guard against the ruin then
 Summon'd against him. And what cause hath he to head him on
 To others' miseries, he being clear of any trespass done
 Against the Grecians ? Thankful gifts he oft hath given to us. 265
 Let us then quit him, and withdraw this combat ; for if thus
 Achilles end him, Jove will rage, since his escape in fate
 Is purpos'd, lest the progeny of Dardanus take date,
 Whom Jove, past all his issue, lov'd, begot of mortal dames.
 All Priam's race he hates ; and this must propagate the names 270
 Of Trojans, and their sons' sons' rule, to all posterity."

Saturnia said : " Make free your pleasure. Save, or let him die.
 Pallas and I have taken many and most public oaths
 That th' ill day never shall avert her eye, red with our wroths,
 From hated Troy ; no, not when all in studied fire she flames 275
 The Greek rage, blowing her last coal." This nothing turn'd his aims
 From present rescue, but through all the whizzing spears he pass'd,
 And came where both were combating ; when instantly he cast
 A mist before Achilles' eyes, drew from the earth and shield
 His lance, and laid it at his feet, and then took up and held 280
 Aloft the light Anchises' son, who pass'd, with Neptune's force,
 Whole orders of herôes heads, and many a troop of horse

Leap'd over, till the bounds he reach'd of all the fervent broil
 Where all the Cancons' quarters lay. Thus, far freed from the toil,
 Neptune had time to use these words : — Æneas, who was he 285
 Of all the Gods, that did so much neglect thy good and thee
 To urge thy fight with Thetis' son, who in immortal rates
 Is better and more dear than thee ? Hereafter, lest, past fates,
 Hell be thy headlong home, retire, make bold stand never near
 Where he advanceth. But his fate once satisfied, then bear 290
 A free and full sail ; no Greek else shall end thee." This reveal'd,
 He left him, and dispers'd the cloud that all this act conceal'd
 From vex'd Achilles ; who again had clear light from the skies,
 And, much disdaining the escape, said : " O ye Gods, mine eyes
 Discover miracles ! My lance submitted, and he gone 295
 At whom I sent it with desire of his confusion !
 Æneas sure was lov'd of heaven. I thought his vaunt from thence
 Had flow'd from glory. Let him go, no more experience
 Will his mind long for of my hands, he flies them now so clear.
 Cheer then the Greeks, and others try." Thus rang'd he everywhere
 The Grecian orders ; every man (of which the most look'd on 301
 To see their fresh lord shake his lance) he thus put charge upon :
 " Divine Greeks, stand not thus at gaze, but man to man apply
 Your several valours. 'Tis a task laid too unequally
 On me left to so many men, one man oppos'd to all. 305
 Not Mars, immortal and a God, not war's She-General,
 A field of so much fight could chase, and work it out with blows.
 But what a man may execute, that all limbs will expose,
 And all their strength to th' utmost nerve (though now I lost some play
 By some strange miracle) no more shall burn in vain the day 311
 To any least beam. All this host I'll ransack, and have hope
 Of all ; not one again will scape, whoever gives such scope

²⁸⁶ *Past fates*—beyond control of fates.

²⁸⁶ *Submitted*.—Bk. XIX. 258.

²⁸⁶ *Glory*—boasting. Bk. XIII. 389.

³⁰⁵ Minerva.

To his adventure, and so near dares tempt my angry lance."

Thus he excited. Hector then as much strives to advance
 The hearts of his men, adding threats, affirming he would stand 315
 In combat with *Æacides*: "Give fear," said he, "no hand
 Of your great hearts, brave *Ilians*, for *Peleus'* talking son.
 I'll fight with any God with words; but when their spears put on,
 The work runs high, their strength exceeds mortality so far, 319
 And they may make works crown their words, which hold not in the war
Achilles makes; his hands have bounds; this word he shall make good,
 And leave another to the field. His worst shall be withstood
 With sole objection of myself, though in his hands he bear
 A rage like fire, though fire itself his raging fingers were,
 And burning steel flew in his strength." Thus he incited his; 325
 And they rais'd lances, and to work with mixed courages;
 And up flew Clamour. But the heat in Hector *Phœbus* gave
 This temper: "Do not meet," said he, "in any single brave
 The man thou threaten'st, but in press, and in thy strength impeach
 His violence, for, far off, or near, his sword or dart will reach." 330

The God's voice made a difference in Hector's own conceit
 Betwixt his and *Achilles'* words, and gave such overweight
 As weigh'd him back into his strength, and curb'd his flying out.
 At all threw fierce *Æacides*, and gave a horrid shout.

The first of all he put to dart was fierce *Iphition*, 335
Surnam'd Otryntides, whom *Nais* the water-nymph made son
 To town-destroyer *Otrynteus*. Beneath the snowy hill
 Of *Tmolus*, in the wealthy town of *Hyda*, at his will
 Were many able men at arms. He, rushing in, took full
Pelides' lance in his head's midst, that cleft in two his skull. 340
Achilles knew him one much fam'd, and thus insulted then:

"Th' art dead, *Otryntides*, though call'd the terriblest of men.
 Thy race runs at *Gygæus'* lake, there thy inheritance lay,
 Near fishy *Hyllus* and the gulfs of *Hermus*, but this day

Removes it to the fields of Troy." Thus left he nigh to seize 345
 His closed eyes, his body laid in course of all the prease,
 Which Grecian horse broke with the strakes nail'd to their chariot wheels.

Next, through the temples, the burst eyes his deadly javelin seels
 Of great-in-Troy Antenor's son, renown'd Demoleon,
 A mighty turner of a field. His overthrow set gone 350
 Hippodamas, who leap'd from horse, and, as he fled before
 Æacides's turned back, he made fell Pelias gore,
 And forth he puff'd his flying soul. And as a tortur'd bull,
 To Neptune brought for sacrifice, a troop of youngsters pull
 Down to the earth, and drag him round about the hallow'd shore 355
 To please the wat'ry Deity with forcing him to roar,
 And forth he pours his utmost throat; so bellow'd this slain friend
 Of flying Ilion with the breath that gave his being end.

Then rush'd he on, and in his eye had heavenly Polydore,
 Old Priam's son, whom last of all his fruitful princess bore, 360
 And for his youth, being dear to him, the king forbad to fight.
 Yet (hot of unexperienc'd blood, to show how exquisite
 He was of foot, for which of all the fifty sons he held
 The special name) he flew before the first heat of the field,
 Even till he flew out breath and soul, which, through the back, the lance
 Of swift Achilles put in air, and did his head advance 366
 Out at his navel. On his knees the poor prince crying fell,
 And gather'd with his tender hands his entrails that did swell
 Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud as black as death conceal'd
 Their sight, and all the world from him. When Hector had beheld 370
 His brother tumbled so to earth, his entrails still in hand,
 Dark sorrow overcast his eyes, nor far off could he stand
 A minute longer, but like fire he brake out of the throng,
 Shook his long lance at Thetis' son; and then came he along

³⁴⁷ *Strakes*—the iron with which the wheels are bound. *Infrà*, 449.

³⁴⁸ *Seals*.—See Bk. xvi. 314. The second folio and Taylor, "*steels*."

To feed th' encounter: "O," said he, "here comes the man that most
 Of all the world destroys my mind, the man by whom I lost 376
 My dear Patroclus. Now not long the crooked paths of war
 Can yield us any privy scapes. 'Come, keep not off so far,'
 He cried to Hector, 'make the pain of thy sure death as short
 As one so desperate of his life hath reason.'" In no sort. 380
 This frightened Hector, who bore close, and said: "Æacides,
 Leave threats for children. I have pow'r to thunder calumnies
 As well as others, and well know thy strength superior far
 To that my nerves hold; but the Gods, not nerves, determine war.
 And yet, for nerves, there will be found a strength of pow'r in mine
 To drive a lance home to thy life. My lance as well as thine 386
 Hath point and sharpness, and 'tis this." Thus, brandishing his spear,
 He set it flying, which a breath of Pallas back did bear
 From Thetis' son to Hector's self, and at his feet it fell.
 Achilles us'd no dart, but close flew in, and thought to deal 390
 With no strokes but of sure dispatch, but, what with all his blood
 He labour'd, Phœbus clear'd with ease, as being a God, and stood
 For Hector's guard, as Pallas did, Æacides, for thine.
 He rapt him from him, and a cloud of much night cast between
 His person and the point oppos'd. Achilles then exclaim'd: 396
 "O see, yet more Gods are at work. Apollo's hand hath fram'd;
 Dog that thou art, thy rescue now; to whom go pay thy vows
 Thy safety owes him, I shall vent in time those fatal blows
 That yet beat in my heart on thine, if any God remain
 My equal fautor. In mean time my anger must maintain 400
 His fire on other Ilians." Then laid he at his feet
 Great Demuchus, Philetor's son; and Dryope did greet
 With like encounter. Dardanus and strong Laogonus,
 Wise Bias' sons, he hurl'd from horse, of one victorious
 With his close sword, the other's life he conquer'd with his lance. 406
 Then Tros, Alastor's son, made in, and sought to scape their chance

With free submission. Down he fell, and pray'd about his knees
He would not kill him, but take ruth, as one that destinies
Made to that purpose, being a man born in the self same year
That he himself was. O poor fool, to sue to him to bear 410
A ruthless mind ! He well might know he could not fashion him
In ruth's soft mould, he had no spirit to brook that interim
In his hot fury, he was none of these remorseful men,
Gentle and affable, but fierce at all times, and mad then.

He gladly would have made a pray'r, and still so hugg'd his knee
He could not quit him ; till at last his sword was fain to free 416
His fetter'd knees, that made a vent for his white liver's blood
That caus'd such pitiful affects, of which it pour'd a flood
About his bosom, which it fill'd, even till it drown'd his eyes,
And all sense fail'd him. Forth then flew this prince of tragedies, 420
Who next stoop'd Mulius even to death with his insatiate spear ;
One ear it enter'd, and made good his pass to th' other ear.

Echeclus then, Agenor's son, he struck betwixt the brows,
Whose blood set fire upon his sword, that cool'd it till the throes
Of his then labouring brain let out his soul to fixed fate, 425
And gave cold entry to black death. Deucalion then had state
In these men's beings, where the nerves about the elbow knit,
Down to his hand his spear's steel pierc'd, and brought such pain to it
As led death jointly, whom he saw before his fainting eyes,
And in his neck felt with a stroke laid on so that off flies 430
His head. One of the twice twelve bones that all the backbone make
Let out his marrow, when the head he helm and all did take,
And hurl'd amongst the Ilians ; the body stretch'd on earth.

Rhigmus of fruitful Thrace next fell. He was the famous birth
Of Pireus ; his belly's midst the lance took, whose stern force 435
Quite tumbled him from chariot. In turning back the horse,
Their guider Areithous receiv'd another lance
That threw him to his lord. No end was put to the mischance

Achilles enter'd. But as fire, fall'n in a flash from heaven,
Inflames the high woods of dry hills, and with a storm is driven 440
Through all the sylvan deeps, and raves, till down goes everywhere
The smother'd hill ; so every way Achilles and his spear
Consum'd the champain, the black earth flow'd with the veins he tore.
And look how oxen, yok'd and driven about the circular floor
Of some fair barn, tread suddenly the thick sheaves thin of corn, 445
And all the corn consum'd with chaff ; so mix'd and overborne,
Beneath Achilles' one-hoof'd horse shields, spears, and men, lay trod,
His axle-trees and chariot wheels all spatter'd with the blood
Hurl'd from the steeds' hooves and the strakes. Thus, to be magnified,
His most inaccessible hands in human blood he dyed. 450

THE END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.



THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN two parts Troy's host parted; Thetis' son
One to Scamander, one to Ilion,
Pursues. Twelve lords he takes alive, to end
In sacrifice for vengeance to his friend.
Astropæus dies by his fierce hand,
And, Priam's son, Lycaon. Over land
The Flood breaks where Achilles being engag'd,
Vulcan preserves him, and with spirit enrag'd
Sets all the champain and the flood on fire.
Contention then doth all the Gods inspire.
Apollo in Agenor's shape doth stay
Achilles' fury, and, by giving way,
Makes him pursue, till the deceit gives leave
That Troy in safety might her friends receive.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Phy at the flood's shore doth express
The labours of Æacides.



AND now they reach'd the goodly swelling channel of the
flood,
Gulf-eating Xanthus, whom Jove mix'd with his immortal
brood;
And there Achilles cleft the host of Ilion. One side fell
On Xanthus, th' other on the town, and that did he impel

The same way that the last day's rage put all the Greeks in rout, 5
 When Hector's fury reign'd ; these now Achilles pour'd about,
 The scatter'd field. To stay the flight, Saturnia cast before
 Their hasty feet a standing fog, and then flight's violence bore
 The other half full on the flood. The silver-gulfed deep
 Receiv'd them with a mighty cry, the billows vast and steep 10
 Roar'd at their armours, which the shores did round about resound.
 This way and that they swum, and shriek'd as in the gulfs they drown'd.
 And as in fir'd fields locusts rise, as the unwearied blaze
 Plies still their rising, till in swarms all rush as in amaze
 For 'scape into some neighbour flood ; so th' Achilleian stroke 15
 Here drave the foe, the gulfy flood with men and horse did choke.

Then on the shore the Worthy hid and left his horrid lance
 Amids the tamarisks, and sprite-like did with his sword advance
 Up to the river ; ill affairs took up his furious brain
 For Troy's engagements ; every way he doubled slain on slain. 20
 A most unmanly noise was made, with those he put to sword,
 Of groans and outcries. The flood blush'd to be so much engor'd
 With such base souls. And as small fish the swift-finn'd dolphin fly,
 Filling the deep pits in the ports, on whose close strength they lie,
 And there he swallows them in shoals ; so here, to rocks and holes 25
 About the flood, the Trojans fled, and there most lost their souls,
 Even till he tir'd his slaught'rous arm. Twelve fair young princes
 then

He chose of all to take alive, to have them freshly slain
 On that most solemn day of wreak resolv'd on for his friend.
 These led he trembling forth the flood, as fearful of their end 30
 As any hind calves. All their hands he pinioned behind
 With their own girdles worn upon their rich weeds, and resign'd
 Their persons to his Myrmidons to bear to fleet ; and he
 Plung'd in the stream again to take more work of tragedy.

¹⁸ *And sprite-like.*—Dr. Taylor, following the second folio, has “ *the sprite-like.*”

He met, then issuing the flood with all intent of flight, 35
 Lycaon, Dardan Priam's son, whom lately in the night
 He had surpris'd as in a wood of Priam's he had cut
 The green arms of a wild fig-tree, to make him spokes to put
 In naves of his new chariot. An ill then, all unthought,
 Stole on him in Achilles' shape, who took him thence, and brought 40
 To well-built Lemnos, selling him to famous Jason's son.
 From whom a guest then in his house, Imbrius Eetion,
 Redeem'd at high rate, and sent home t' Arisba, whence he fled,
 And saw again his father's court; eleven days banqueted
 Amongst his friends; the twelfth God thrust his hapless head again 45
 In t' hands of stern Æacides, who now must send him slain
 To Pluto's court, and 'gainst his will. Him, when Achilles knew,
 Naked of helmet, shield, sword, lance, all which for ease he threw
 To earth, being overcome with sweat, and labour wearying
 His flying knees, he storm'd, and said: "O heaven, a wondrous thing
 Invades mine eyes! Those Ilians that heretofore I slew 51
 Rise from the dark dead quick again. This man Fate makes eschew
 Her own steel fingers. He was sold in Lemnos, and the deep
 Of all seas 'twixt this Troy, and that (that many a man doth keep
 From his lov'd country) bars not him. Come then, he now shall taste
 The head of Pelias, and try if steel will down as fast 56
 As other fortunes, or kind earth can any surer seize
 On his sly person, whose strong arms have held down Hercules."

His thoughts thus mov'd while he stood firm; to see if he, he spied,
 Would offer flight (which first he thought) but when he had descried
 He was descried and flight was vain, fearful, he made more nigh, 61
 With purpose to embrace his knees, and now long'd much to fly
 His black fate and abhorred death by coming in. His foe
 Observ'd all this, and up he rais'd his lance as he would throw;
 And then Lycaon close ran in, fell on his breast, and took 65
 Achilles' knees, whose lance, on earth now staid, did overlook

His still turn'd back, with thirst to glut his sharp point with the blood
 That lay so ready. But that thirst Lycaon's thirst withstood
 To save his blood; Achilles' knee in his one hand he knit,
 His other held the long lance hard, and would not part with it, 70
 But thus besought: "I kiss thy knees, divine *Æacides*!
 Respect me, and my fortunes rue. I now present th' access
 Of a poor suppliant for thy ruth; and I am one that is
 Worthy thy ruth, O Jove's belov'd. First hour my miseries
 Fell into any hand, 'twas thine. I tasted all my bread 75
 By thy gift since, O since that hour that thy surprisal led
 From forth the fair wood my sad feet, far from my lov'd allies,
 To famous Lemnos, where I found a hundred oxen's prize
 To make my ransom; for which now I thrice the worth will raise.
 This day makes twelve since I arriv'd in Ilion, many days 80
 Being spent before in sufferance; and now a cruel fate
 Thrusts me again into thy hands. I should haunt Jove with hate,
 That with such set malignity gives thee my life again.
 There were but two of us for whom *Laothoe* suffer'd pain,
Laothoe, old *Alte*'s seed; *Alte*, whose palace stood 85
 In height of upper *Pedasmus*, near *Satnius*' silver flood,
 And ruled the war-like *Lelegi*. Whose seed, as many more,
 King *Priam* married, and begot the god-like *Polydore*,
 And me accurs'd. Thou slaughter'dst him, and now thy hand on me
 Will prove as mortal. I did think, when here I met with thee, 90
 I could not 'scape thee; yet give ear, and add thy mind to it:
 I told my birth to intimate, though one sire did beget
 Yet one womb brought not into light *Hector* that slew thy friend,
 And me. O do not kill me then, but let the wretched end
 Of *Polydor* excuse my life. For half our being bred 95
 Brothers to *Hector*, he (half) paid, no more is forfeited."

Thus sued he humbly; but he heard, with this austere reply:
 "Fool, urge not ruth nor price to me, till that solemnity

Resolv'd on for Patroclus' death pay all his rites to fate.
 Till his death I did grace to Troy, and many lives did rate 100
 At price of ransom, but none now of all the brood of Troy
 (Whoever Jove throws to my hands) shall any breath enjoy
 That death can beat out, specially that touch at Priam's race.
 Die, die, my friend. What tears are these? What sad looks spoil thy face?
 Patroclus died, that far pass'd thee. Nay seest thou not beside 105
 Myself, even I, a fair young man, and rarely magnified,
 And, to my father being a king, a mother have that sits
 In rank with Goddesses, and yet, when thou hast spent thy spirits,
 Death and as violent a fate must overtake even me,
 By twilight, morn-light, day, high noon, whenever destiny 110
 Sets on her man to hurl a lance, or knit out of his string
 An arrow that must reach my life." This said, a languishing
 Lycaon's heart bent like his knees, yet left him strength t' advance
 Both hands for mercy as he kneel'd. His foe yet leaves his lance,
 And forth his sword flies, which he hid in furrow of a wound 115
 Driven through the jointure of his neck ; flat fell he on the ground,
 Stretch'd with death's pangs, and all the earth imbrued with timeless blood.
 Then gript Æacides his heel, and to the lofty flood
 Flung, swinging, his unpitied corse, to see it swim, and toss
 Upon the rough waves, and said : " Go, feed fat the fish with loss 120
 Of thy left blood, they clean will suck thy green wounds, and this saves
 Thy mother tears upon thy bed. Deep Xanthus on his waves
 Shall hoise thee bravely to a tomb that in her burly breast
 The sea shall open, where great fish may keep thy funeral feast
 With thy white fat, and on the waves dance at thy wedding fate, 125
 Clad in black horror, keeping close inaccessible state.
 So perish Ilians, till we pluck the brows of Ilion
 Down to her feet, you flying still, I flying still upon
 Thus in the rear, and (as my brows were fork'd with rabid horns)
 Toss ye together. This brave flood, that strengthens and adorns 130

¹²⁰ "The word is *καταζων*, which they translate *cadens*, but properly signifies
dissepans, ut *boces infestis cornibus*."—CHAPMAN.

Your city with his silver gulls, to whom so many bulls
 Your zeal hath offer'd, which blind zeal his sacred current gulls,
 With casting chariots and horse quick to his pray'd-for aid,
 Shall nothing profit. Perish then, till cruell'st death hath laid
 All at the red feet of Revenge for my slain friend, and all 135
 With whom the absence of my hands made yours a festival."

This speech great Xanthus more enrag'd, and made his spirit contend
 For means to shut up the op'd vein against him, and defend
 The Trojans in it from his plague. In mean time Peleus' son,
 And now with that long lance he hid, for more blood set upon 140
 Asteropæus, the descent of Pelegon, and he
 Of broad-stream'd Axius, and the dame, of first nativity
 To all the daughters that renown'd Acesamenus' seed,
 Bright Peribœa, whom the Flood, arm'd thick with lofty reed,
 Compress'd. At her grandchild now went Thetis' great son, whose foe
 Stood arm'd with two darts, being set on by Xanthus anger'd so 146
 For those youths' blood shed in his stream by vengeful Thetis' son
 Without all mercy. Both being near, great Thetides begun
 With this high question: "Of what race art thou that dar'st oppose
 Thy pow'r to mine thus? Cursed wombs they ever did disclose 150
 That stood my anger." He replied: "What makes thy fury's heat
 Talk, and seek pedigrees? Far hence lies my innative seat,
 In rich Pæonia. My race from broad-stream'd Axius runs;
 Axius, that gives earth purest drink, of all the wat'ry sons
 Of great Oceanus, and got the famous for his spear, 155
 Pelegonus, that father'd me; and these Pæonians here,
 Arm'd with long lances, here I lead; and here th' eleventh fair light
 Shines on us since we enter'd Troy. Come now, brave man, let's fight."

¹³² *Which*.—Both folios and Dr. Taylor have "*with*," but it is corrected in the list of errata prefixed to the first folio.

¹³² *Gulls*—swallows. Latin *gula*. Richardson gives an example from Bale's "Pageant of Popes."

¹⁴¹ *Heat*.—The second folio and Taylor "*beat*."

Thus spake he, threat'ning; and to him Pelides made reply
 With shaken Pelias; but his foe with two at once let fly, 10
 For both his hands were dexterous. One javelin struck the shield
 Of Thetis' son, but struck not through; the gold, God's gift, repell'd
 The eager point; the other lance fell lightly on the part
 Of his fair right hand's cubit; forth the black blood spun; the dart
 Glanc'd over, fastening on the earth, and there his spleen was spent 1
 That wish'd the body. With which wish Achilles his lance sent,
 That quite miss'd, and infix'd itself fast in the steep-up shore;
 Even to the midst it enter'd it. Himself then fiercely bore
 Upon his enemy with his sword. His foe was tugging hard 1
 To get his lance out; thrice he pluck'd, and thrice sure Pelias barr'd
 His wish'd evulsion; the fourth pluck, he bow'd and meant to break
 The ashen plant, but, ere that act, Achilles' sword did check
 His bent pow'r, and brake out his soul. Full in the navel-stand
 He ripp'd his belly up, and out his entrails fell, and dead
 His breathless body; whence his arms Achilles drew, and said: 1
 "Lie there, and prove it dangerous to lift up adverse head
 Against Jove's sons, although a Flood were ancestor to thee.
 Thy vaunts urg'd him, but I may vaunt a higher pedigree
 From Jove himself. King Peleus was son to Æacus,
 Infernal Æacus to Jove, and I to Peleus.
 Thunder-voic'd Jove far passeth floods, that only murmurs raise
 With earth and water as they run with tribute to the seas;
 And his seed theirs exceeds as far. A Flood, a mighty Flood,
 Rag'd near thee now, but with no aid; Jove must not be withstood.
 King Achelous yields to him, and great Oceanus,
 Whence all floods, all the sea, all founts, wells, all deeps humorous,
 Fetch their beginnings; yet even he fears Jove's flash, and the crack
 His thunder gives, when out of heaven it tears atwo his rack."

¹⁶⁰ *Pelias*—Achilles' spear. Bk. XIX. 378.

¹⁸⁰ *Infernal*.—Æacus, after his death, became one of the three judges in Hæ-

¹⁸⁶ *Humorous*—watery. Bk. XXIII. 259.

¹⁸⁸ "The rack or motion of the clouds, for the clouds."—CHAPMAN.

Thus pluck'd he from the shore his lance, and left the waves to
wash

The wave-sprung entrails, about which fausens and other fish 190

Did shoal, to nibble at the fat which his sweet kidneys hid.

This for himself. Now to his men, the well-rode Pæons, did

His rage contend, all which cold fear shook into flight, to see

Their captain slain. At whose maz'd flight, as much enrag'd, flew he,

And then fell all these, Thrasius, Mydon, Astypylus, 195

Great Ophelestes, Ænius, Mnesus, Thersilochus.

And on these many more had fall'n, unless the angry Flood

Had took the figure of a man, and in a whirlpit stood,

Thus speaking to Æacides: " Past all, pow'r feeds thy will,

Thou great grandchild of Æacus, and, past all, th' art in ill, 200

And Gods themselves confederates, and Jove, the best of Gods,

All deaths gives thee, all places not. Make my shores periods

To all shore service. In the field let thy field-acts run high,

Not in my waters. My sweet streams choke with mortality

Of men slain by thee. Carcasses so glut me, that I fail 205

To pour into the sacred sea my waves; yet still assail

Thy cruel forces. Cease, amaze affects me with thy rage,

Prince of the people." He replied: " Shall thy command assuage,

Gulf-fed Scamander, my free wrath? I'll never leave pursu'd

Proud Ilion's slaughters, till this hand in her fill'd walls conclude 210

Her flying forces, and hath tried in single fight the chance

Of war with Hector, whose event with stark death shall advance

One of our conquests." Thus again he like a fury flew

Upon the Trojans; when the Flood his sad plaint did pursue

¹⁹⁰ *Fausens*—a kind of eel. Skinner thinks so called from *fulx*, a reaping hook, hence *fulchion*, *fauchion*, from its shape. Willughby mentions an anguilliform fish found at Venice called a *falx*, a worthless kind of eel. (Hist. Piscium, ed. Ray, fol. Oxon. 1686, p. 117.) Hilpert, in his Deutsch-Englisches Wörterbuch (Carlsruhe, 1845), suggests *hausen*, the *sturgeon*, *huso*. However I cannot find any other authority for the word than this passage of Chapman. It might be derived from the French "*fausser*," to bend. I cannot discover that it is a provincialism.

To bright Apollo, telling him he was too negligent 215
 Of Jove's high charge, importuning by all means vehement
 His help of Troy till latest even should her black shadows pour
 On Earth's broad breast. In all his worst, Achilles yet from shore
 Leap'd to his midst. Then swell'd his waves, then rag'd, then boil'd again
 Against Achilles. Up flew all, and all the bodies slain 220
 In all his deeps, of which the heaps made bridges to his waves,
 He belch'd out, roaring like a bull. The unslain yet he saves
 In his black whirlpits vast and deep. A horrid billow stood
 About Achilles. On his shield the violence of the Flood
 Beat so, it drave him back, and took his feet up, his fair palm 225
 Enforc'd to catch into his stay a broad and lofty elm,
 Whose roots he toss'd up with his hold, and tore up all the shore.
 With this then he repell'd the waves, and those thick arms it bore
 He made a bridge to bear him off, for all fell in, when he
 Forth from the channel threw himself. The rage did terrify 230
 Even his great spirit, and made him add wings to his swiftest feet,
 And tread the land. And yet not there the Flood left his retreat,
 But thrust his billows after him, and black'd them all at top,
 To make him fear, and fly his charge, and set the broad field ope
 For Troy to 'scape in. He sprung out a dart's cast, but came on 235
 Again with a redoubled force. As when the swiftest flown,
 And strong'st of all fowls, Jove's black hawk, the huntress, stoops upon
 A much lov'd quarry; so charged he; his arms with horror rung
 Against the black waves. Yet again he was so urg'd, he flung
 His body from the Flood, and fled; and after him again 240
 The waves flew roaring. As a man that finds a water-vein,
 And from some black fount is to bring his stream through plants and groves,
 Goes with his mattock, and all checks set to his course removes;
 When that runs freely, under it the pebbles all give way,
 And, where it finds a fall, runs swift, nor can the leader stay 245

230 " Note the continued height and admired expression of Achilles' glory."
 CHAPMAN.

His current then, before himself full pac'd it murmurs on ;
 So of Achilles evermore the strong Flood vantage won ;
 Though most deliver, Gods are still above the pow'rs of men.

As oft as th' able god-like man endeavour'd to maintain
 His charge on them that kept the flood, and charg'd as he would try
 If all the Gods inhabiting the broad unreached sky 251
 Could daunt his spirit, so oft still the rude waves charged him round,
 Rampt on his shoulders, from whose depth his strength and spirit would
 bound

Up to the free air, vex'd in soul. And now the vehement Flood
 Made faint his knees ; so overthwart his waves were, they withstood 255
 All the denied dust, which he wish'd, and now was fain to cry,
 Casting his eyes to that broad heaven that late he long'd to try,
 And said : " O Jove, how am I left ! No God vouchsafes to free
 Me, miserable man. Help now, and after torture me
 With any outrage. Would to heaven, Hector, the mightiest 260
 Bred in this region, had imbrued his javelin in my breast,
 That strong may fall by strong ! Where now weak water's luxury
 Must make my death blush, one, heaven-born, shall like a hog-herd die,
 Drown'd in a dirty torrent's rage. Yet none of you in heaven
 I blame for this, but She alone by whom this life was given 265
 That now must die thus. She would still delude me with her tales,
 Affirming Phœbus' shafts should end within the Trojan walls
 My curs'd beginning." In this strait, Neptune and Pallas flew
 To fetch him off. In men's shapes both close to his danger drew,
 And, taking both both hands, thus spake the Shaker of the world : 270

" Pelides, do not stir a foot, nor these waves, proudly curl'd
 Against thy bold breast, fear a jot ; thou hast us two thy friends
 Neptune and Pallas, Jove himself approving th' aid we lend.
 'Tis nothing as thou fear'st with Fate, she will not see thee drown'd.
 This height shall soon down, thine own eyes shall see it set aground.
 Be rul'd then, we'll advise thee well ; take not thy hand away 276
 From putting all, indifferently, to all that it can lay

Upon the Trojans, till the walls of haughty Ilion
 Conclude all in a desperate flight. And when thou hast set gone
 The soul of Hector, turn to fleet; our hands shall plant a wreath 280
 Of endless glory on thy brows." Thus to the free from death
 Both made retreat. He, much impell'd by charge the Godheads gave,
 The field, that now was overcome with many a boundless wave,
 He overcame. On their wild breasts they toss'd the carcasses
 And arms of many a slaughter'd man. And now the winged knees 285
 Of this great captain bore aloft; against the Flood he flies
 With full assault; nor could that God make shrink his rescued thighs.
 Nor shrunk the Flood, but, as his foe grew powerful, he grew mad,
 Thrust up a billow to the sky, and crystal Simois bad
 To his assistance: "Simois, ho, brother," out he cried, 290
 "Come, add thy current, and resist this man half-deified,
 Or Ilion he will pull down straight; the Trojans cannot stand
 A minute longer. Come, assist, and instantly command
 All fountains in thy rule to rise, all torrents to make in,
 And stuff thy billows, with whose height engender such a din, 295
 With trees torn up and justling stones, as so immane a man
 May shrink beneath us; whose pow'r thrives do my pow'r all it can;
 He dares things fitter for a God. But, nor his form, nor force,
 Nor glorious arms shall profit it; all which, and his dead corse,
 I vow to roll up in my sands, nay, bury in my mud, 300
 Nay, in the very sinks of Troy, that, pour'd into my flood,
 Shall make him drowning work enough, and, being drown'd, I'll set
 A fort of such strong filth on him, that Greece shall never get
 His bones from it. There, there shall stand Achilles' sepulchre,
 And save a burial for his friends." This fury did transfer 305

²⁸¹ i. e. Thus to the Immortals, the Gods.

²⁸⁶ *Immane*—huge, or cruel; both which senses exhibit the original Latin.

³⁰⁰ *Sands*.—Both folios and Dr. Taylor have "*hands*," but it is corrected in the list of errata of the first folio.

³⁰² *Fort*.—Thus the folios. Dr. Taylor prints *sort* (see Bk. iv. 460), but I am unwilling to change the text, as *fort*, or mound, of sand is probably meant.

His high-ridg'd billows on the prince, roaring with blood and foam
 And carcasses. The crimson stream did snatch into her womb
 Surpris'd Achilles, and her height stood, held up by the hand
 Of Jove himself. Then Juno cried, and call'd, to countermand
 This wat'ry Deity, the God that holds command in fire, 310
 Afraid lest that gulf-stomach'd Flood would satiate his desire
 On great Achilles: "Mulciber, my best lov'd son!" she cried,
 "Rouse thee, for all the Gods conceive this Flood thus amplified
 Is rais'd at thee, and shows as if his waves would drown the sky,
 And put out all the sphere of fire. Haste, help thy empery. 315
 Light flames deep as his pits. Ourself the west wind and the south
 Will call out of the sea, and breathe in either's full-charg'd mouth
 A storm t'enrage thy fires 'gainst Troy; which shall (in one exhal'd)
 Blow flames of sweat about their brows, and make their armours scald.
 Go thou then, and, 'gainst these winds rise, make work on Xanthus' shore,
 With setting all his trees on fire, and in his own breast pour 321
 A fervor that shall make it burn; nor let fair words or threats
 Avert thy fury till I speak, and then subdue the heats
 Of all thy blazes." Mulciber prepar'd a mighty fire,
 First in the field us'd, burning up the bodies that the ire 325
 Of great Achilles reft of souls, the quite-drown'd field it dried,
 And shrunk the flood up. And as fields that have been long time cloy'd
 With catching weather, when their corn lies on the gavel heap,
 Are with a constant north wind dried, with which for comfort leap
 Their hearts that sow'd them; so this field was dried, the bodies burn'd,
 And even the flood into a fire as bright as day was turn'd. 331
 Elms, willows, tam'risks, were inflam'd; the lote trees, sea-grass reeds,
 And rushes, with the galingale roots, of which abundance breeds
 About the sweet flood, all were fir'd; the gliding fishes flew
 Upwards in flames; the grovelling eels crept upright; all which slew

³²⁸ *Gavel*—a sheaf of corn. The word is still used in the Eastern Counties. It is hardly necessary to observe that it has nothing to do with the "Anglo-Saxon custom of gavel-kind," as explained by Dr. Taylor.

³³³ *Galingale*.—The rush called "sweet cyperus."

Wise Vulcan's unresisted spirit. The Flood out of a flame 336
 Cried to him : " Cease, O Mulciber, no Deity can tame
 Thy matchless virtue ; nor would I, since thou art thus hot, strive.
 Cease then thy strife ; let Thetis' son, with all thy wish'd haste, drive
 Even to their gates these Ilians. What toucheth me their aid 340
 Or this contention ?" Thus in flames the burning River pray'd.
 And as a caldron, underput with store of fire, and wrought
 With boiling of a well-fed brawn, up leaps his wave aloft,
 Bavins of sear wood urging it, and spending flames apace,
 Till all the caldron be engirt with a consuming blaze ; 345
 So round this Flood burn'd, and so sod his sweet and tortur'd streams,
 Nor could flow forth, bound in the fumes of Vulcan's fiery beams ;
 Who, then not mov'd, his mother's ruth by all his means he craves,
 And ask'd, why Vulcan should invade and so torment his waves
 Past other floods, when his offence rose not to such degree 350
 As that of other Gods for Troy ; and that himself would free
 Her wrath to it, if she were pleas'd ; and pray'd her, that her son
 Might be reflected ; adding this, that he would ne'er be won
 To help keep off the ruinous day in which all Troy should burn,
 Fir'd by the Grecians. This vow heard, she charg'd her son to turn
 His fiery spirits to their homes, and said it was not fit 355
 A God should suffer so for men. Then Vulcan did remit
 His so unmeasur'd violence, and back the pleasant Flood
 Ran to his channel. Thus these Gods she made friends ; th' other
 stood
 At weighty difference ; both sides ran together with a sound 360
 That earth resounded, and great heaven about did surrebound.
 Jove heard it, sitting on his hill, and laugh'd to see the Gods
 Buckle to arms like angry men ; and, he pleas'd with their odds,

³³⁶ *Unresisted*—irresistible.

³⁴⁴ *Bavins*—small faggots of brushwood, or split wood for lighting fires. The word is still in use in some counties.

³⁴⁵ *Sod*—past tense of the verb "*seethe*."

³⁵⁵ *Reflected*—turned back.

They laid it freely. Of them all, thump-buckler Mars began,
 And at Minerva with a lance of brass he headlong ran, 265
 These vile words ushering his blows: "Thou dog-fly, what's the cause
 Thou mak'st Gods fight thus? Thy huge heart breaks all our peaceful laws
 With thy insatiate shamelessness. Rememb'rest thou the hour
 When Diomed charg'd me, and by thee, and thou with all thy pow'r
 Took'st lance thyself, and in all sights rush'd on me with a wound? 270
 Now vengeance falls on thee for all." This said, the shield fring'd round
 With fighting adders, borne by Jove, that not to thunder yields,
 He clapt his lance on, and this God, that with the blood of fields
 Pollutes his godhead, that shield pierc'd, and hurt the armed Maid.
 But back she leapt, and with her strong hand rapt a huge stone laid 275
 Above the champain, black and sharp, that did in old time break
 Partitions to men's lands; and that she dusted in the neck
 Of that impetuous challenger. Down to the earth he sway'd,
 And overlaid seven acres' land. His hair was all beray'd
 With dust and blood mix'd; and his arms rung out. Minerva laugh'd,
 And thus insulted: "O thou fool, yet hast thou not been taught 281
 To know mine eminence? Thy strength opposeth thou to mine?
 So pay thy mother's furies then, who for these aids of thine,
 Ever afforded perjur'd Troy, Greece ever left, takes spleen
 And vows thee mischief." Thus she turn'd her blue eyes, when Love's
 Queen 285
 The hand of Mars took, and from earth rais'd him with thick-drawn breath,
 His spirits not yet got up again. But from the press of death
 Kind Aphrodite was his guide. Which Juno seeing, exclaim'd:
 "Pallas, see, Mars is help'd from field! Dog-fly his rude tongue nam'd
 Thyself even now, but that his love that dog-fly will not leave 290
 Her old consort. Upon her fly." Minerva did receive
 This excitation joyfully, and at the Cyprian flew,
 Struck with her hard hand her soft breast a blow that overthrew

277 *Dusted*.—Chapman uses this word several times. All the Dictionaries,
 even Halliwell's, want it. Cotgrave has "a dust, or thumpe." See *Horion* and
Orion in Cotgrave's Dict.

Both her and Mars, and there both lay together in broad field.
 When thus she triumph'd: " So lie all that any succours yield 395
 To these false Trojans 'gainst the Greeks ; so bold and patient
 As Venus, shunning charge of me ; and no less impotent
 Be all their aids than hers to Mars. So short work would be made
 In our depopulating Troy, this hardest to invade
 Of all earth's cities." At this wish white-wristed Juno smil'd. 400
 Next Neptune and Apollo stood upon the point of field,
 And thus spake Neptune : " Phœbus ! Come, why at the lance's end
 Stand we two thus ? 'Twill be a shame for us to re-ascend
 Jove's golden house, being thus in field and not to fight. Begin ;
 For 'tis no graceful work for me ; thou hast the younger chin, 405
 I older and know more. O fool, what a forgetful heart
 Thou bear'st about thee, to stand here, press'd to take th' Ilian part,
 And fight with me ! Forgett'st thou then, what we two, we alone
 Of all the Gods, have suffer'd here, when proud Laomedon
 Enjoy'd our service a whole year for our agreed reward ? 410
 Jove in his sway would have it so, and in that year I rear'd
 This broad brave wall about his town, that, being a work of mine,
 It might be inexpugnable. This service then was thine,
 In Ida, that so many hills and curl'd-head forests crown,
 To feed his oxen, crooked-shank'd, and headed like the moon. 415
 But when the much-joy-bringing Hours brought term for our reward,
 The terrible Laomedon dismiss'd us both, and scar'd
 Our high deservings, not alone to hold our promis'd fee,
 But give us threats too. Hand and feet he swore to fetter thee,
 And sell thee as a slave, dismiss'd far hence to foreign isles. 420
 Nay more, he would have both our ears. His vow's breach, and reviles,
 Made us part angry with him then, and dost thou gratulate now
 Such a king's subjects ? Or with us not their destruction vow,
 Even to their chaste wives and their babes ?" He answer'd : " Hemight hold
 His wisdom little, if with him, a God, for men he would 425

Maintain contention ; wretched men that flourish for a time
 Like leaves, eat some of that earth yields, and give earth in their prime
 Their whole selves for it. Quickly then let us fly fight for them,
 Nor show it offer'd. Let themselves bear out their own extreme."

Thus he retir'd, and fear'd to change blows with his uncle's hands ;
 His sister therefore chid him much, the Goddess that commands 431
 In games of hunting, and thus spake : " Fly'st thou, and leav'st the field
 To Neptune's glory, and no blows ? O fool, why dost thou wield
 Thy idle bow ? No more my ears shall hear thee vaunt in skies
 Dares to meet Neptune, but I'll tell thy coward's tongue it lies." 435

He answer'd nothing ; yet Jove's wife could put on no such reins,
 But spake thus loosely : " How dar'st thou, dog, whom no fear contains,
 Encounter me ? 'Twill prove a match of hard condition.
 Though the great Lady of the bow and Jove hath set thee down
 For lion of thy sex, with gift to slaughter any dame 440
 Thy proud will envies, yet some dames will prove th' hadst better tame
 Wild lions upon hills than them. But if this question rests
 Yet under judgment in thy thoughts, and that thy mind contests,
 I'll make thee know it." Suddenly with her left hand she catch'd
 Both Cynthia's palms, lock'd fingers fast, and with her right she snatch'd
 From her fair shoulders her gilt bow, and, laughing, laid it on 445
 About her ears, and every way her turnings seiz'd upon,
 Till all her arrows scatter'd out, her quiver emptied quite.
 And as a dove, that, flying a hawk, takes to some rock her flight,
 And in his hollow breasts sits safe, her fate not yet to die ; 450
 So fled she mourning, and her bow left there. Then Mercury
 His opposite thus undertook : " Latona at no hand
 Will I bide combat. 'Tis a work right dangerous to stand
 At difference with the wives of Jove. Go, therefore, freely vaunt
 Amongst the Deities, th' hast subdued, and made thy combatant 455
 Yield with plain pow'r." She answer'd not, but gather'd up the bow
 And shafts fall'n from her daughter's side, retiring. Up did go

⁴³⁵ *Dares*.—See Bk. xx. 196.

Diana to Jove's starry hall, her incorrupted veil
 Trembling about her so she shook. Phœbus, lest Troy should fail
 Before her fate, flew to her walls ; the other Deities flew 460
 Up to Olympus, some enrag'd, some glad. Achilles slew
 Both men and horse of Ilion. And as a city fir'd
 Casts up a heat that purples heaven, clamours and shrieks expir'd
 In every corner, toil to all, to many misery,
 Which fire th' incensed Gods let fall ; Achilles so let fly 465
 Rage on the Trojans, toils and shrieks as much by him impos'd.
 Old Priam in his sacred tow'r stood, and the flight disclos'd
 On his forced people, all in rout, and not a stroke return'd
 By fled resistance. His eyes saw in what a fury burn'd
 The son of Peleus, and down went weeping from the tow'r 470
 To all the port-guards, and their chiefs told of his flying pow'r,
 Commanding th' opening of the ports but not to let their hands
 Stir from them, for Æacides would pour in with his bands.
 " Destruction comes, O shut them strait when we are in," he pray'd,
 " For not our walls I fear will check this violent man." This said, 475
 Off lifted they the bars, the ports hal'd open, and they gave
 Safety her entry with the host ; which yet they could not save
 Had not Apollo sallied out, and struck destruction,
 Brought by Achilles in their necks, back ; when they right upon
 The ports bore all, dry, dusty, spent ; and on their shoulders rode 480
 Rabid Achilles with his lance, still glory being the goad
 That prick'd his fury. Then the Greeks high-ported Ilion
 Had seiz'd, had not Apollo stirr'd Antenor's famous son,
 Divine Agenor, and cast in an undertaking spirit
 To his bold bosom, and himself stood by to strengthen it, 485
 And keep the heavy hand of death from breaking in. The God
 Stood by him, leaning on a beech, and cover'd his abode

⁴⁶⁷ *Disclosed*—here seems to be used for *looked upon*. See "*display*," Bk. XI. 74.

⁴⁶⁸ *By fled resistance*.—So both folios. Dr. Taylor has altered it to "*but fled resistance*." This however is not Chapman's meaning, as he personifies "*Resistance*" (printing it with a capital) and the sense is, "*Resistance fled, and returned no stroke*."

With night-like darkness ; yet for all the spirit he inspir'd,
 When that great city-raser's force his thoughts struck, he retir'd,
 Stood, and went on, a world of doubts still falling in his way, 490
 When, angry with himself, he said : " Why suffer I this stay
 In this so strong need to go on ? If, like the rest, I fly,
 'Tis his best weapon to give chace, being swift, and I should die
 Like to a coward. If I stand, I fall too. These two ways
 Please not my purpose ; I would live. What if I suffer these 495
 Still to be routed, and, my feet affording further length,
 Pass all these fields of Ilion, till Ida's sylvan strength
 And steep heights shroud me, and at even refresh me in the flood,
 And turn to Ilion ? O my soul ! why drown'st thou in the blood
 Of these discourses ? If this course that talks of further flight 500
 I give my feet, his feet more swift have more odds. Get he sight
 Of that pass, I pass least for pace, and length of pace his thighs
 Will stand out all men. Meet him then ; my steel hath faculties
 Of pow'r to pierce him ; his great breast but one soul holds, and that
 Death claims his right in, all men say ; but he holds special state 505
 In Jove's high bounty ; that's past man, that every way will hold,
 And that serves all men every way." This last heart made him bold
 To stand Achilles, and stirr'd up a mighty mind to blows.
 And as a panther, having heard the hounds' trail, doth disclose
 Her freckled forehead, and stares forth from out some deep-grown wood
 To try what strength dares her abroad, and when her fiery blood 511
 The hounds have kindled, no quench serves of love to live or fear,
 Though struck, though wounded, though quite through she feels the
 mortal spear,
 But till the man's close strength she tries, or strows earth with his dart,
 She puts her strength out ; so it far'd with brave Agenor's heart, 515
 And till Achilles he had proved, no thoughts, no deeds, once stirr'd
 His fixed foot. To his broad breast his round shield he prefer'd,

⁵⁰⁷ *Every way*.—The second folio and Dr. Taylor, "*every man*." This sentence is not in the Greek, and is to me unintelligible.

⁵⁰⁹ *Trail*.—The second folio and Taylor, "*trail*."

206 *TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.*

And up his arm went with his aim, his voice out with this cry :
 " Thy hope is too great, Peleus' son, this day to show thine eye
 Troy's Ilion at thy foot. O fool ! the Greeks with much more woes,
 More than are suffer'd yet, must buy great Ilion's overthrows. 521
 We are within her many strong, that for our parents' sakes,
 Our wives and children, will save Troy, and thou, though he that makes
 Thy name so terrible, shalt make a sacrifice to her
 With thine own ruins." Thus he threw, nor did his javelin err, 525
 But struck his foe's leg near his knee ; the fervent steel did ring
 Against his tin greaves, and leap'd back, the fire's strong-handed king
 Gave virtue of repulse. And then Æacides assail'd
 Divine Agenor ; but in vain, Apollo's pow'r prevail'd,
 And rapt Agenor from his reach, whom quietly he plac'd 530
 Without the skirmish, casting mists to save from being chas'd
 His tender'd person ; and (he gone) to give his soldiers' scape,
 The Deity turn'd Achilles still, by putting on the shape
 Of him he thirsted ; evermore he fed his eye, and fled,
 And he with all his knees pursued. So cunningly he led, 535
 That still he would be near his reach, to draw his rage, with hope,
 Far from the conflict ; to the flood maintaining still the scope
 Of his attraction. In mean time, the other frighted pow'rs
 Came to the city, comforted, when Troy and all her tow'rs
 Strooted with fillers ; none would stand to see who stay'd without, 540
 Who scap'd, and who came short. The ports cleft to receive the rout
 That pour'd itself in. Every man was for himself. Most fleet
 Most fortunate. Whoever scap'd, his head might thank his feet.

⁵²⁷ *The fire's strong-handed king, &c.*—simply, the armour, the gift of Vulcan, repelled it.

⁵⁴⁰ *Strooted.*—Bk. 1. 464.



THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALL Trojans hous'd but Hector, only he
Keeps field, and undergoes th' extremity.
Æacides assaulting, Hector flies,
Minerva stays him, he resists, and dies.
Achilles to his chariot doth enforce,
And to the naval station drags his corse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Hector, in Chi, to death is done,
By pow'r of Peleus' angry son.



HUS, chas'd like hinds, the Ilians took time to drink and eat,
And to refresh them, getting off the mingled dust and sweat,
And good strong rampires on instead. The Greeks then
cast their shields

Aloft their shoulders ; and now Fate their near invasion yields
Of those tough walls, her deadly hand compelling Hector's stay 5
Before Troy at the Scæan ports. Achilles still made way
At Phœbus, who his bright head turn'd, and ask'd : " Why, Peleus' son,
Pursu'st thou, being a man, a God ? Thy rage hath never done.

Acknowledge not thine eyes my state ? Esteems thy mind no more
 Thy honour in the chase of Troy, but puts my chase before 10
 Their utter conquest ? They are all now hous'd in Iliou,
 While thou hunt'st me. What wishest thou ? My blood will never run
 On thy proud javelin." " It is thou," replied Æacides,
 " That putt'st dishonour thus on me, thou worst of Deities.
 Thou turn'st me from the walls, whose ports had never entertain'd 15
 Numbers not enter'd, over whom thy saving hand hath reign'd,
 And robb'd my honour ; and all is, since all thy actions stand
 Past fear of reckoning. But held I the measure in my hand,
 It should afford thee dear-bought scapes." Thus with elated spirits,
 Steed-like, that at Olympus' games wears garlands for his merits, 20
 And rattles home his chariot, extending all his pride,
 Achilles so parts with the God. When aged Priam spied
 The great Greek come, spher'd round with beams, and showing as if
 the star,
 Surnam'd Orion's hound, that springs in autumn, and sends far
 His radiance through a world of stars, of all whose beams his own 25
 Cast greatest splendour, the midnight that renders them most shown
 Then being their foil, and on their points, cure-passing fevers then
 Come shaking down into the joints of miserable men ;
 As this were fall'n to earth, and shot along the field his rays
 Now towards Priam, when he saw in great Æacides, 30
 Out flew his tender voice in shrieks, and with rais'd hands he smit
 His reverend head, then up to heaven he cast them, showing it
 What plagues it sent him, down again then threw them to his son,
 To make him shun them. He now stood without steep Iliou,
 Thirsting the combat ; and to him thus miserably cried 35
 The kind old king : " O Hector, fly this man, this homicide,
 That straight will stroy thee. He's too strong, and would to heaven
 he were
 As strong in heaven's love as in mine ! Vultures and dogs should tear

²⁴ The Dog Star.

²⁷ *Cure-passing*—cure-surpassing, not to be cured.

His prostrate carcass, all my woes quench'd with his bloody spirits.
 He has robb'd me of many sons and worthy, and their merits 40
 Sold to far islands. Two of them, ah me ! I miss but new,
 They are not enter'd, nor stay here. Laothoe, O 'twas thou,
 O queen of women, from whose womb they breath'd. O did the tents
 Detain them only, brass and gold would purchase safe events
 To their sad durance : 'tis within, old Altes, young in fame, 45
 Gave plenty for his daughter's dow'r ; but if they fed the flame
 Of this man's fury, woe is me, woe to my wretched queen !
 But in our state's woe their two deaths will nought at all be seen
 So thy life quit them. Take the town, retire, dear son, and save
 Troy's husbands and their wives, nor give thine own life to the grave
 For this man's glory. Pity me, me, wretch, so long alive, 51
 Whom in the door of age Jove keeps, that so he may deprive,
 My being in fortune's utmost curse, to see the blackest thread
 Of this life's miseries, my sons slain, my daughters ravished,
 Their resting chambers sack'd, their babes, torn from them, on their knees
 Pleading for mercy, themselves dragg'd to Grecian slaveries, 56
 And all this drawn through my red eyes. Then last of all kneel I,
 Alone, all helpless at my gates, before my enemy,
 That ruthless gives me to my dogs, all the deformity
 Of age discover'd ; and all this thy death, sought wilfully, 60
 Will pour on me. A fair young man at all parts it beseems,
 Being bravely slain, to lie all gash'd, and wear the worst extremes
 Of war's most cruelty, no wound of whatsoever ruth
 But is his ornament ; but I, a man so far from youth,
 White head, white-bearded, wrinkled, pin'd, all shames must show the eye.
 Live, prevent this then, this most shame of all man's misery." 66
 Thus wept the old king, and tore off his white hair ; yet all these
 Retir'd not Hector. Hecuba then fell upon her knees,

⁴¹ *Islands*.—Taylor "*lands*."

⁵² *So*.—Omitted by second folio and Taylor.

⁶⁵ *Pin'd*—withered.

⁶⁶ *Man's*.—Second folio and Taylor "*men's*."

Stripp'd nak'd her bosom, show'd her breasts, and bad him reverence
them,

And pity her. If ever she had quieted his exclaim, 70
He would cease hers, and take the town, not tempting the rude field
When all had left it: "Think," said she, "I gave thee life to yield
My life recomfort; thy rich wife shall have no rites of thee,
Nor do thee rites; our tears shall pay thy corse no obsequy,
Being ravish'd from us, Grecian dogs nourish'd with what I nurs'd."

Thus wept both these, and to his ruth propos'd the utmost worst 75
Of what could chance them; yet he stay'd. And now drew deadly near
Mighty Achilles, yet he still kept deadly station there.

Look how a dragon, when she sees a traveller bent upon
Her breeding den, her bosom fed with fell contagion, 80
Gathers her forces, sits him firm, and at his nearest pace
Wraps all her cavern in her folds, and thrusts a horrid face
Out at his entry; Hector so, with unextinguish'd spirit,
Stood great Achilles, stirr'd no foot, but at the prominent turret
Bent to his bright shield, and resolv'd to bear fall'n heaven on it. 85
Yet all this resolute abode did not so truly fit

His free election, but he felt a much more galling spur
To the performance with conceit of what he should incur
Ent'ring, like others, for this cause, to which he thus gave way:

"O me, if I shall take the town, Polydamas will lay 90
This flight and all this death on me, who counsell'd me to lead
My pow'rs to Troy this last black night, when so I saw make head
Incens'd Achilles. I yet stay'd, though, past all doubt, that course
Had much more profited than mine, which, being by so much worse
As comes to all our flight and death, my folly now I fear 95
Hath bred this scandal, all our town now burns my ominous ear
With whispering: 'Hector's self-conceit hath cast away his host.'
And, this true, this extremity that I rely on most
Is best for me; stay, and retire with this man's life, or die
Here for our city with renown, since all else fled but I. 100

And yet one way cuts both these ways : What if I hang my shield
My helm and lance here on these walls, and meet in humble field
Renown'd Achilles, offering him Helen and all the wealth,
Whatever in his hollow keels bore Alexander's stealth
For both th' Atrides ? For the rest, whatever is possess'd 105
In all this city, known or hid, by oath shall be confess'd
Of all our citizens ; of which one half the Greeks shall have,
One half themselves. But why, lov'd soul, would these suggestions save
Thy state still in me ? I'll not sue ; nor would he grant, but I,
Mine arms cast off, should be assur'd a woman's death to die. 110
To men of oak and rock no words ; virgins and youths talk thus,
Virgins and youths that love and woo ; there's other war with us ;
What blows and conflicts urge, we cry, hates and defiances,
And, with the garlands these trees bear, try which hand Jove will bless."

These thoughts employ'd his stay ; and now Achilles comes, now near
His Mars-like presence terribly came brandishing his spear, 115
His right arm shook it, his bright arms like day came glittering on,
Like fire-light, or the light of heaven shot from the rising sun.
This sight outwrought discourse, cold fear shook Hector from his stand,
No more stay now, all ports were left, he fled in fear the hand 120
Of that Fear-Master, who, hawk-like, air's swiftest passenger,
That holds a timorous dove in chase, and with command doth bear
His fiery onset, the dove hastes, the hawk comes whizzing on,
This way and that he turns and winds, and cuffs the pigeon,
And, till he truss it, his great spirit lays hot charge on his wing ; 125
So urg'd Achilles Hector's flight, so still fear's point did sting
His troubled spirit, his knees wrought hard, along the wall he flew,
In that fair chariot-way that runs beneath the tow'r of view
And Troy's wild fig-tree, till they reach'd where those two mother-springs
Of deep Scamander pour'd abroad their silver murmurings, 130
One warm and casts out fumes as fire, the other cold as snow
Or hail dissolv'd. And when the sun made ardent summer glow,
There water's concrete crystal shin'd, near which were cisterns made,

All pav'd and clear, where Trojan wives and their fair daughters had
 Laundry for their fine linen weeds, in times of cleanly peace 135
 Before the Grecians brought their siege. These captains noted these,
 One flying, th' other in pursuit, a strong man flew before,
 A stronger follow'd him by far and close up to him bore;
 Both did their best, for neither now ran for a sacrifice,
 Or for the sacrificer's hide, our runners' usual prize, 140
 These ran for tame-horse Hector's soul. And as two running steeds,
 Back'd in some set race for a game that tries their swiftest speeds
 (A tripod, or a woman, given for some man's funerals)
 Such speed made these men, and on foot ran thrice about the walls.

The Gods beheld them, all much mov'd; and Jove said: "O ill sight!
 A man I love much I see forc'd in most unworthy flight 146
 About great Iliou. My heart grieves, he paid so many vows,
 With thighs of sacrificed beeves, both on the lofty brows
 Of Ida, and in Iliou's height. Consult we, shall we free
 His life from death, or give it now t' Achilles' victory?" 150

Minerva answered: "Alter Fate? One long since mark'd for death
 Now take from death? Do thou; but know, he still shall run beneath
 Our other censures." "Be it then," replied the Thunderer,
 "My lov'd Tritonia, at thy will, at this I will prefer
 Thy free intention, work it all." Then stoop'd She from the sky 155
 To this great combat. Peleus' son pursued incessantly
 Still-flying Hector. As a hound that having rous'd a hart,
 Although he tappish ne'er so oft, and every shrubby part
 Attempts for strength, and trembles in, the hound doth still pursue
 So close that not a foot he fails, but hunts it still at view; 160
 So plied Achilles Hector's steps; as oft as he assail'd
 The Dardan ports and tow'rs for strength (to fetch from thence some aid

¹⁴⁴ "Up and down the walls, it is to be understood."—CHAPMAN.

¹⁵⁶ *Tappish*—hide, seek cover. A hunting term. From the French. Fairfax uses it,—

"When the slie beast *tapiht* in bush and brire
 No art nor paines can rowse out of his place."—Tasso. *G. L.* VII. 2.

With winged shafts) so oft forc'd he amends of pace, and stept
 'Twixt him and all his hopes, and still upon the field he kept
 His utmost turnings to the town. And yet, as in a dream, 165
 One thinks he gives another chase, when such a fain'd extreme
 Possesseth both that he in chase the chaser cannot fly,
 Nor can the chaser get to hand his flying enemy ;
 So nor Achilles' chase could reach the flight of Hector's pace,
 Nor Hector's flight enlarge itself of swift Achilles' chase. 170

But how chanc'd this? How, all this time, could Hector bear the knees
 Of fierce Achilles with his own, and keep off destinies,
 If Phœbus, for his last and best, through all that course had fail'd
 To add his succours to his nerves, and, as his foe assail'd
 Near and within him, fed his 'scape? Achilles yet well knew 175
 His knees would fetch him, and gave signs to some friends, making show
 Of shooting at him, to forbear, lest they detracted so
 From his full glory in first wounds, and in the overthrow
 Make his hand last. But when they reach'd the fourth time the two
 founts,

Then Jove his golden scales weigh'd up, and took the last accounts 180
 Of fate for Hector, putting in for him and Peleus' son
 Two fates of bitter death, of which high heaven receiv'd the one,
 The other hell ; so low declin'd the light of Hector's life.
 Then Phœbus left him, when war's Queen came to resolve the strife
 In th' other's knowledge : " Now," said she, " Jove-lov'd Æacides, 185
 I hope at last to make renown perform a brave access
 To all the Grecians ; we shall now lay low this champion's height,
 Though never so insatiate was his great heart of fight.
 Nor must he 'scape our pursuit still, though at the feet of Jove
 Apollo bows into a sphere, soliciting more love 190
 To his most favour'd. Breathe thee then, stand firm, myself will haste
 And hearten Hector to change blows." She went, and he stood fast,

¹⁶⁸ " A most ingenious simile, used (as all our Homer besides) by Virgil, but this as a translator merely."—CHAPMAN.

Lean'd on his lance, and much was joy'd that single strokes should try
 This fadging conflict. Then came close the changed Deity
 To Hector, like Deiphobus in shape and voice, and said : 195

“ O brother, thou art too much urg'd to be thus combated
 About our own walls ; let us stand, and force to a retreat
 Th' insulting chaser.” Hector joy'd at this so kind deceit,
 And said : “ O good Deiphobus, thy love was most before,
 Of all my brothers, dear to me, but now exceeding more 200
 It costs me honour, that thus urg'd thou com'st to part the charge
 Of my last fortunes ; other friends keep town, and leave at large
 My rack'd endeavours.” She replied : “ Good brother, 'tis most true,
 One after other, king and queen, and all our friends, did sue,
 Even on their knees, to stay me there, such tremblings shake them all
 With this man's terror, but my mind so griev'd to see our wall 205
 Girt with thy chases, that to death I long'd to urge thy stay.
 Come, fight we, thirsty of his blood ; no more let's fear to lay
 Cost on our lances, but approve, if, bloodied with our spoils,
 He can bear glory to their fleet, or shut up all their toils 210
 In his one sufferance on thy lance.” With this deceit she led,
 And, both come near, thus Hector spake : “ Thrice have I compassed
 This great town, Peleus' son, in flight, with aversation
 That out of fate put off my steps, but now all flight is flown,
 The short course set up, death or life. Our resolutions yet 215
 Must shun all rudeness, and the Gods before our valour set
 For use of victory, and they being worthiest witnesses
 Of all vows, since they keep vows best before their Deities,
 Let vows of fit respect pass both, when conquest hath bestow'd
 Her wreath on either. Here I vow no fury shall be show'd, 220
 That is not manly, on thy corse, but, having spoil'd thy arms,
 Resign thy person ; which swear thou.” These fair and temperate terms
 Far fled Achilles ; his brows bent, and out flew this reply :

“ Hector, thou only pestilence in all mortality

¹⁹⁴ *Fadging*—seems here fagging, fatiguing.

To my sear spirits, never set the point 'twixt thee and me 225
 Any conditions ; but as far as men and lions fly
 All terms of covenant, lambs and wolves, in so far opposite state,
 Impossible for love t' atone, stand we, till our souls satiate
 The God of soldiers. Do not dream that our disjunction can
 Endure condition. Therefore now all worth that fits a man 230
 Call to thee, all particular parts that fit a soldier,
 And they all this include, besides the skill and spirit of war,
 Hunger for slaughter, and a hate that eats thy heart to eat
 Thy foe's heart. This stirs, this supplies in death the killing heat,
 And all this need'st thou. No more fight. Pallas Athenia 235
 Will quickly cast thee to my lance. Now, now together draw
 All griefs for vengeance, both in me and all my friends late dead
 That bled thee, raging with thy lance." This said, he brandished
 His long lance, and away it sung ; which Hector giving view,
 Stoop'd low, stood firm, foreseeing it best, and quite it overflow, 240
 Fastening on earth. Athenia drew it, and gave her friend,
 Unseen of Hector. Hector then thus spake : " Thou want'st thy end,
 God-like Achilles. Now I see thou hast not learn'd my fate
 Of Jove at all, as thy high words would bravely intimate.
 Much tongue affects thee. Cunning words well serve thee to prepare 245
 Thy blows with threats, that mine might faint with want of spirit to
 dare.

But my back never turns with breath ; it was not born to bear
 Burthens of wounds ; strike home before ; drive at my breast thy spear,
 As mine at thine shall, and try then if heavens will favour thee
 With 'scape of my lance. O would Jove would take it after me, 250
 And make thy bosom take it all ! An easy end would crown
 Our difficult wars, were thy soul fled, thou most bane of our town."

Thus flew his dart, touch'd at the midst of his vast shield, and flew
 A huge way from it ; but his heart wrath enter'd with the view
 Of that hard 'scape, and heavy thoughts struck through him when he spied
 His brother vanish'd, and no lance beside left ; out he cried : 255

“ Deiphobus, another lance.” Lance nor Deiphobus
 Stood near his call. And then his mind saw all things ominous,
 And thus suggested: “ Woe is me, the Gods have called, and I
 Must meet death here! Deiphobus I well hop’d had been by 260
 With his white shield; but our strong walls shield him, and this deceit
 Flows from Minerva. Now, O now, ill death comes, no more flight,
 No more recovery. O Jove, this hath been otherwise,
 Thy bright son and thyself have set the Greeks a greater prize
 Of Hector’s blood than now, of which, even jealous, you had care; 265
 But Fate now conquers; I am hers; and yet not she shall share
 In my renown, that life is left to every noble spirit,
 And that some great deed shall beget that all lives shall inherit.”

Thus, forth his sword flew, sharp and broad, and bore a deadly weight,
 With which he rush’d in. And look how an eagle from her height 270
 Stoops to the rapture of a lamb, or cuffs a timorous hare;
 So fell in Hector; and at him Achilles; his mind’s fare
 Was fierce and mighty, his shield cast a sun-like radiance,
 Helm nodded, and his four plumes shook, and, when he rais’d his lance,
 Up Hesp’rus rose ’mongst th’ evening stars. His bright and sparkling
 eyes 275

Look’d through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prise
 The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
 Appear’d to him, and that was where th’ unequal winding bone,
 That joins the shoulders and the neck, had place, and where there lay
 The speeding way to death; and there his quick eye could display 280
 The place it sought, even through those arms his friend Patroclus wore
 When Hector slew him. There he aim’d, and there his javelin tore
 Stern passage quite through Hector’s neck, yet miss’d it so his throat
 It gave him pow’r to change some words, but down to earth it got
 His fainting body. Then triumph’d divine Æacides: 285
 “ Hector,” said he, “ thy heart suppos’d that in my friend’s decease
 Thy life was safe; my absent arm not cared for. Fool! he left
 One at the fleet that better’d him, and he it is that reft

Thy strong knees thus ; and now the dogs and fowls in foulest use
Shall tear thee up, thy corse expos'd to all the Greeks' abuse." 290

He, fainting, said : " Let me implore, even by thy knees and soul
And thy great parents, do not see a cruelty so foul
Inflicted on me. Brass and gold receive at any rate,
And quit my person, that the peers and ladies of our state
May tomb it, and to sacred fire turn thy profane decrees." 295

" Dog," he replied, " urge not my ruth, by parents, soul, nor knees.
I would to God that any rage would let me eat thee raw,
Sliced into pieces, so beyond the right of any law
I taste thy merits ! And, believe, it flies the force of man
To rescue thy head from the dogs. Give all the gold they can, 300
If ten or twenty times so much as friends would rate thy price
Were tender'd here, with vows of more, to buy the cruelties
I here have vow'd, and after that thy father with his gold
Would free thyself, all that should fail to let thy mother hold
Solemnities of death with thee, and do thee such a grace 305
To mourn thy whole corse on a bed, which piecemeal I'll deface
With fowls and dogs." He, dying, said : " I, knowing thee well, foresaw
Thy now tried tyranny, nor hop'd for any other law,
Of nature, or of nations ; and that fear forc'd much more
Than death my flight, which never touch'd at Hector's foot before. 310
A soul of iron informs thee. Mark, what vengeance th' equal fates
Will give me of thee for this rage, when in the Scæan gates
Phœbus and Paris meet with thee." Thus death's hand clos'd his eyes,
His soul flying his fair limbs to hell, mourning his destinies, 314
To part so with his youth and strength. Thus dead, thus Thetis' son
His prophecy answer'd : " Die thou now. When my short thread is spun,
I'll bear it as the will of Jove." This said, his brazen spear
He drew, and stuck by ; then his arms, that all embrued were,
He spoil'd his shoulders of. Then all the Greeks ran in to him
To see his person, and admir'd his terror-stirring limb ; 320

Yet none stood by that gave no wound to his so goodly form ;
 When each to other said : " O Jove, he is not in the storm
 He came to fleet in with his fire, he handles now more soft."

" O friends," said stern *Æacides*, " now that the Gods have brought
 This man thus down, I'll freely say, he brought more bane to Greece 325
 Than all his aiders. Try we then, thus arm'd at every piece,
 And girding all Troy with our host, if now their hearts will leave
 Their city clear, her clear stay slain, and all their lives receive,
 Or hold yet, Hector being no more. But why use I a word
 Of any act but what concerns my friend ? Dead, undeplor'd, 330
 Unsepulchred, he lies at fleet, unthought on. Never hour
 Shall make his dead state, while the quick enjoys me, and this pow'r
 To move these movers. Though in hell, men say, that such as die
 Oblivion seizeth, yet in hell in me shall Memory
 Hold all her forms still of my friend. Now, youths of Greece, to fleet
 Bear we this body, pæans sing, and all our navy greet 335
 With endless honour ; we have slain Hector, the period
 Of all Troy's glory, to whose worth all vow'd as to a God."

This said, a work not worthy him he set to ; of both feet
 He bor'd the nerves through from the heel to th' ankle, and then knit
 Both to his chariot with a thong of whiteleather, his head 341
 Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid
 The arms repurchas'd, and scourg'd on his horse that freely flew.
 A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they drew,
 With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in heaps and fil'd.
 And there lay Troy's late Gracious, by Jupiter exil'd 346
 To all disgrace in his own land, and by his parents seen ;
 When, like her son's head, all with dust Troy's miserable queen
 Distain'd her temples, plucking off her honour'd hair, and tore
 Her royal garments, shrieking out. In like kind Priam bore 350

³⁴¹ " Achilles' tyranny to Hector's person, which we lay on his fury and love to his slain friend, for whom himself living suffered so much."—CHAPMAN.

³⁴¹ *Whiteleather*—i. e. white leather.

His sacred person, like a wretch that never saw good day,
 Broken with outcries. About both the people prostrate lay,
 Held down with clamour; all the town veil'd with a cloud of tears.
 Ilium, with all his tops on fire, and all the massacres,
 Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of no more overthrow 355
 Than now afraid life. And yet the king did all their looks outshow.
 The wretched people could not bear his sovereign wretchedness,
 Plaguing himself so, thrusting out, and praying all the press
 To open him the Dardan ports, that he alone might fetch
 His dearest son in, and (all fill'd with tumbling) did beseech 360
 Each man by name, thus: "Lov'd friends, be you content, let me,
 Though much ye grieve, be that poor mean to our sad remedy
 Now in our wishes; I will go and pray this impious man,
 Author of horrors, making proof if age's reverence can
 Excite his pity. His own sire is old like me; and he 365
 That got him to our griefs, perhaps, may, for my likeness, be
 Mean for our ruth to him. Alas, you have no cause of cares,
 Compar'd with me! I many sons, grac'd with their freshest years,
 Have lost by him, and all their deaths in slaughter of this one
 (Afflicted man) are doubled. This will bitterly set gone 370
 My soul to hell. O would to heaven I could but hold him dead
 In these pin'd arms, then tears on tears might fall, till all were shed
 In common fortune! Now amaze their natural course doth stop,
 And pricks a mad vein." Thus he mourn'd, and with him all brake ope
 Their store of sorrows. The poor Queen amongst the women wept, 375
 Turn'd into anguish: "O my son," she cried out, "why still kept
 Patient of horrors is my life, when thine is vanished?
 My days thou glorifiedst, my nights rung of some honour'd deed
 Done by thy virtues, joy to me, profit to all our care.
 All made a God of thee, and thou mad'st them all that they are, 380

³⁶⁰ *In.*—Dr. Taylor has erroneously omitted this word.

³⁶⁰ *Fill'd with tumbling.*—*Fill'd*, i. e. defiled. Dr. Taylor has committed a strange error in printing "all *fill'd* with *tumbling*," conveying to the reader a most unhappy picture of the effects of poor Priam's distress.

Now under fate, now dead." These two thus vented as they could
 Their sorrow's furnace; Hector's wife not having yet been told
 So much as of his stay without. She in her chamber close
 Sat at her loom; a piece of work, grac'd with a both sides' gloss,
 Strew'd curiously with varied flowers, her pleasure was; her care, 385
 To heat a caldron for her lord, to bathe him turn'd from war,
 Of which she chief charge gave her maids. Poor dame, she little knew
 How much her cares lack'd of his case! But now the clamour flew
 Up to her turret; then she shook, her work fell from her hand,
 And up she started, call'd her maids, she needs must understand 390
 That ominous outcry: "Come," said she, "I hear through all this cry
 My mother's voice shriek; to my throat my heart bounds; ecstasy
 Utterly alters me; some fate is near the hapless sons
 Of fading Priam. Would to God my words' suspicions
 No ear had heard yet! O I fear, and that most heartily, 395
 That with some stratagem the son of Peleus hath put by
 The wall of Ilion my lord, and, trusty of his feet,
 Obtain'd the chase of him alone, and now the curious heat
 Of his still desperate spirit is cool'd. It let him never keep
 In guard of others; before all his violent foot must step, 400
 Or his place forfeited he held." Thus fury-like she went,
 Two women, as she will'd, at hand, and made her quick ascent
 Up to the tow'r and press of men, her spirit in uproar. Round
 She cast her greedy eye, and saw her Hector slain, and bound
 T' Achilles' chariot, manlessly dragg'd to the Grecian fleet. 405
 Black night struck through her, under her trance took away her feet,
 And back she shrunk with such a sway that off her head-tire flew,
 Her coronet, caul, ribands, veil that golden Venus threw
 On her white shoulders that high day when warlike Hector won
 Her hand in nuptials in the court of king Etion 410
 And that great dow'r then given with her. About her, on their knees,
 Her husband's sisters, brothers' wives, fell round, and by degrees

⁴⁰⁷ *That off.*—The second folio and Taylor, "*then off.*"

Recover'd her. Then, when again her respirations found
 Free pass (her mind and spirit met) these thoughts her words did
 sound :

“ O Hector, O me, cursed dame, both born beneath one fate, 415
 Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where Placus doth elate
 His shady forehead, in the court where king Eetion,
 Hapless, begot unhappy me, which would he had not done,
 To live past thee ! Thou now art div'd to Pluto's gloomy throne,
 Sunk through the coverts of the earth ; I, in a hell of moan, 420
 Left here thy widow ; one poor babe born to unhappy both,
 Whom thou leav'st helpless as he thee, he born to all the wroth
 Of woe and labour. Lands left him will others seize upon ;
 The orphan day of all friends' helps robs every mother's son.
 An orphan all men suffer sad ; his eyes stand still with tears ; 425
 Need tries his father's friends, and fails ; of all his favourers,
 If one the cup gives, 'tis not long, the wine he finds in it
 Scarce moistens his palate ; if he chance to gain the grace to sit,
 Surviving fathers' sons repine, use contumelies, strike,
 Bid, ' leave us, where's thy father's place ? ' He, weeping with dislike,
 Retires to me, to me, alas ! Astyanax is he 431
 Born to these miseries. He that late fed on his father's knee,
 To whom all knees bow'd, daintiest fare appos'd him, and when sleep
 Lay on his temples, his cries still'd, his heart even laid in steep
 Of all things precious, a soft bed, a careful nurse's arms, 435
 Took him to guardiance. But now as huge a world of harms
 Lies on his sufferance ; now thou want'st thy father's hand to friend,
 O my Astyanax ; O my lord, thy hand that did defend
 These gates of Ilion, these long walls by thy arm measur'd still
 Amply and only. Yet at fleet thy naked corse must fill 440
 Vile worms, when dogs are satiate, far from thy parents' care,
 Far from those funeral ornaments that thy mind would prepare
 (So sudden being the chance of arms) ever expecting death.
 Which task, though my heart would not serve t' employ my hands beneath,

222 *TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.*

I made my women yet perform. Many, and much in price, 445
Were those integuments they wrought t' adorn thy exsequies ;
Which, since they fly thy use, thy corse not laid in their attire,
Thy sacrifice they shall be made ; these hands in mischievous fire
Shall vent their vanities. And yet, being consecrate to thee,
They shall be kept for citizens, and their fair wives, to see." 455

Thus spake she weeping ; all the dames endeavouring to cheer
Her desert state, fearing their own, wept with her tear for tear.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.



THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES orders justs of exsequies*
For his Patroclus ; and doth sacrifice
Twelve Trojan princes, most lov'd hounds and horse,
And other offerings, to the honour'd corse.
He institutes, besides, a Funeral Game ;
Where Diomed, for horse-race, wins the fame ;
For foot, Ulysses ; others otherwise
Strive, and obtain ; and end the Exsequies.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Psi sings the rites of the decease
Ordain'd by great Æacides.



HUS mourn'd all Troy. But when at fleet and Hellespontus'
shore
The Greeks arriv'd, each to his ship ; only the Conqueror
Kept undispers'd his Myrmidons, and said : " Lov'd
countrymen,
Disjoin not we chariots and horse, but, bearing hard our rein, 4
With state of both, march soft and close, and mourn about the corse ;
'Tis proper honour to the dead. Then take we out our horse,

* *Justs of exsequies*—funeral games.

When with our friends' kind woe our hearts have felt delight to do
A virtuous soul right, and then sup." This said, all full of woe
Circled the corse ; Achilles led, and thrice, about him close,
All bore their goodly-coated horse. Amongst all Thetis rose, 10
And stirr'd up a delight in grief, till all their arms with tears,
And all the sands, were wet ; so much they lov'd that Lord of Fears.
Then to the centre fell the prince ; and, putting in the breast
Of his slain friend his slaught'ring hands, began to all the rest
Words to their tears : " Rejoice," said he, " O my Patroclus, thou 15
Court'd by Dis now. Now I pay to thy late overthrow
All my revenges vow'd before. Hector lies slaughter'd here
Dragg'd at my chariot, and our dogs shall all in pieces tear
His hated limbs. Twelve Trojan youths, born of their noblest strains,
I took alive ; and, yet enrag'd, will empty all their veins 20
Of vital spirits, sacrific'd before thy heap of fire."

This said, a work unworthy him he put upon his ire,
And trampled Hector under foot at his friend's feet. The rest
Disarm'd, took horse from chariot, and all to sleep address'd
At his black vessel. Infinite were those that rested there. 25
Himself yet sleeps not, now his spirits were wrought about the cheer
Fit for so high a funeral. About the steel us'd then
Oxen in heaps lay bellowing, preparing food for men ;
Bleating of sheep and goats fill'd air ; numbers of white-tooth'd swine,
Swimming in fat, lay singeing there. The person of the slain 30
Was girt with slaughter. All this done, all the Greek kings convey'd
Achilles to the King of men ; his rage not yet allay'd
For his Patroclus. Being arriv'd at Agamemnon's tent,
Himself bad heralds put to fire a caldron, and present
The service of it to the prince, to try if they could win 35
His pleasure to admit their pains to cleanse the blood soak'd in
About his conquering hands and brows. " Not by the King of Heaven,"
He swore. " The laws of friendship damn this false-heart licence given

To men that lose friends. Not a drop shall touch me till I put
 Patroclus in the funeral pile, before these curls be cut, 40
 His tomb erected. 'Tis the last of all care I shall take,
 While I consort the careful. Yet, for your entreaties' sake,
 And though I loathe food, I will eat. But early in the morn,
 Atrides, use your strict command that loads of wood be borne
 To our design'd place, all that fits to light home such a one 45
 As is to pass the shades of death, that fire enough set gone
 His person quickly from our eyes, and our diverted men
 May ply their business." This all ears did freely entertain,
 And found observance. Then they supp'd with all things fit, and all
 Repair'd to tents and rest. The friend the shores maritimal 50
 Sought for his bed, and found a place, fair, and upon which play'd
 The murmuring billows. There his limbs to rest, not sleep, he laid,
 Heavily sighing. Round about, silent and not too near,
 Stood all his Myrmidons, when straight, so over-labour'd were
 His goodly lineaments with chase of Hector, that, beyond 55
 His resolution not to sleep, Sleep cast his sudden bond
 Over his sense, and loos'd his care. Then of his wretched friend
 The Soul appear'd; at every part the form did comprehend
 His likeness; his fair eyes, his voice, his stature, every weed
 His person wore, it fantasied; and stood above his head 60
 This sad speech uttering: "Dost thou sleep? Æacides, am I
 Forgotten of thee? Being alive, I found thy memory
 Ever respectful; but now, dead, thy dying love abates.
 Inter me quickly, enter me in Pluto's iron gates,
 For now the souls (the shades) of men, fled from this being, beat 65
 My spirit from rest, and stay my much-desir'd receipt
 Amongst souls plac'd beyond the flood. Now every way I err
 About this broad-door'd house of Dis. O help then to prefer

⁴⁷ *Diverted*—turned from their proper duty of fighting.

⁴⁸ *Comprehend*—i. e. contain (Latin).

My soul yet further ! Here I mourn, but, had the funeral fire
 Consum'd my body, never more my spirit should retire 70
 From hell's low region ; from thence souls never are retriev'd
 To talk with friends here ; nor shall I ; a hateful fate depriv'd
 My being here, that at my birth was fix'd, and to such fate
 Even thou, O god-like man, art mark'd ; the deadly Ilion gate
 Must entertain thy death. O then, I charge thee now, take care 75
 That our bones part not ; but as life combin'd in equal fare
 Our loving beings, so let death. When from Opunta's tow'rs
 My father brought me to your roofs (since, 'gainst my will, my pow'rs
 Incens'd, and indiscreet at dice, slew fair Amphidamas)
 Then Peleus entertain'd me well ; then in thy charge I was 80
 By his injunction and thy love ; and therein let me still
 Receive protection. Both our bones, provide in thy last will,
 That one urn may contain ; and make that vessel all of gold,
 That Thetis gave thee, that rich urn." This said, Sleep ceas'd to
 hold
 Achilles' temples, and the Shade thus he receiv'd : " O friend, 85
 What needed these commands ? My care, before, meant to commend
 My bones to thine, and in that urn. Be sure thy will is done.
 A little stay yet, let's delight, with some full passion
 Of woe enough, either's affects ; embrace we." Opening thus
 His greedy arms, he felt no friend ; like matter vaporous 90
 The Spirit vanish'd under earth, and murmur'd in his stoop.
 Achilles started, both his hands he clapp'd, and lifted up,
 In this sort wond'ring : " O ye Gods, I see we have a soul
 In th' under-dwellings, and a kind of man-resembling idol ;
 The soul's seat yet, all matter felt, stays with the carcass here. 95
 O friends, hapless Patroclus' soul did all this night appear
 Weeping and making moan to me, commanding everything
 That I intended towards him ; so truly figuring

⁸⁵ *That vessel*.—The second folio and Dr. Taylor, "*the*."

⁹⁴ *Idol*—εἰκών, the image, figure, of a disembodied spirit.

Himself at all parts, as was strange." This accident did turn
 To much more sorrow, and begat a greediness to mourn 100
 In all that heard. When mourning thus, the rosy Morn arose,
 And Agamemnon through the tents wak'd all, and did dispose
 Both men and mules for carriage of matter for the fire ;
 Of all which work Meriones, the Cretan sovereign's squire,
 Was captain; and abroad they went. Wood-cutting tools they bore 105
 Of all hands, and well-twisted cords. The mules march'd all before.
 Up hill, and down hill, overthwarts, and break-neck cliffs they pass'd ;
 But, when the fountful Ida's tops they scal'd with utmost haste,
 All fell upon the high-hair'd oaks, and down their curled brows
 Fell bustling to the earth, and up went all the boles and boughs 110
 Bound to the mules ; and back again they parted the harsh way
 Amongst them through the tangling shrubs, and long they thought the day
 Till in the plain field all arriv'd, for all the woodmen bore
 Logs on their necks ; Meriones would have it so. The shore
 At last they reach'd yet, and then down their carriages they cast, 115
 And sat upon them, where the son of Peleus had plac'd
 The ground for his great sepulchre, and for his friend's, in one.
 They rais'd a huge pile, and to arms went every Myrmidon ;
 Charg'd by Achilles ; chariots and horse were harnessed,
 Fighters and charioteers got up, and they the sad march led, 120
 A cloud of infinite foot behind. In midst of all was borne
 Patroclus' person by his peers. On him were all heads shorn,
 Even till they cover'd him with curls. Next to him march'd his friend
 Embracing his cold neck all sad, since now he was to send

¹⁰⁶ *Hands*.—Thus both folios, Chapman, following the original, says, "all hands bore wood-cutting tools, &c." Dr. Taylor has wrongly altered it to "all kinds."

¹⁰⁸ *March'd*.—The second folio and Dr. Taylor erroneously, "march."

¹⁰⁷ *Oerthwarts*.—This is the celebrated line,

Πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα κύταντα πάραντι τε δόχημά τ' ἤλθον.

Both folios have *overthwarts* in one word, which I prefer. Dr. Taylor has printed *over thwarts*; but *overthwarts*, adverbially, as we say *athwart*, conveys the sense and sound intended in the original.

His dearest to his endless home. Arriv'd all where the wood 125
 Was heap'd for funeral, they set down. Apart Achilles stood,
 And when enough wood was heap'd on, he cut his golden hair,
 Long kept for Sperchius the flood, in hope of safe repair
 To Phthia by that river's pow'r, but now left hopeless thus,
 Enrag'd, and looking on the sea, he cried out : " Sperchius, 130
 In vain my father's piety vow'd, at my implor'd return
 To my lov'd country, that these curls should on thy shores be shorn,
 Besides a sacred hecatomb, and sacrifice beside
 Of fifty wethers, at those founts, where men have edified
 A lofty temple, and perfum'd an altar to thy name. 135
 There vow'd he all these offerings ; but fate prevents thy fame,
 His hopes not suffering satisfied. And since I never more
 Shall see my lov'd soil, my friend's hands shall to the Stygian shore
 Convey these tresses." Thus he put in his friend's hands the hair ;
 And this bred fresh desire of moan ; and in that sad affair 140
 The sun had set amongst them all, had Thetis' son not spoke
 Thus to Atrides : " King of men, thy aid I still invoke,
 Since thy command all men still hear. Dismiss thy soldiers now,
 And let them victual ; they have mourn'd sufficient ; 'tis we owe
 The dead this honour ; and with us let all the captains stay." 145
 This heard, Atrides instantly the soldiers sent away ;
 The funeral officers remain'd, and heap'd on matter still,
 Till of an hundred foot about they made the funeral pile,
 In whose hot height they cast the corse, and then they pour'd on tears.
 Numbers of fat sheep, and like store of crooked-going steers, 150
 They slew before the solemn fire ; stripp'd off their hides and dress'd.
 Of which Achilles took the fat, and cover'd the deceas'd
 From head to foot ; and round about he made the officers pile
 The beasts' nak'd bodies, vessels full of honey and of oil

¹²⁵ *Set down.*—So both folios, the Greek being *καθίσταν*. Dr. Taylor, however, has "*sat down.*"

¹³⁴ *Those founts.*—Dr. Taylor, following the error of the second folio, has "*whose founts.*"

Pour'd in them, laid upon a bier, and cast into the fire. 155
 Four goodly horse, and of nine hounds two most in the desire
 Of that great prince and trencher-fed, all fed that hungry flame.

Twelve Trojan princes last stood forth, young, and of toward fame,
 All which, set on with wicked spirits, there struck he, there he slew,
 And to the iron strength of fire their noble limbs he threw. 160

Then breath'd his last sighs, and these words: "Again rejoice, my friend,
 Even in the joyless depth of hell. Now give I complete end
 To all my vows. Alone thy life sustain'd not violence,
 Twelve Trojan princes wait on thee, and labour to incense
 Thy glorious heap of funeral. Great Hector I'll excuse, 165
 The dogs shall eat him." These high threats perform'd not their abuse,
 Jove's daughter, Venus, took the guard of noble Hector's corse,
 And kept the dogs off, night and day applying sovereign force
 Of rosy balms, that to the dogs were horrible in taste,
 And with which she the body fill'd. Renown'd Apollo cast 170
 A cloud from heaven, lest with the sun the nerves and lineaments
 Might dry and putrefy. And now some Powers denied consents
 To this solemnity; the Fire (for all the oily fuel
 It had injected) would not burn; and then the loving Cruel
 Studied for help, and, standing off, invok'd the two fair Winds, 175
 Zephyr and Boreas, to afford the rage of both their kinds
 To aid his outrage. Precious gifts his earnest zeal did vow,
 Pour'd from a golden bowl much wine, and pray'd them both to blow,
 That quickly his friend's corse might burn, and that heap's sturdy breast
 Embrace consumption. Iris heard. The Winds were at a feast, 180
 All in the court of Zephyrus, that boisterous blowing Air,
 Gather'd together. She that wears the thousand-colour'd hair
 Flew thither, standing in the porch. They, seeing her, all arose,
 Call'd to her, every one desir'd she would awhile repose,

¹⁶⁴ *Incense*—(Latin) burn.

¹⁷⁴ *Loving Cruel*—Achilles, loving to his friend, cruel to his enemy.

¹⁸² *Iris*.

And eat with them. She answer'd : " No, no place of seat is here ;
 Retreat calls to the Ocean and Ethiopia, where 188
 A hecatomb is offering now to heaven, and there must I
 Partake the feast of sacrifice. I come to signify
 That Thetis' son implores your aids, princes of North and West,
 With vows of much fair sacrifice, if each will set his breast 190
 Against his heap of funeral, and make it quickly burn :
 Patroclus lies there, whose decease all the Achæians mourn."

She said, and parted : and out rush'd, with an unmeasur'd roar,
 Those two Winds, tumbling clouds in heaps, ushers to either's bore,
 And instantly they reach'd the sea : up flew the waves : the gale 195
 Was strong ; reach'd fruitful Troy : and fall upon the fire they fall.
 The huge heap thunder'd. All night long from his chok'd breast they blew
 A liberal flame up ; and all night swift-foot Achilles threw
 Wine from a golden bowl on earth, and steep'd the soil in wine,
 Still calling on Patroclus' soul. No father could incline 200
 More to a son most dear, nor more mourn at his burn'd bones,
 Than did the great prince to his friend at his combustions,
 Still creeping near and near the heap, still sighing, weeping still.
 But when the Day-star look'd abroad, and promis'd from his hill 204
 Light, which the saffron Morn made good, and sprinkled on the seas,
 Then languish'd the great pile, then sunk the flames, and then calm Peace
 Turn'd back the rough Winds to their homes, the Thracian billow rings
 Their high retreat, ruffled with cuffs of their triumphant wings.

Pelides then forsook the pile, and to his tired limb
 Choos'd place of rest, where laid, sweet sleep fell to his wish on him. 210
 When all the king's guard, waiting then, perceiving will to rise
 In that great session, hurried in, and op'd again his eyes
 With tumult of their troop, and haste. A little then he rear'd
 His troubled person, sitting up, and this affair referr'd
 To wish'd commandment of the kings : " Atrides, and the rest 215
 Of our commanders general, vouchsafe me this request

Before your parting: Give in charge the quenching with black wine
 Of this heap's relics, every brand the yellow fire made shine,
 And then let search Patroclus' bones, distinguishing them well
 As well ye may, they kept the midst, the rest at random fell 220
 About th' extreme part of the pile. Men's bones and horses mix'd
 Being found, I'll find an urn of gold t' enclose them, and betwixt
 The air and them two kels of fat lay on them, and to rest
 Commit them, till mine own bones seal our love, my soul deceas'd.
 The sepulchre I have not charg'd to make of too much state, 225
 But of a model something mean, that you of younger fate,
 When I am gone, may amplify with such a breadth and height
 As fits your judgments and our worths." This charge receiv'd his weight
 In all observance. First they quench'd with sable wine the heap
 As far as it had fed the flame. The ash fell wondrous deep, 230
 In which his consorts, that his life religiously lov'd,
 Search'd, weeping, for his bones; which found, they conscionably prov'd
 His will made to Æacides, and what his love did add.
 A golden vessel, double fat, contain'd them. All which, clad
 In veils of linen, pure and rich, were solemnly convey'd 235
 T' Achilles' tent. The platform then about the pile they laid
 Of his fit sepulchre, and rais'd a heap of earth, and then
 Offer'd departure. But the prince retain'd there still his men,
 Employing them to fetch from fleet rich tripods for his games,
 Caldrons, horse, mules, broad-headed beeves, bright steel, and brighter
 dames. 240

The best at horse-race he ordain'd a lady for his prize,
 Generally praiseful, fair and young, and skill'd in housewiferies
 Of all kinds fitting; and withal a trivet, that inclos'd

²¹⁸ *Made shine*.—Thus both folios. Dr. Taylor has erroneously printed, "*make shine*."

²²⁰ *Kept*.—The second folio and Taylor, "*keep*."

²²² *Kels*—cauls.

²²⁹ *Employing*.—The second folio has "*employed*."

²⁴³ *Kinds*.—The second folio and Dr. Taylor have "*kind*."

Twenty-two measures' room, with ears. The next prize he propos'd
 Was, that which then had high respect, a mare of six years old, 445
 Unhandled, horsed with a mule, and ready to have foal'd.
 The third game was a caldron, new, fair, bright, and could for size
 Contain two measures. For the fourth, two talents' quantities
 Of finest gold. The fifth game was a great new standing bowl,
 To set down both ways. These brought in, Achilles then stood up, 250
 And said: "Atrides and my lords, chief horsemen of our host,
 These games expect ye. If myself should interpose my most
 For our horse-race, I make no doubt that I should take again
 These gifts propos'd. Ye all know well of how divine a strain
 My horse are, and how eminent. Of Neptune's gift they are 255
 To Peleus, and of his to me. Myself then will not share
 In gifts given others, nor my steeds breathe any spirit to shake
 Their airy pasterns; so they mourn for their kind guider's sake,
 Late lost, that us'd with humorous oil to slick their lofty manes, 259
 Clear water having cleans'd them first, and, his bane being their banes,
 Those lofty manes now strew the earth, their heads held shaken down.
 You then that trust in chariots, and hope with horse to crown
 Your conquering temples, gird yourselves; now, fame and prize stretch for,
 All that have spirits." This fir'd all. The first competitor
 Was king Eumelus, whom the art of horsemanship did grace, 265
 Son to Admetus. Next to him rose Diomed to the race,
 That under reins rul'd Trojan horse, of late forc'd from the son
 Of lord Anchises, himself freed of near confusion
 By Phœbus. Next to him set forth the yellow-headed king
 Of Lacedæmon, Jove's high seed; and in his manag'ing. 270
 Podargus and swift Æthe trod, steeds to the King of men;
 Æthe given by Echepolus, the Anchisiaden,

²⁵⁵ *Horse*.—The second folio and Taylor have "*horses*." They both also omit "*of*" before "*Neptune's*;" likewise "*and*" before "*of his*" in the following line.

²⁵⁹ *Humorous*—moist. See Bk. xxi. 186. *Slick*—sleek, to make sleek.

²⁶⁷ *Trojan horse*—the horses of Tros.

A bribe to free him from the war resolv'd for Ilion ;
 So Delicacy feasted him, whom Jove bestow'd upon
 A mighty wealth ; his dwelling was in broad Sicyone. 275
 Old Nestor's son, Antilochus, was fourth for chivalry
 In this contention ; his fair horse were of the Pylian breed,
 And his old father, coming near, inform'd him, for good speed,
 With good race notes, in which himself could good instruction give :
 " Antilochus, though young thou art, yet thy grave virtues live 280
 Belov'd of Neptune and of Jove. Their spirits have taught thee all
 The art of horsemanship, for which the less thy merits fall
 In need of doctrine. Well thy skill can wield a chariot
 In all fit turnings, yet thy horse their slow feet handle not
 As fits thy manage, which makes me cast doubts of thy success. 285
 I well know all these are not seen in art of this address
 More than thyself ; their horses yet superior are to thine
 For their parts, thine want speed to make discharge of a design
 To please an artist. But go on, show but thy art and heart
 At all points, and set them against their horses' heart and art, 290
 Good judges will not see thee lose. A carpenter's desert
 Stands more in cunning than in power. A pilot doth avert
 His vessel from the rock and wrack, tost with the churlish winds,
 By skill, not strength. So sorts it here ; one charioteer that finds
 Want of another's power in horse must in his own skill set 295
 An overplus of that to that ; and so the proof will get.
 Skill, that still rests within a man, more grace, than pow'r without.
 He that in horse and chariots trusts is often hurl'd about
 This way and that, unhandsomely, all heaven wide of his end.
 He, better skill'd, that rules worse horse, will an observance bend 300

²⁸³ *Wield*.—The second folio and Dr. Taylor have "*yield*," and "*turning*" for "*turnings*" in the next line.

²⁸⁷ *Skill*.—Dr Taylor has followed the typographical error of the second folio in printing "*still*."

²⁹⁰ *Heaven*—the past participle of the verb to *heave*. The Greek is *ἐλίσσεται*.

Right on the scope still of a race, bear near, know ever when to rein
 When give rein, as his foe before, well noted in his vein
 Of manage and his steeds' estate, presents occasion.
 I'll give thee instance now, as plain as if thou saw'st it done:
 Here stands a dry stub of some tree a cubit from the ground 305
 (Suppose the stub of oak or larch, for either are so sound
 That neither rots with wet) two stones, white, mark you, white for
 view,
 Parted on either side the stub; and these lay where they drew
 The way into a strait; the race betwixt both lying clear.
 Imagine them some monument of one long since tomb'd there, 310
 Or that they had been lists of race for men of former years,
 As now the lists Achilles sets may serve for charioteers
 Many years hence. When near to these the race grows, then as
 right
 Drive on them as thy eye can judge; then lay thy bridle's weight
 Most of thy left side; thy right horse then switching, all thy throat,
 Spent in encouragements, give him, and all the rein let float 315
 About his shoulders, thy near horse will yet be he that gave
 Thy skill the prize, and him rein so his head may touch the nave
 Of thy left wheel; but then take care thou runn'st not on the stone
 (With wrack of horse and chariot) which so thou bear'st upon. 320
 Shipwrack within the haven avoid by all means, that will breed
 Others delight and thee a shame. Be wise then, and take heed,
 My lov'd son, get but to be first at turning in the course,
 He lives not that can cote thee then, not if he back'd the horse
 The Gods bred, and Adrastus ow'd; divine Arion's speed 325
 Could not outpace thee, or the horse Laomedon did breed,

³⁰⁴ *Thee*.—So both folios; Dr. Taylor "*the*."

³⁰⁵ "A comment which well be bestowed upon this speech of Nestor."

CHAPMAN.

³²⁴ *Cote*—pass by, outstrip. See NARES. The word seems a hunting term, when the greyhound *passes by* and *turns* the hare into its fellow's mouth. Thus Drayton uses it. (*Polyolbion*, xxiii. p. 1115, quoted by NARES.)

³²⁵ *Owed*—owned. Bk. II. 736.

Whose race is famous, and fed here." Thus sat Neleides,
 When all that could be said was said. And then Meriones
 Set fifthly forth his fair-man'd horse. All leap'd to chariot;
 And every man then for the start cast in his proper lot. 330
 Achilles drew; Antilochus the lot set foremost forth;
 Eumelus next; Atrides third; Meriones the fourth;
 The fifth and last was Diomed, far first in excellence.
 All stood in order, and the lists Achilles fix'd far thence
 In plain field; and a seat ordain'd fast by, in which he set 335
 Renowned Phœnix, that in grace of Peleus was so great,
 To see the race, and give a truth of all their passages.
 All start together, scourg'd, and cried, and gave their business
 Study and order. Through the field they held a winged pace.
 Beneath the bosom of their steeds a dust so dimm'd the race, 340
 It stood above their heads in clouds, or like to storms amaz'd.
 Manes flew like ensigns with the wind. The chariots sometime graz'd,
 And sometime jump'd up to the air; yet still sat fast the men,
 Their spirits even panting in their breasts with fervour to obtain.
 But when they turn'd to fleet again, then all men's skills were tried, 345
 Then stretch'd the pasterns of their steeds. Eumelus' horse in pride
 Still bore their sovereign. After them came Diomed's coursers close,
 Still apt to leap their chariot, and ready to repose
 Upon the shoulders of their king their heads; his back even burn'd
 With fire that from their nostrils flew; and then their lord had turn'd
 The race for him, or given it doubt, if Phœbus had not smit 351
 The scourge out of his hands, and tears of helpless wrath with it
 From forth his eyes, to see his horse for want of scourge made slow,
 And th' others, by Apollo's help, with much more swiftness go.
 Apollo's spite Pallas discern'd, and flew to Tydeus' son, 355
 His scourge reach'd, and his horse made fresh. Then took her angry run

328 *When all, &c.*—"Nestor's aged love of speech was here briefly noted."

CHAPMAN.

329 *Fifthly.*—Dr. Taylor, erroneously, "*fifty*."

At king Eumelus, brake his gears, his mares on both sides flew,
 His draught-tree fell to earth, and him the toss'd up chariot-threw
 Down to the earth, his elbows torn, his forehead, all his face,
 Struck at the centre, his speech lost. And then the turned race 360
 Fell to Tydides ; before all his conquering horse he drave,
 And first he glitter'd in the race ; divine Athenia gave
 Strength to his horse, and fame to him. Next him drave Sparta's king.
 Antilochus his father's horse then urg'd with all his sting
 Of scourge and voice : " Run low," said he, " stretch out your limbs,
 and fly ; 365

With Diomed's horse I bid not strive, nor with himself strive I ;
 Athenia wings his horse, and him renowns ; Atrides' steeds
 Are they ye must not fail but reach, and soon, lest soon succeeds
 The blot of all your fames, to yield in swiftness to a mare,
 To female Æthe. What's the cause, ye best that ever were, 370
 That thus ye fail us ? Be assur'd that Nestor's love ye lose
 For ever, if ye fail his son. Through both your both sides goes
 His hot steel, if ye suffer me to bring the last prize home.
 Haste, overtake them instantly ; we needs must overcome.
 This harsh way next us, this my mind will take, this I despise 375
 For peril, this I'll creep through. Hard the way to honour lies,
 And that take I, and that shall yield." His horse by all this knew
 He was not pleas'd, and fear'd his voice, and for a while they flew.
 But straight more clear appear'd the strait Antilochus foresaw,
 It was a gasp the earth gave, forc'd by humours cold and raw, 380
 Pour'd out of Winter's wat'ry breast, met there, and cleaving deep
 All that near passage to the lists. This Nestor's son would keep,
 And left the roadway, being about. Atrides fear'd, and cried :
 " Antilochus, thy course is mad ; contain thy horse, we ride
 A way most dangerous ; turn head, betime take larger field, 385
 We shall be splitted." Nestor's son with much more scourge impell'd

³⁸³ " Menelaus in fear to follow Antilochus, who ye may see played upon him."—CHAPMAN.

His horse for this, as if not heard ; and got as far before
 As any youth can cast a quoit. Atrides would no more ;
 He back again, for fear himself, his goodly chariot,
 And horse together, strew'd the dust, in being so dusty hot 390
 Of thirsted conquest. But he chid, at parting, passing sore !

" Antilochus," said he, " a worse than thee earth never bore.
 Farewell, we never thought thee wise that were wise ; but not so
 Without oaths shall the wreath, be sure, crown thy mad temples: Go."

Yet he bethought him, and went too, thus stirring up his steeds : 395
 " Leave me not last thus, nor stand vex'd. Let these fail in the speeds
 Of feet and knees, not you. Shall these, these old jades, past the flow'r
 Of youth that you have, pass you?" This the horse fear'd, and more pow'r
 Put to their knees, straight getting ground. Both flew, and so the rest.
 All came in smokes, like spirits. The Greeks, set, to see who did best,
 Without the race, aloft, now made a new discovery, 401
 Other than that they made at first. Idomeneus' eye
 Distinguish'd all, he knew the voice of Diomed, seeing a horse
 Of special mark, of colour bay, and was the first in course,
 His forehead putting forth a star, round like the moon, and white. 405
 Up stood the Cretan, uttering this : " Is it alone my sight,
 Princes and captains, that discerns another lead the race
 With other horse than led of late ? Eumelus made most pace
 With his fleet mares, and he began the flexure as we thought ;
 Now all the field I search, and find nowhere his view ; hath nought 410
 Befall'n amiss to him ? Perhaps he hath not with success
 Perform'd his flexure ; his reins lost, or seat, or with the tress
 His chariot fail'd him, and his mares have outray'd with affright.
 Stand up, try you your eyes, for mine hold with the second sight ;
 This seems to me th' Ætolian king, the Tydean Diomed." 415

" To you it seems so," rustically Ajax Oileus said,
 " Your words are suited to your eyes. Those mares lead still that led,
 Eumelus owes them, and he still holds reins and place that did,

⁴⁰⁰ *Flexure*—the turning at the goal.

⁴¹² *Tress*—trace.

Not fall'n as you hoped. You must prate before us all, though last
 In judgment of all. Y' are too old, your tongue goes still too fast, 420
 You must not talk so. Here are those that better thee, and look
 For first place in the censure." This Idomeneus took
 In much disdain, and thus replied: "Thou best in speeches worst,
 Barbarous languag'd, others here might have reprov'd me first,
 Not thou, unfitt'st of all. I hold a tripod with thee here, 425
 Or caldron, and our General make our equal arbiter,
 Those horse are first, that when thou pay'st thou then may'st know."

[This fir'd

Oiliades more, and more than words this quarrel had inspir'd,
 Had not Achilles rose, and us'd this pacifying speech:
 "No more. Away with words in war. It toucheth both with breach
 Of that which fits ye. Your deserts should others reprehend 431
 That give such foul terms. Sit ye still, the men themselves will end
 The strife betwixt you instantly, and either's own load bear
 On his own shoulders. Then to both the first horse will appear,
 And which is second." These words us'd, Tydides was at hand, 435
 His horse ran high, glanc'd on the way, and up they toss'd the sand
 Thick on their coachman; on their pace their chariot deck'd with gold
 Swiftly attended, no wheel seen, nor wheel's print in the mould
 Impress'd behind them. These horse flew a flight, not ran a race.

Arriv'd, amidst the lists they stood, sweat trickling down apace 440
 Their high manes and their prominent breasts; and down jump'd Diomed,
 Laid up his scourge aloft the seat, and straight his prize was led
 Home to his tent. Rough Sthenelus laid quick hand on the dame,
 And handled trivet, and sent both home by his men. Next came
 Antilochus, that won with wiles, not swiftness of his horse, 445
 Precedence of the gold-lock'd king, who yet maintain'd the course

⁴²² *Censure*.—See Bk. XIII. 655.

⁴⁴¹ *Breasts*.—The second folio and Taylor "*breast*."

⁴⁴⁶ *Gold-lock'd king*.—Menelaus.

So close, that not the king's own horse gat more before the wheel
 Of his rich chariot, that might still the insecution feel
 With the extreme hairs of his tail (and that sufficient close
 Held to his leader, no great space it let him interpose 450
 Consider'd in so great a field) than Nestor's wily son
 Gat of the king, now at his heels, though at the breach he won
 A quoit's cast of him, which the king again at th' instant gain'd.
 Æthe Agamemnonides, that was so richly man'd,
 Gat strength still as she spent; which words her worth had prov'd with
 deeds, 455

Had more ground been allow'd the race; and coted far his steeds,
 No question leaving for the prize. And now Meriones
 A dart's cast came behind the king, his horse of speed much less,
 Himself less skill'd t' importune them, and give a chariot wing.
 Admetus' son was last, whose plight Achilles pitying 460
 Thus spake: "Best man comes last; yet right must see his prize not least,
 The second his deserts must bear, and Diomed the best."

He said, and all allow'd, and sure the mare had been his own,
 Had not Antilochus stood forth, and in his answer shown
 Good reason for his interest: "Achilles," he replied, 465
 "I should be angry with you much to see this ratified.
 Ought you to take from me my right because his horse had wrong,
 Himself being good? He should have us'd, as good men do, his tongue
 In prayer to Their pow'rs that bless good, not trusting to his own,
 Not to have been in this good last. His chariot overthrown 470
 O'erthrew not me. Who's last? Who's first? Men's goodness without these
 Is not our question. If his good you pity yet, and please
 Princely to grace it, your tents hold a goodly deal of gold,
 Brass, horse, sheep, women; out of these your bounty may be bold,
 To take a much more worthy prize than my poor merit seeks, 475
 And give it here before my face, and all these, that the Greeks

⁴⁵⁰ *Insecution*—close pursuit (Latin).

⁴⁵⁵ *Coted*.—Suprà, 324.

May glorify your liberal hands. This prize I will not yield.
 Who bears this, whatsoever man, he bears a tried field.
 His hand and mine must change some blows." Achilles laugh'd, and said:
 " If thy will be, Antilochus, I'll see Eumelus paid 480
 Out of my tents. I'll give him th' arms which late I conquer'd in
 Asteropæus, forg'd of brass, and wav'd about with tin ;
 'Twill be a present worthy him." This said, Automedon
 He sent for them. He went and brought, and to Admetus' son
 Achilles gave them. He, well pleas'd, receiv'd them. Then arose 485
 Wrong'd Menelaus, much incens'd with young Antilochus.
 He bent to speak, a herald took his sceptre and gave charge
 Of silence to the other Greeks ; then did the king enlarge
 The spleen he prisoned, uttering this : " Antilochus, till now 490
 We grant thee wise, but in this act what wisdom utter'st thou ?
 Thou hast disgrac'd my virtue, wrong'd my horse, preferring thine
 Much their inferiors. But go to, Princes, nor his nor mine
 Judge of with favour, him nor me, lest any Grecian use
 This scandal : ' Menelaus won, with Nestor's son's abuse, 495
 The prize in question, his horse worst, himself yet wan the best
 By pow'r and greatness.' Yet, because I would not thus contest
 To make parts taking, I'll be judge, and I suppose none here
 Will blame my judgment, I'll do right : Antilochus, come near,
 Come, noble gentleman, 'tis your place, swear by th' earth-circling God,
 (Standing before your chariot and horse, and that self rod 500
 With which you scourged them in your hand) if both with will and wile
 You did not cross my chariot." He thus did reconcile
 Grace with his disgrace, and with wit restor'd him to his wit :
 " Now crave I patience. O king; whatever was unfit,
 Ascribe to much more youth in me than you. You, more in age 505
 And more in excellence, know well the outrays that engage

⁴⁸⁵ The second folio and Dr. Taylor erroneously omit "*them*."

⁴⁸⁹ " Note Menelaus' ridiculous speech for conclusion of his character."

CHAPMAN.

⁵⁰¹ " Antilochus's ironical reply."—CHAPMAN.

All young men's actions ; sharper wits, but duller wisdoms, still
 From us flow than from you ; for which, curb, with your wisdom, will.
 The prize I thought mine, I yield yours, and, if you please, a prize
 Of greater value to my tent I'll send for, and suffice 510
 Your will at full, and instantly ; for, in this point of time,
 I rather wish to be enjoin'd your favour's top to climb,
 Than to be falling all my time from height of such a grace,
 O Jove-lov'd king, and of the Gods receive a curse in place."

This said, he fetch'd his prize to him, and it rejoic'd him so, 515
 That as corn-ears shine with the dew, yet having time to grow,
 When fields set all their bristles up ; in such a ruff wert thou,
 O Menelaus, answering thus : " Antilochus, I now,
 Though I were angry, yield to thee, because I see th' hadst wit,
 When I thought not ; thy youth hath got the mastery of thy spirit. 520
 And yet, for all this, 'tis more safe not to abuse at all
 Great men, than, vent'ring, trust to wit to take up what may fall ;
 For no man in our host beside had easily calm'd my spleen,
 Stirr'd with like tempest. But thyself hast a sustainer been
 Of much affliction in my cause ; so thy good father too, 525
 And so thy brother ; at thy suit, I therefore let all go,
 Give thee the game here, though mine own, that all these may discern
 King Menelaus bears a mind at no part proud or stern."

The king thus calm'd, Antilochus receiv'd, and gave the steed
 To lov'd Noemon to lead thence, and then receiv'd beside 530
 The caldron. Next, Meriones, for fourth game, was to have
 Two talents' gold. The fifth, unwon, renown'd Achilles gave
 To reverend Nestor, being a bowl to set on either end,
 Which through the press he carried him : " Receive," said he, " old
 friend,
 This gift as funeral monument of my dear friend deceas'd, 535
 Whom never you must see again. I make it his bequest

⁵¹³ " Ironicè."—CHAPMAN.

⁵¹⁷ " This simile likewise is merely ironical."—CHAPMAN.

To you as, without any strife, obtaining it from all.
 Your shoulders must not undergo the churlish whoorbat's fall,
 Wrastling is past you, strife in darts, the foot's celerity,
 Harsh age in his years fetters you, and honour sets you free." 540

Thus gave he it. He took and joy'd, but, ere he thank'd, he said :
 " Now sure, my honourable son, in all points thou hast play'd
 The comely orator ; no more must I contend with nerves ;
 Feet fail, and hands ; arms want that strength that this and that swings serves
 Under your shoulders. Would to heaven I were so young chinn'd now,
 And strength threw such a many of bones, to celebrate this show, 546
 As when the Epians brought to fire, actively honouring thus,
 King Amaryncea's funerals in fair Buprasius !

His sons put prizes down for him, where not a man match'd me
 Of all the Epians, or the sons of great-soul'd Ætolie, 550

No, nor the Pylians themselves, my countrymen. I beat
 Great Clytomedes, Enops' son, at buffets. At the feat
 Of wrastling I laid under me one that against me rose,
 Anceus, call'd Pleuronius. I made Iphiclus lose
 The foot-game to me. At the spear I conquer'd Polydore, 555
 And strong Phyleus. Actor's sons, of all men, only bore

The palm at horse-race, conquering with lashing on more horse,
 And envying my victory, because, before their course,
 All the best games were gone with me. These men were twins ; one was
 A most sure guide, a most sure guide ; the other gave the pass 560
 With rod and mettle. This was then. But now young men must wage
 These works, and my joints undergo the sad defects of age ;
 Though then I was another man. At that time I excell'd
 Amongst th' heroës. But forth now, let th' other rites be held
 For thy deceas'd friend, this thy gift in all kind part I take, 565
 And much it joys my heart, that still, for my true kindness' sake,

538 *Whoorbat's*—whirlbats, missiles for hurling, quoits, &c.

545 *Young chinn'd*—newly bearded.

552 *Buffets*—boxing.

563 " His desire of praise pants still."—CHAPMAN.

You give me memory. You perceive in what fit grace I stand
 Amongst the Grecians, and to theirs you set your graceful hand.
 The Gods give ample recompense of grace again to thee
 For this and all thy favours!" Thus, back through the thrust drave he,
 When he had stay'd out all the praise of old Neleides. 571

And now for buffets, that rough game, he order'd passages;
 Proposing a laborious mule, of six years old, untam'd,
 And fierce in handling, brought, and bound, in that place where they gam'd;
 And, to the conquer'd, a round cup. Both which he thus proclaims: 575

"Atreides, and all friends of Greece, two men, for these two games,
 I bid stand forth. Who best can strike with high contracted fist,
 Apollo giving him the wreath, know all about these lists,
 Shall win a mule, patient of toil; the vanquish'd, this round cup."

This utter'd, Panopeus' son, Epeus, straight stood up, 580
 A tall huge man, that to the nail knew that rude sport of hand,
 And, seizing the tough mule, thus spake: "Now let some other stand
 Forth for the cup; this mule is mine, at cuffs I boast me best.
 Is't not enough I am no soldier? Who is worthiest

At all works? None; not possible. At this yet this I say, 585
 And will perform this: Who stands forth, I'll burst him, I will bray
 His bones as in a mortar. Fetch surgeons enow to take
 His corse from under me." This speech did all men silent make.

At last stood forth Euryalus, a man god-like, and son
 To king Mecisteus, the grandchild of honour'd Talaon. 590
 He was so strong that, coming once to Thebes, when Ædipus
 Had like rites solemniz'd for him, he went victorious
 From all the Thebans. This rare man Tydides would prepare,
 Put on his girdle, oxhide cords, fair wrought; and spent much care 594

⁵⁷¹ "Another note of Nestor's humour, not so much being to be plainly observed in all these Iliads as in this book."—CHAPMAN.

⁵⁷¹ *Praise*.—The second folio and Dr. Taylor erroneously "*prize*."

⁵⁷² *Passages*—as we say, "*passages at arms*."

⁵⁷⁵ The second folio and Dr. Taylor erroneously "all *his* friends," &c.

⁵⁸⁷ "Note the sharpness of wit in our Homer; if where you look not for it you can find it."—CHAPMAN.

That hemight conquer, heart'ned him, and taught him tricks. Both dress'd
Fit for th' affair, both forth were brought, then breast oppos'd to breast,
Fists against fists rose, and, they join'd, rattling of jaws was there,
Gnashing of teeth, and heavy blows dash'd blood out every where.

At length Epeus spy'd clear way, rush'd in, and such a blow
Drave underneath the other's ear that his neat limbs did strow 600

The knock'd earth, no more legs had he, but as a huge fish laid
Near to the cold-weed-gathering shore, is with a north flaw afraid,
Shoots back, and in the black deep hides; so, sent against the ground,
Was foil'd Euryalus, his strength so hid in more profound

Depths of Epeus, who took up the intranc'd competitor; 605

About whom rush'd a crowd of friends that through the clusters bore
His falt'ring knees, he spitting up thick clods of blood, his head
Totter'd of one side, his sense gone; when, to a by-place led,
Thither they brought him the round cup. Pelides then set forth

Prize for a wrastling; to the best a trivet, that was worth 610

Twelve oxen, great and fit for fire; the conquer'd was t' obtain

A woman excellent in works, her beauty, and her gain,

Priz'd at four oxen. Up he stood, and thus proclaim'd: "Arise,
You wrastlers that will prove for these." Out stepp'd the ample size

Of mighty Ajax, huge in strength; to him Laertes' son, 615

The crafty one, as huge in sleight. Their ceremony done

Of making ready, forth they stepp'd, catch elbows with strong hands,

And as the beams of some high house crack with a storm, yet stands

The house, being built by well-skill'd men; so crack'd their backbones
wrinch'd,

With horrid twitches; in their sides, arms, shoulders, all bepinch'd,
Ran thick the wales red with the blood ready to start out. Both 621

Long'd for the conquest and the prize, yet show'd no play, being loth
To lose both. Nor could Ithacus stir Ajax; nor could he

Hale down Ulysses, being more strong than with mere strength to be

⁶⁰³ The second folio has erroneously printed "*back*" for "*black*," which Dr. Taylor has followed.

⁶⁰⁶ *Clusters*.—The second folio and Dr. Taylor read "*blusters*."

Hurl'd from all vantage of his sleight. Tir'd then with tugging play
Great Ajax Telamonius said : " Thou wisest man, or lay 626
My face up, or let me lay thine ; let Jove take care for these."

This said, he hois'd him up to air, when Laertiades
His wiles forgat not, Ajax' thigh he struck behind, and flat
He on his back fell ; on his breast Ulysses. Wonder'd at 630
Was this of all ; all stood amaz'd. Then the much-suffering man,
Divine Ulysses, at next close the Telamonian

A little rais'd from earth, not quite, but with his knee implied
Lock'd legs ; and down fell both on earth, close by each other's side,
Both fil'd with dust ; but starting up, the third close they had made, 635
Had not Achilles' self stood up, restraining them, and bade :
" No more tug one another thus, nor moil yourselves ; receive
Prize equal ; conquest crowns ye both ; the lists to others leave."

They heard, and yielded willingly, brush'd off the dust, and on
Put other vests. Pelides then, to those that swiftest run, 640
Propos'd another prize ; a bowl, beyond comparison,
Both for the size and workmanship, past all the bowls of earth.
It held six measures, silver all, but had his special worth
For workmanship, receiving form from those ingenious men
Of Sidon. The Phœnicians made choice, and brought it then 645
Along the green sea, giving it to Thoas ; by degrees
It came t' Eunæus, Jason's son, who young Priamides,
Lycaon, of Achilles' friend bought with it ; and this here
Achilles made best game for him that best his feet could bear.
For second he propos'd an ox, a huge one, and a fat ; 650
And half a talent gold for last. These thus he set them at :

" Rise, you that will assay for these." Forth stepp'd Oiliades ;
Ulysses answer'd ; and the third was, one esteem'd past these
For footmanship, Antilochus. All rank'd, Achilles show'd
The race-scope. From the start they glid. Oiliades bestow'd 655

His feet the swiftest ; close to him flew god-like Ithacus .
 And as a lady at her loom, being young and beauteous,
 Her silk-shuttle close to her breast, with grace that doth inflame,
 And her white hand, lifts quick and oft, in drawing from her frame
 Her gentle thread, which she unwinds with ever at her breast 660
 Gracing her fair hand ; so close still, and with such interest
 In all men's likings, Ithacus unwound, and spent the race
 By him before, took out his steps with putting in their place
 Promptly and gracefully his own, sprinkled the dust before,
 And clouded with his breath his head. So facile he bore 665
 His royal person that he struck shouts from the Greeks with thirst
 That he should conquer, though he flew: " Yet come, come, O come first,"
 Ever they cried to him. And this even his wise breast did move
 To more desire of victory, it made him pray, and prove,
 Minerva's aid, his fautress still: " O Goddess, hear," said he, 670
 " And to my feet stoop with thy help, now happy fautress be."

She was, and light made all his limbs. And now, both near their crown,
 Minerva tripp'd up Ajax' heels, and headlong he fell down
 Amids the ordure of the beasts, there negligently left
 Since they were slain there ; and by this Minerva's friend bereft 675
 Oiliades of that rich bowl, and left his lips, nose, eyes,
 Ruthfully smear'd. The fat ox yet he seiz'd for second prize,
 Held by the horn, spit out the tail, and thus spake all besmear'd :

" O villainous chance ! This Ithacus so highly is endear'd
 To this Minerva, that her hand is ever in his deeds. 680
 She, like his mother, nestles him, for from her it proceeds,
 I know, that I am us'd thus." This all in light laughter cast ;
 Amongst whom quick Antilochus laugh'd out his coming last
 Thus wittily: " Know, all my friends, that all times past, and now,
 The Gods most honour most-liv'd men. Oiliades ye know 685
 More old than I, but Ithacus is of the foremost race,
 First generation of men. Give the old man his grace,

665 *Facile*—easily.670 *Fautress*.—Bk. I. 441.

They count him of the green-hair'd eld; they may; or in his flow'r,
 For not our greatest flourisher can equal him in pow'r
 Of foot-strife, but *Æacides*." Thus sooth'd he Thetis' son, 690
 Who thus accepted it: "Well, youth, your praises shall not run
 With unrewarded feet on mine, your half a talent's prize
 I'll make a whole one. Take you, sir." He took, and joy'd. Then flies
 Another game forth. Thetis' son set in the lists a lance,
 A shield, and helmet, being th' arms *Sarpedon* did advance 695
 Against *Patroclus*, and he pris'd. And thus he nam'd th' address:

"Stand forth two the most excellent, arm'd, and before all these
 Give mutual onset to the touch and wound of either's flesh.
 Who first shall wound, through other's arms his blood appearing fresh,
 Shall win this sword, silvered, and hatch'd; the blade is right of Thrace;
Asteropæus yielded it. These arms shall part their grace 701
 With either's valour; and the men I'll liberally feast
 At my pavilion." To this game the first man that address'd
 Was *Ajax Telamonius*; to him king *Diomed*.
 Both, in oppos'd parts of the press, full arm'd, both entered 705
 The lists amidst the multitude, put looks on so austere,
 And join'd so roughly, that amaze surpris'd the Greeks in fear
 Of either's mischief. Thrice they threw their fierce darts, and clos'd thrice.
 Then *Ajax* struck through *Diomed*'s shield, but did no prejudice,
 His curets saft him. *Diomed*'s dart still over shoulders flew, 710
 Still mounting with the spirit it bore. And now rough *Ajax* grew
 So violent that the Greeks cried: "Hold, no more. Let them no more.
 Give equal prize to either." Yet the sword, propos'd before
 For him did best, *Achilles* gave to *Diomed*. Then a stone,
 In fashion of a sphere, he show'd; of no invention, 715

⁶⁸⁸ *Eld*.—This is a grand old word, meaning "old age." The reader may remember the fine personification of "*Eld*" in Chaucer's "*Romaunt of the Rose*," and Sackville's "*Induction*" to the "*Mirror for Magistrates*."

⁶⁹⁵ *He pris'd*.—The second folio and Taylor erroneously omit "*he*." Dr. Taylor has also wrongly printed *pris'd*; the word being "*pris'd*," took, captured, from *Sarpedon*.

⁷⁰⁰ *Hatched*—inlaid with silver, &c.

But natural, only melted through with iron. 'Twas the bowl
 That king Eetion us'd to hurl; but he bereft of soul
 By great Achilles, to the fleet, with store of other prize,
 He brought it, and propos'd it now both for the exercise
 And prize itself. He stood, and said: " Rise you that will approve 720
 Your arms' strengths now in this brave strife. His vigour that can move
 This furthest needs no game but this, for reach he ne'er so far
 With large fields of his own, in Greece (and so needs for his car,
 His plough, or other tools of thrift, much iron) I'll able this
 For five revolved years; no need shall use his messages 725
 To any town to furnish him, this only bowl shall yield
 Iron enough for all affairs." This said, to try this field,
 First Polypoetes issued; next Leonteus; third
 Great Ajax; huge Epeus fourth, yet he was first that stirr'd
 That mine of iron. Up it went, and up he toss'd it so, 730
 That laughter took up all the field. The next man that did throw
 Was Leonteus; Ajax third, who gave it such a hand,
 That far past both their marks it flew. But now 'twas to be mann'd
 By Polypoetes, and, as far as at an ox that strays
 A herdsman can swing out his goad, so far did he outraise 735
 The stone past all men; all the field rose in a shout to see't;
 About him flock'd his friends, and bore the royal game to fleet.

For archery he then set forth ten axes edg'd two ways,
 And ten of one edge. On the shore, far-off, he caus'd to raise
 A ship-mast, to whose top they tied a fearful dove by th' foot, 740
 At which all shot, the game put thus: He that the dove could shoot,
 Nor touch the string that fast'ned her, the two-edg'd tools should bear
 All to the fleet. Who touch'd the string, and miss'd the dove, should share
 The one-edg'd axes. This propos'd, king Teucer's force arose,
 And with him rose Meriones. And now lots must dispose 745
 Their shooting first; both which let fall into a helm of brass,
 First Teucer's came, and first he shot, and his cross fortune was

To shoot the string, the dove untouch'd ; Apollo did envy
 His skill, since not to him he vow'd, being God of archery,
 A first fall'n lamb. The bitter shaft yet cut in two the cord, 750
 That down fell, and the dove aloft up to the welkin soar'd.
 The Greeks gave shouts. Meriones first made a hearty vow
 To sacrifice a first-fall'n lamb to Him that rules the bow,
 And then fell to his aim, his shaft being ready nock'd before.
 He spy'd her in the clouds that here, there, everywhere, did soar, 755
 Yet at her height he reach'd her side, struck her quite through, and down
 The shaft fell at his feet ; the dove the mast again did crown,
 There hung the head, and all her plumes were ruffled, she stark dead,
 And there, far off from him, she fell. The people wondered,
 And stood astonish'd ; th' archer pleas'd. Æacides then shows 760
 A long lance, and a caldron new, engrail'd with twenty hues,
 Priz'd at an ox. These games were show'd for men at darts, and then
 Up rose the General of all, up rose the King of men,
 Up rose late-crown'd Meriones. Achilles, seeing the King 765
 Do him this grace, prevents more deed, his royal offering
 Thus interrupting : " King of men, we well conceive how far
 Thy worth superior is to all, how much most singular
 Thy pow'r is, and thy skill in darts ! Accept then this poor prize
 Without contention, and (your will pleas'd with what I advise)
 Afford Meriones the lance." The King was nothing slow 770
 To that fit grace. Achilles then the brass lance did bestow
 On good Meriones. The King his present would not save,
 But to renown'd Talthybius the goodly caldron gave.

⁷⁶¹ *Engrail'd*—here *variegated*. The word is derived from (French) *grêle*, *hail*, as we should say, *spotted with hail*. Now chiefly used in heraldry, *indented* in lines.

⁷⁷⁰ It may be observed that Chapman reverses the order here. In the Greek, Agamemnon gives Meriones the lance, Achilles the caldron to Talthybius.



THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove, entertaining care of Hector's corse,
Sends Thetis to her son for his remorse,*
And fit dismission of it. Iris then
He sends to Priam; willing him to gain
His son for ransom. He, by Hermes led,
Gets through Achilles' guards; sleeps deep and dead
Cast on them by his guide; when, with access
And humble suit made to Æacides,
He gains the body, which to Troy he bears,
And buries it with feasts, buried in tears.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Omega sings the Exsequies,
And Hector's redemptory prise.



HE games perform'd, the soldiers wholly dispers'd to fleet,
Supper and sleep their only care. Constant Achilles yet
Wept for his friend, nor sleep itself, that all things doth
subdue,
Could touch at him; this way and that he turn'd, and did renew
His friend's dear memory, his grace in managing his strength, 5
And his strength's greatness, how life rack'd into their utmost length

* *Remorse.*—See Bk. viii. 409.

Griefs, battles, and the wraths of seas, in their joint sufferance.
 Each thought of which turn'd to a tear. Sometimes he would advance,
 In tumbling on the shore, his side, sometimes his face, then turn
 Flat on his bosom, start upright. Although he saw the morn 10
 Show sea and shore his ecstasy, he left not, till at last
 Rage varied his distraction; horse, chariot, in haste
 He call'd for, and, those join'd, the corse was to his chariot tied,
 And thrice about the sepulchre he made his fury ride,
 Dragging the person. All this past, in his pavilion 15
 Rest seiz'd him, but with Hector's corse his rage had never done,
 Still suffering it t' oppress the dust. Apollo yet, even dead,
 Pitied the prince, and would not see inhuman tyranny fed
 With more pollution of his limbs, and therefore cover'd round
 His person with his golden shield, that rude dogs might not wound 20
 His manly lineaments, which threat Achilles cruelly
 Had us'd in fury. But now Heaven let fall a general eye
 Of pity on him; the blest Gods persuaded Mercury,
 Their good observer, to his stealth; and every Deity
 Stood pleas'd with it; Juno except, green Neptune, and the Maid 25
 Grac'd with the blue eyes, all their hearts stood hatefully appaid
 Long since, and held it, as at first, to Priam, Ilion,
 And all his subjects, for the rape of his licentious son,
 Proud Paris, that despis'd these Dames in their divine access
 Made to his cottage, and prais'd Her that his sad wantonness 30
 So costly nourish'd. The twelfth morn now shin'd on the delay
 Of Hector's rescue, and then spake the Deity of the Day
 Thus to th' Immortals: " Shameless Gods, authors of ill ye are
 To suffer ill. Hath Hector's life at all times show'd his care
 Of all your rights, in burning thighs of beeves and goats to you, 35
 And are your cares no more of him? Vouchsafe ye not even now,
 Even dead, to keep him, that his wife, his mother, and his son,
 Father, and subjects, may be mov'd to those deeds he hath done,

See'ng you preserve him that serv'd you, and sending to their hands
 His person for the rites of fire? Achilles, that withstands 40
 All help to others, you can help; one that hath neither heart
 Nor soul within him that will move or yield to any part
 That fits a man, but lion-like, uplandish, and mere wild,
 Slave to his pride, and all his nerves being naturally compil'd
 Of eminent strength, stalks out and preys upon a silly sheep. 45
 And so fares this man, that fit ruth that now should draw so deep
 In all the world being lost in him, and shame, a quality
 Of so much weight that both it helps and hurts excessively
 Men in their manners, is not known, nor hath the power to be,
 In this man's being. Other men a greater loss than he 50
 Have undergone, a son, suppose, or brother of one womb,
 Yet, after dues of woes and tears, they bury in his tomb
 All their deplorings. Fates have given to all that are true men
 True manly patience; but this man so soothes his bloody vein
 That no blood serves it, he must have divine-soul'd Hector bound 55
 To his proud chariot, and dane'd in a most barbarous round
 About his loved friend's sepulchre, when he is slain. 'Tis vile,
 And draws no profit after it. But let him now awhile
 Mark but our angers; his is spent; let all his strength take heed
 It tempts not our wraths; he begets in this outrageous deed 60
 The dull earth with his fury's hate." White-wristed Juno said,
 Being much incens'd, "This doom is one that thou wouldst have obey'd,
 Thou bearer of the silver bow, that we in equal care
 And honour should hold Hector's worth with him that claims a share
 In our deservings. Hector suck'd a mortal woman's breast, 65
 Æacides a Goddess's; ourself had interest
 Both in his infant nourishment, and bringing up with state,
 And to the human Peleus we gave his bridal mate,
 Because he had th' Immortals' love. To celebrate the feast
 Of their high nuptials, every God was glad to be a guest, 70

47 "Shame a quality that hurts and helps men exceedingly."—CHAPMAN.

And thou fedd'st of thy father's cates, touching thy harp in grace
 Of that beginning of our friend, whom thy perfidious face,
 In his perfection, blusheth not to match with Priam's son,
 O thou that to betray and shame art still companion !”

Jove thus receiv'd her : “ Never give these broad terms to a God. 75
 Those two men shall not be compar'd ; and yet, of all that trod
 The well-paved Ilion, none so dear to all the Deities
 As Hector was ; at least to me, for off'rings most of prize
 His hands would never pretermit. Our altars ever stood
 Furnish'd with banquets fitting us, odours and every good 80
 Smok'd in our temples, and for this, foreseeing it, his fate
 We mark'd with honour, which must stand. But, to give stealth estate
 In his deliverance, shun we that ; nor must we favour one
 To shame another. Privily, with wrong to Thetis' son,
 We must not work out Hector's right. There is a ransom due, 85
 And open course, by laws of arms ; in which must humbly sue
 The friends of Hector. Which just mean if any God would stay
 And use the other, 'twould not serve, for Thetis night and day
 Is guardian to him. But would one call Iris hither, I
 Would give directions that for gifts the Trojan king should buy 90
 His Hector's body, which the son of Thetis shall resign.”

This said, his will was done ; the Dame that doth in vapours shine,
 Dewy and thin, footed with storms, jump'd to the sable seas
 'Twixt Samos and sharp Imber's cliffs ; the lake groan'd with the
 press

Of her rough feet, and, plummet-like put in an ox's horn 95
 That bears death to the raw-fed fish, she div'd, and found forlorn
 Thetis lamenting her son's fate, who was in Troy to have,
 Far from his country, his death serv'd. Close to her Iris stood,
 And said : “ Rise Thetis, prudent Jove, whose counsels thirst not blood,
 Calls for thee.” Thetis answer'd her with asking : “ What's the cause
 The great God calls ? My sad pow'rs fear'd to break th' immortal laws,

⁷¹ *Cates*—delicacies.

⁸⁶ See note on *Odyssey*, XII. 370.

In going fil'd with griefs to heaven. But He sets snares for none
With colour'd counsels ; not a word of him but shall be done."

She said, and took a sable veil, a blacker never wore
A heavenly shoulder, and gave way. Swift Iris swum before. 105
About both roll'd the brackish waves. They took their banks, and flew
Up to Olympus, where they found Saturnius far-of-view
Spher'd with heaven's ever-being States. Minerva rose, and gave
Her place to Thetis near to Jove, and Juno did receive
Her entry with a cup of gold, in which she drank to her, 110
Grac'd her with comfort, and the cup to her hand did refer.
She drank, resigning it; and then the Sire of men and Gods
Thus entertain'd her: " Com'st thou up to these our blest abodes,
Fair Goddess Thetis, yet art sad; and that in so high kind
As passeth sufferance? This I know, and tried thee, and now find 115
Thy will by mine rul'd, which is rule to all worlds' government.
Besides this trial yet, this cause sent down for thy ascent,
Nine days' contention hath been held amongst th' Immortals here
For Hector's person and thy son, and some advices were
To have our good spy Mercury steal from thy son the corse, 120
But that reproach I kept far off, to keep in future force
Thy former love and reverence. Haste then, and tell thy son
The Gods are angry, and myself take that wrong he hath done
To Hector in worst part of all, the rather since he still
Detains his person. Charge him then, if he respect my will 125
For any reason, to resign slain Hector. I will send
Iris to Priam to redeem his son, and recommend
Fit ransom to Achilles' grace, in which right he may joy
And end his vain grief." To this charge bright Thetis did employ
Instant endeavour. From heaven's tops she reach'd Achilles' tent, 130
Found him still sighing, and some friends with all their complement
Soothing his humour; other some with all contention
Dressing his dinner, all their pains and skills consum'd upon

¹³¹ *Complement*.—Both folios "*complements*;" Dr. Taylor "*compliments*."

A huge wool-bearer, slaughter'd there. His reverend mother then 134
 Came near, took kindly his fair hand, and ask'd him: "Dear son, when
 Will sorrow leave thee? How long time wilt thou thus eat thy heart,
 Fed with no other food, nor rest? 'Twere good thou wouldst divert
 Thy friend's love to some lady, cheer thy spirits with such kind parts
 As she can quit thy grace withal. The joy of thy deserts
 I shall not long have, death is near, and thy all-conquering fate, 140
 Whose haste thou must not haste with grief, but understand the state
 Of things belonging to thy life, which quickly order. I
 Am sent from Jove t' advertise thee that every Deity
 Is angry with thee, himself most, that rage thus reigns in thee
 Still to keep Hector. Quit him then, and, for fit ransom, free 145
 His injur'd person." He replied: "Let him come that shall give
 The ransom, and the person take. Jove's pleasure must deprive
 Men of all pleasures." This good speech, and many more, the son
 And mother us'd in ear of all the naval station.

And now to holy Ilion Saturnius Iris sent: 150
 "Go, swift-foot Iris, bid Troy's king bear fit gifts, and content
 Achilles for his son's release; but let him greet alone
 The Grecian navy, not a man, excepting such a one
 As may his horse and chariot guide, a herald, or one old, 155
 Attending him, and let him take his Hector. Be he bold,
 Discourag'd nor with death nor fear, wise Mercury shall guide
 His passage till the prince be near; and, he gone, let him ride
 Resolv'd even in Achilles' tent. He shall not touch the state
 Of his high person, nor admit the deadliest desperate
 Of all about him; for, though fierce, he is not yet unwise, 160
 Nor inconsiderate, nor a man past awe of Deities,
 But passing free and curious to do a suppliant grace."

This said, the Rainbow to her feet tied whirlwinds, and the place
 Reach'd instantly. The heavy court Clamour and Mourning fill'd.
 The sons all set about the sire, and there stood Grief, and 'still'd 165

¹³⁴ *Wool-bearer*—i. e. sheep.

¹⁶² *Curious*—careful.

Tears on their garments. In the midst the old king aate, his weed
 All wrinkled, head and neck dust fil'd; the princesses his seed,
 The princesses his sons' fair wives, all mourning by, the thought
 Of friends so many, and so good, being turn'd so soon to nought
 By Grecian hands, consum'd their youth, rain'd beauty from their eyes.

Iris came near the king, her sight shook all his faculties, 171
 And therefore spake she soft, and said: " Be glad, Dardanides;
 Of good occurrents, and none ill, am I ambassadress.
 Jove greets thee, who, in care, as much as he is distant, deigns
 Eye to thy sorrows, pitying thee. My embassy contains 175
 This charge to thee from him: He wills thou shouldst redeem thy son,
 Bear gifts t' Achilles, cheer him so; but visit him alone,
 None but some herald let attend, thy mules and chariot
 To manage for thee. Fear nor death let daunt thee, Jove hath got
 Hermes to guide thee, who as near to Thetis' son as needs 180
 Shall guard thee; and being once with him, nor his, nor others', deeds
 Stand touch'd with, he will all contain, nor is he mad, nor vain,
 Nor impious, but with all his nerves studious to entertain
 One that submits with all fit grace." Thus vanish'd she like wind.

He mules and chariot calls, his sons bids see them join'd, and bind
 A trunk behind it; he himself down to his wardrobe goes, 185
 Built all of cedar, highly roof'd, and odoriferous,
 That much stuff, worth the sight, contain'd. To him he call'd his queen,
 Thus greeting her: " Come, hapless dame, an angel I have seen,
 Sent down from Jove, that bad me free our dear son from the fleet 190
 With ransom pleasing to our foe. What holds thy judgment meet?
 My strength and spirit lays high charge on all my being to bear
 The Greeks' worst, vent'ring through their host." The queen cried
 out to hear

His vent'rous purpose, and replied: " O whither now is fled
 The late discretion that renown'd thy grave and knowing head 195
 In foreign and thine own rul'd realms, that thus thou dar'st assay
 Sight of that man, in whose brow sticks the horrible decay

¹⁸⁰ *Angel*—simply "messenger," ἀγγελος.

Of sons so many, and so strong ? Thy heart is iron I think.
 If this stern man, whose thirst of blood makes cruelty his drink,
 Take, or but see, thee, thou art dead. He nothing pities woe, 200
 Nor honours age. Without his sight, we have enough to do
 To mourn with thought of him. Keep we our palace, weep we here,
 Our son is past our helps. Those throes, that my deliverers were
 Of his unhappy lineaments, told me they should be torn
 With black-foot dogs. Almighty Fate, that black hour he was born, 205
 Spun in his springing thread that end ; far from his parents' reach,
 This bloody fellow then ordain'd to be their mean, this wretch,
 Whose stony liver would to heaven I might devour, my teeth
 My son's revengers made ! Curs'd Greek, he gave him not his death
 Doing an ill work ; he alone fought for his country, he 210
 Fled not, nor fear'd, but stood his worst ; and cursed policy
 Was his undoing." He replied : " Whatever was his end
 Is not our question, we must now use all means to defend
 His end from scandal ; from which act dissuade not my just will,
 Nor let me nourish in my house a bird presaging ill 215
 To my good actions ; 'tis in vain. Had any earthly spirit
 Given this suggestion, if our priests, or soothsayers, challenging merit
 Of prophets, I might hold it false, and be the rather mov'd
 To keep my palace, but these ears and these self eyes approv'd
 It was a Goddess. I will go, for not a word She spake 220
 I know was idle. If it were, and that my fate will make
 Quick riddance of me at the fleet, kill me, Achilles ; come,
 When getting to thee, I shall find a happy dying room
 On Hector's bosom, when enough thirst of my tears finds there 224
 Quench to his fervour." This resolv'd, the works most fair and dear
 Of his rich screens he brought abroad ; twelve veils wrought curiously ;
 Twelve plain gowns ; and as many suits of wealthy tapestry ;

²⁰⁶ *Springing thread*—the thread supposed to be spun by the Fates at birth, and cut at death. See Bk. xx. 122.

As many mantles ; horsemen's coats ; ten talents of fine gold ;
 Two tripods ; caldrons four ; a bowl whose value he did hold
 Beyond all price, presented by th' ambassadors of Thrace. 230
 The old king nothing held too dear to rescue from disgrace
 His gracious Hector. Forth he came. At entry of his court
 The Trojan citizens so press'd, that this opprobrious sort
 Of check he us'd : " Hence, cast-aways ! Away, ye impious crew !
 Are not your griefs enough at home ? What come ye here to view ?
 Care ye for my griefs ? Would ye see how miserable I am ? 235
 Is't not enough, imagine ye ? Ye might know, ere ye came,
 What such a son's loss weigh'd with me. But know this for your
 pains,

Your houses have the weaker doors, the Greeks will find their gains
 The easier for his loss, be sure. But O Troy ! ere I see 240
 Thy ruin, let the doors of hell receive and ruin me !"

Thus with his sceptre set he on the crowding citizens,
 Who gave back, seeing him so urge. And now he entertains
 His sons as roughly, Helenus, Paris, Hippothous,
 Pammon, divine Agathones, renown'd Deiphobus, 245
 Agavus, and Antiphonus, and last, not least in arms,
 The strong Polites ; these nine sons the violence of his harms
 Help'd him to vent in these sharp terms : " Haste, you infamous brood,
 And get my chariot. Would to heaven that all the abject blood
 In all your veins had Hector 'scus'd ! O me, accursed man, 250
 All my good sons are gone, my light the shades Cimmerian
 Have swallow'd from me. I have lost Mestor, surnam'd the fair,
 Troilus, that ready knight at arms, that made his field repair
 Ever so prompt and joyfully, and Hector, amongst men
 Esteem'd a God, not from a mortal's seed, but of th' Eternal strain, 255
 He seem'd to all eyes. These are gone, you that survive are base,
 Liars and common freebooters, all faulty, not a grace,
 But in your heels, in all your parts, dancing companions
 Ye all are excellent. Hence, ye brats ! Love ye to hear my moans ?

Will ye not get my chariot? Command it quickly, fly, 260
 That I may perfect this dear work." This all did terrify,
 And straight his mule-drawn chariot came, to which they fast did bind
 The trunk with gifts. And then came forth, with an afflicted mind,
 Old Hecuba. In her right hand a bowl of gold she bore
 With sweet wine crown'd, stood near, and said: "Receive this, and
 implore, 265

With sacrificing it to Jove, thy safe return. I see
 Thy mind likes still to go, though mine dislikes it utterly.
 Pray to the black-cloud-gathering God, Idæan Jove, that views
 All Troy, and all her miseries, that he will deign to use
 His most-lov'd bird to ratify thy hopes, that, her broad wing 270
 Spread on thy right hand, thou mayst know thy zealous offering
 Accepted, and thy safe return confirm'd; but if he fail,
 Fail thy intent, though never so it labours to prevail."

"This I refuse not," he replied, "for no faith is so great
 In Jove's high favour but it must with held-up hands intreat." 275

This said, the chambermaid that held the ewer and basin by
 He bad pour water on his hands; when, looking to the sky,
 He took the bowl, did sacrifice, and thus implor'd: "O Jove,
 From Ida using thy commands, in all deserts above
 All other Gods, vouchsafe me safe, and pity in the sight 280
 Of great Achilles; and, for trust to that wish'd grace, excite
 Thy swift-wing'd Messenger, most strong, most of air's region lov'd,
 To soar on my right hand; which sight may firmly see approv'd
 Thy former summons, and my speed." He pray'd, and heaven's King heard,
 And instantly cast from his fist air's all-commanding bird, 285
 The black-wing'd huntress, perfectest of all fowls, which Gods call
 Percnos, the eagle. And how broad the chamber nuptial
 Of any mighty man hath doors, such breadth cast either wing,
 Which now she us'd, and spread them wide on right hand of the king.
 All saw it, and rejoic'd, and up to chariot he arose, 290
 Drave forth, the portal and the porch resounding as he goes.

His friends all follow'd him, and mourn'd as if he went to die;
 And bringing him past town to field, all left him; and the eye
 Of Jupiter was then his guard, who pitied him, and us'd
 These words to Hermes: "Mercury, thy help hath been profus'd 295
 Ever with most grace in consorts of travellers distress'd,
 Now consort Priam to the fleet; but so, that not the least
 Suspicion of him be attain'd, till at Achilles' tent
 The convoy hath arriv'd him safe." This charge incontinent
 He put in practice. To his feet his feather'd shoes he tied, 300
 Immortal, and made all of gold, with which he us'd to ride
 The rough sea and th' unmeasur'd earth, and equal'd in his pace
 The puffs of wind. Then took he up his rod that hath the grace
 To shut what eyes he lists with sleep, and open them again
 In strongest trances. This he held, flew forth, and did attain 305
 To Troy and Hellespontus straight. Then like a fair young prince,
 First-down chinn'd, and of such a grace as makes his looks convince
 Contending eyes to view him, forth he went to meet the king.
 He, having pass'd the mighty tomb of Ilus, watering
 His mules in Xanthus, the dark even fell on the earth; and then 310
 Idæus (guider of the mules) discern'd this grace of men,
 And spake afraid to Priamus: "Beware, Dardanides,
 Our states ask counsel; I discern the dangerous access
 Of some man near us; now I fear we perish. Is it best
 To fly, or kiss his knees and ask his ruth of men distress'd?" 315

Confusion struck the king, cold fear extremely quench'd his veins,
 Upright upon his languishing head his hair stood, and the chains
 Of strong amaze bound all his pow'rs. To both which then came near
 The prince turn'd Deity, took his hand, and thus bespake the peer:

"To what place, father, driv'st thou out through solitary night, 320
 When others sleep? Give not the Greeks sufficient cause of fright

²⁹⁵ *Profused*—(Latin) poured forth.

²⁹⁹ *Incontinent*—without restraint, instantly.

³⁰⁸ *Straight*.—Dr. Taylor has printed "*Hellespontus' strait*," but *straight*, immediately, is the true word.

To these late travails, being so near, and such vow'd enemies?
 Of all which, if with all this load any should cast his eyes
 On thy adventures, what would then thy mind esteem thy state,
 Thyself old, and thy follower old? Resistance could not rate 325
 At any value; as for me, be sure I mind no harm
 To thy grave person, but against the hurt of others arm.
 Mine own lov'd father did not get a greater love in me
 To his good, than thou dost to thine." He answer'd: "The degree
 Of danger in my course, fair son, is nothing less than that 330
 Thou urgest; but some God's fair hand puts in for my safe state,
 That sends so sweet a guardian in this so stern a time
 Of night, and danger, as thyself, that all grace in his prime
 Of body and of beauty show'st, all answer'd with a mind
 So knowing, that it cannot be but of some blessed kind 335
 Thou art descended." "Not untrue," said Hermes, "thy conceit
 In all this holds; but further truth relate, if of such weight
 As I conceive thy carriage be, and that thy care conveys
 Thy goods of most price to more guard, or go ye all your ways
 Frighted from holy Ilion, so excellent a son 340
 As thou hadst (being your special strength) fallen to destruction,
 Whom no Greek better'd for his fight?" "O, what art thou," said he,
 "Most worthy youth, of what race born, that thus recount'st to me
 My wretched son's death with such truth?" "Now, father," he replied,
 "You tempt me far, in wond'ring how the death was signified 345
 Of your divine son to a man so mere a stranger here
 As you hold me, but I am one that oft have seen him bear
 His person like a God in field; and when in heaps he slew
 The Greeks, all routed to their fleet, his so victorious view
 Made me admire, not feel his hand, because Æacides, 350
 Incens'd, admitted not our fight, myself being of access

³⁴⁰ *Frighted*.—Thus both folios, and rightly, for the Greek is *δειδιότες*. Dr. Taylor, however, without consulting the original, has changed it to "*freighted*."

To his high person, serving him, and both to Ilion
 In one ship sail'd. Besides, by birth I breathe a Myrmidon,
 Polyctor, call'd the rich, my sire, declin'd with age like you.
 Six sons he hath, and me a seventh, and all those six live now 355
 In Phthia, since, all casting lots, my chance did only fall
 To follow hither. Now for walk I left my General.
 To-morrow all the sun-burn'd Greeks will circle Troy with arms,
 The princes rage to be withheld so idly, your alarms
 Not given half hot enough they think, and can contain no more." 360
 He answer'd: " If you serve the prince, let me be bold t' implore
 This grace of thee, and tell me true: Lies Hector here at fleet,
 Or have the dogs his flesh?" He said: " Nor dogs nor fowl have yet
 Touch'd at his person; still he lies at fleet, and in the tent
 Of our great Captain, who indeed is much too negligent 365
 Of his fit usage. But, though now twelve days have spent their heat
 On his cold body, neither worms with any taint have eat,
 Nor putrefaction perish'd it; yet ever, when the Morn
 Lifts her divine light from the sea, unmercifully borne
 About Patroclus' sepulchre, it bears his friend's disdain, 370
 Bound to his chariot; but no fits of further outrage reign
 In his distemper. You would muse to see how deep a dew
 Even steeps the body, all the blood wash'd off, no splendrest show
 Of gore or quittance, but his wounds all clos'd, though many were
 Open'd about him. Such a love the blest Immortals bear, 375
 Even dead, to thy dear son, because his life show'd love to them."

He joyful answer'd: " O my son, it is a grace supreme
 In any man to serve the Gods. And I must needs say this,
 For no cause, having season fit, my Hector's hands would miss
 Advancement to the Gods with gifts, and therefore do not they 380
 Miss his remembrance after death. Now let an old man pray
 Thy graces to receive this cup, and keep it for my love,
 Nor leave me till the Gods and thee have made my prayers approve

Achilles' pity, by thy guide brought to his princely tent."

Hermes replied: " You tempt me now, old king, to a consent 385
Far from me, though youth aptly errs. I secretly receive
Gifts that I cannot broadly vouch, take graces that will give
My lord dishonour, or what he knows not, or will esteem
Perhaps unfit? Such briberies perhaps at first may seem
Sweet and secure, but futurely they still prove sour, and breed 390
Both fear and danger. I could wish thy grave affairs did need
My guide to Argos, either shipp'd, or lackeying by thy side,
And would be studious in thy guard, so nothing could be tried
But care in me to keep thee safe, for that I could excuse,
And vouch to all men." These words past, he put the deeds in use 395
For which Jove sent him; up he leapt to Priam's chariot,
Took scourge and reins, and blew in strength to his free steeds, and got
The naval tow'rs and deep dike straight. The guards were all at meat,
Those he enslumber'd, op'd the ports, and in he safely let
Old Priam with his wealthy prize. Forthwith they reach'd the tent 400
Of great Achilles, large and high, and in his most ascent
A shaggy roof of seedy reeds mown from the meads; a hall
Of state they made their king in it, and strength'ned it withal
Thick with fir rafters, whose approach was let in by a door
That had but one bar, but so big that three men evermore 405
Rais'd it to shut, three fresh take down, which yet *Æacides*
Would shut and ope himself. And this with far more ease
Hermes set ope, ent'ring the king, then leap'd from horse, and said:
" Now know, old king, that Mercury, a God, hath given this aid
To thy endeavour, sent by Jove; and now away must I, 410
For men would envy thy estate to see a Deity
Affect a man thus. Enter thou, embrace Achilles' knee,
And by his sire, son, mother, pray his ruth and grace to thee."

³⁹² *Lackeying*.—Bk. XIV. 253.

⁴¹¹ *Would envy*.—The second folio and Dr. Taylor read "*must*."

This said, he high Olympus reach'd. The king then left his coach
 To grave Idæus, and went on, made his resolv'd approach, 415
 And enter'd in a goodly room, where with his princes sate
 Jove-lov'd Achilles, at their feast; two only kept the state
 Of his attendance, Alcimus, and lord Automedon,
 At Priam's entry. A great time Achilles gaz'd upon
 His wonder'd-at approach, nor ate; the rest did nothing see, 420
 While close he came up, with his hands fast holding the bent knee
 Of Hector's conqueror, and kiss'd that large man-slaught'ring hand
 That much blood from his sons had drawn. And as in some strange
 land,

And great man's house, a man is driv'n (with that abhorr'd dismay
 That follows wilful bloodshed still, his' fortune being to slay 425
 One whose blood cries aloud for his) to plead protection,
 In such a miserable plight as frights the lookers on;
 In such a stupified estate Achilles sat to see
 So unexpected, so in night, and so incredibly,
 Old Priam's entry. All his friends one on another star'd 430
 To see his strange looks, seeing no cause. Thus Priam then prepar'd
 His son's redemption: " See in me, O God-like Thetis' son,
 Thy aged father, and perhaps even now being outrun
 With some of my woes, neighbour foes, thou absent, taking time
 To do him mischief, no mean left to terrify the crime 435
 Of his oppression; yet he hears thy graces still survive,
 And joys to hear it, hoping still to see thee safe arrive
 From ruin'd Troy; but I, curs'd man, of all my race shall live
 To see none living. Fifty sons the Deities did give
 My hopes to live in, all alive when near our trembling shore 440
 The Greek ships harbour'd, and one womb nineteen of those sons bore.
 Now Mars a number of their knees hath strengthless left, and he
 That was, of all, my only joy, and Troy's sole guard, by thee,
 Late fighting for his country, slain; whose tender'd person now
 I come to ransom. Infinite is that I offer you, 445

Myself conferring it, expos'd alone to all your odds,
 Only imploring right of arms. Achilles ! Fear the Gods,
 Pity an old man like thy sire, different in only this,
 That I am wretcheder, and bear that weight of miseries
 That never man did, my curs'd lips enforc'd to kiss that hand 450
 That slew my children." This mov'd tears, his father's name did stand,
 Mention'd by Priam, in much help to his compassion,
 And mov'd Æacides so much he could not look upon
 The weeping father. With his hand he gently put away
 His grave face. Calm remission now did mutually display 455
 Her pow'r in either's heaviness. Old Priam, to record
 His son's death and his deathsman see, his tears and bosom pour'd
 Before Achilles ; at his feet he laid his reverend head.
 Achilles' thoughts, now with his sire, now with his friend, were fed.
 Betwixt both sorrow fill'd the tent. But now Æacides 460
 (Satiated at all parts with the ruth of their calamities)
 Start up, and up he rais'd the king. His milk-white head and beard
 With pity he beheld, and said : " Poor man, thy mind is scar'd
 With much affliction. How durst thy person thus alone
 Venture on his sight that hath slain so many a worthy son, 465
 And so dear to thee ? Thy old heart is made of iron. Sit,
 And settle we our woes, though huge, for nothing profits it.
 Cold mourning wastes but our lives' heats. The Gods have destinate
 That wretched mortals must live sad ; 'tis the Immortal State
 Of Deity that lives secure. Two tuns of gifts there lie 470
 In Jove's gate, one of good, one ill, that our mortality
 Maintain, spoil, order ; which when Jove doth mix to any man,
 One while he frolics, one while mourns. If of his mournful can
 A man drinks only, only wrongs he doth expose him to,
 Sad hunger in th' abundant earth doth toss him to and fro, 475
 Respected nor of Gods nor men. The mix'd cup Peleus drank
 Even from his birth ; Heaven blest his life ; he liv'd not that could thank

⁴⁶³ Start—here and in 612 is the past tense, i. e. "started up."

The Gods for such rare benefits as set forth his estate.
 He reign'd among his Myrmidons most rich, most fortunate,
 And, though a mortal, had his bed deck'd with a deathless dame. 490
 And yet, with all this good, one ill God mix'd, that takes all name
 From all that goodness ; his name now, whose preservation here
 Men count the crown of their most good, not bless'd with pow'r to bear
 One blossom but myself, and I shaken as soon as blown ;
 Nor shall I live to cheer his age, and give nutrition 495
 To him that nourish'd me. Far off my rest is set in Troy
 To leave thee restless and thy seed ; thyself that did enjoy,
 As we have heard, a happy life, what Lesbos doth contain,
 In times past being a bless'd man's seat, what the unmeasur'd main
 Of Hellespontus, Phrygia, holds, are all said to adorn 499
 Thy empire, wealth and sons enow, but, when the Gods did turn
 Thy blest state to partake with bane, war and the bloods of men
 Circled thy city, never clear. Sit down and suffer then,
 Mourn not inevitable things ; thy tears can spring no deeds
 To help thee, nor recall thy son ; impatience ever breeds 495
 Ill upon ill, makes worst things worse, and therefore sit." He said :
 " Give me no seat, great seed of Jove, when yet unransomed
 Hector lies riteless in thy tents, but deign with utmost speed
 His resignation, that these eyes may see his person freed,
 And thy grace satisfied with gifts. Accept what I have brought, 500
 And turn to Phthia ; 'tis enough thy conquering hand hath fought
 Till Hector falt' red under it, and Hector's father stood
 With free humanity safe." He frown'd and said : " Give not my blood
 Fresh cause of fury. I know well I must resign thy son,
 Jove by my mother utter'd it, and what besides is done 505
 I know as amply ; and thyself, old Priam, I know too.
 Some God hath brought thee, for no man durst use a thought to go
 On such a service. I have guards, and I have gates to stay
 Easy accesses ; do not then presume thy will can sway,

⁴⁹⁴ *Spring*—cause to spring, produce.

Like Jove's will, and incense again my quench'd blood, lest nor thou
Nor Jove get the command of me." This made the old king bow, 511
And down he sat in fear. The prince leap'd like a lion forth,
Automedon and Alcimus attending; all the worth
Brought for the body they took down and brought in, and with it
Idæus, herald to the king; a coat embroider'd yet, 515
And two rich cloaks, they left to hide the person. Thetis' son
Call'd out his women to anoint and quickly overrun
The corse with water, lifting it in private to the coach,
Lest Priam saw, and his cold blood embrac'd a fiery touch
Of anger at the turpitude profaning it, and blew 520
Again his wrath's fire to his death. This done, his women threw
The coat and cloak on, but the corse Achilles' own hand laid
Upon a bed, and with his friends to chariot it convey'd.
For which forc'd grace, abhorring so from his free mind, he wept,
Cried out for anger, and thus pray'd: "O friend, do not except 525
Against this favour to our foe, if in the deep thou hear,
And that I give him to his sire; he gave fair ransom; dear
In my observance is Jove's will; and whatsoever part
Of all these gifts by any mean I fitly may convert
To thy renown here, and will there, it shall be pour'd upon 530
Thy honour'd sepulchre." This said, he went, and what was done
Told Priam, saying: "Father, now thy will's fit rites are paid,
Thy son is given up; in the morn thine eyes shall see him laid
Deck'd in thy chariot on his bed; in mean space let us eat.
The rich-hair'd Niobe found thoughts that made her take her meat, 535
Though twelve dear children she saw slain, six daughters, six young sons.
The sons incens'd Apollo slew; the maids' confusions
Diana wrought, since Niobe her merits durst compare
With great Latona's, arguing that she did only bear
Two children and herself had twelve, for which those only two 540
Slew all her twelve. Nine days they lay steep'd in their blood, her woe

Found no friend to afford them fire, Saturnius had turn'd
 Humans to stones. The tenth day yet the good Celestials burn'd
 The trunks themselves, and Niobe, when she was tir'd with tears,
 Fell to her food, and now with rocks and wild hills mix'd she bears 545
 In Sipylus the Gods' wraths still, in that place where 'tis said
 The Goddess Fairies use to dance about the funeral bed
 Of Achelous, where, though turn'd with cold grief to a stone,
 Heaven gives her heat enough to feel what plague comparison
 With his pow'rs made by earth deserves. Affect not then too far 550
 Without grief, like a God, being a man, but for a man's life care,
 And take fit food ; thou shalt have time beside to mourn thy son ;
 He shall be tearful, thou being full, not here, but Ilion
 Shall find thee weeping-rooms enow." He said, and so arose,
 And caus'd a silver-fleec'd sheep kill'd ; his friends' skills did dispose
 The flaying, cutting of it up, and cookly spitted it, 555
 Roasted, and drew it artfully. Automedon, as fit,
 Was for the reverend sewer's place, and all the brown joints serv'd
 On wicker vessel to the board ; Achilles' own hands kerv'd,
 And close they fell to. Hunger stanch'd, talk, and observing time, 560
 Was us'd of all hands. Priam sat amaz'd to see the prime
 Of Thetis' son, accomplish'd so with stature, looks, and grace,
 In which the fashion of a God he thought had chang'd his place.
 Achilles fell to him as fast, admir'd as much his years
 Told in his grave and good aspect, his speech even charm'd his ears,
 So order'd, so material. With this food feasted too, 565
 Old Priam spake thus : " Now, Jove's seed, command that I may go,
 And add to this feast grace of rest. These lids ne'er clos'd mine eyes
 Since under thy hands fled the soul of my dear son ; sighs, cries,
 And woes, all use from food and sleep have taken ; the base courts 570
 Of my sad palace made my beds, where all the abject sorts
 Of sorrow I have varied, tumbled in dust, and hid ;
 No bit, no drop, of sustenance touch'd." Then did Achilles bid

556 *Cookly*—cook-like.559 *Kerv'd*—carved.

His men and women see his bed laid down, and covered
 With purple blankets, and on them an arras coverlid, 575
 Waistcoats of silk plush laying by. The women straight took lights,
 And two beds made with utmost speed, and all the other rites
 Their lord nam'd us'd, who pleasantly the king in hand thus bore :

“ Good father, you must sleep without, lest any counsellor
 Make his access in depth of night, as oft their industry 580
 Brings them t' impart our war-affairs, of whom should any eye
 Discern your presence, his next steps to Agamemnon fly,
 And then shall I lose all these gifts. But go to, signify,
 And that with truth, how many days you mean to keep the state
 Of Hector's funerals ; because so long would I rebate 585
 Mine own edge set to sack your town, and all our host contain
 From interruption of your rites.” He answer'd : “ If you mean
 To suffer such rites to my son, you shall perform a part
 Of most grace to me. But you know with how dismay'd a heart
 Our host took Troy, and how much fear will therefore apprehend 590
 Their spirits to make out again, so far as we must send
 For wood to raise our heap of death ; unless I may assure
 That this your high grace will stand good, and make their pass secure ;
 Which if you seriously confirm, nine days I mean to mourn,
 The tenth keep funeral and feast, th' eleventh raise and adorn 595
 My son's fit sepulchre, the twelfth, if we must needs, we'll fight.”

“ Be it,” replied *Æacides*, “ do Hector all this right ;
 I'll hold war back those whole twelve days ; of which, to free all fear,
 I take this my right hand.” This confirm'd, the old king rested there ;
 His herald lodg'd by him ; and both in forepart of the tent ; 600
 Achilles in an inmost room of wondrous ornament,
 Whose side bright-cheek'd *Briseis* warm'd. Soft sleep tam'd Gods and
 men,

All but most-useful *Mercury* ; sleep could not lay one chain
 On his quick temples, taking care for getting off again
 Engaged *Priam* undiscern'd of those that did maintain 605

The sacred watch. Above his head he stood with this demand :

“ O father, sleep'st thou so secure, still lying in the hand
Of so much ill, and being dismiss'd by great *Æacides* ?
'Tis true thou hast redeem'd the dead, but for thy life's release,
Should *Agamemnon* hear thee here, three times the price now paid 610
Thy sons' hands must repay for thee.” This said, the king, afraid,
Start from his sleep, *Idæus* call'd, and, for both, *Mercury*
The horse and mules, before loos'd, join'd so soft and curiously
That no ear heard, and through the host drave ; but when they drew
To gulfy *Xanthus*' bright-wav'd stream, up to *Olympus* flew 615
Industrious Mercury. And now the saffron *Morning rose*,
Spreading her white robe over all the world ; when, full of woes,
They scourg'd on with the corse to *Troy*, from whence no eye had seen,
Before *Cassandra*, their return. She, like love's golden *Queen*,
Ascending *Pergamus*, discern'd her father's person nigh, 620
His herald, and her brother's corse, and then she cast this cry
Round about *Troy* : “ O *Troians*, if ever ye did greet
Hector return'd from fight alive, now look ye out and meet
His ransom'd person. Then his worth was all your city's joy,
Now do it honour.” Out all rush'd, woman nor man in *Troy* 625
Was left, a most unmeasur'd cry took up their voices. Close
To *Scæa*'s ports they met the corse ; and to it headlong goes
The reverend mother, the dear wife, upon it strow their hair,
And lie entranced. Round about the people broke the air
In lamentations ; and all day had stay'd the people there, 630
If *Priam* had not cried : “ Give way, give me but leave to bear
The body home, and mourn your fills.” Then cleft the press, and gave
Way to the chariot. To the court herald *Idæus* drave,
Where on a rich bed they bestow'd the honour'd person, round
Girt it with singers that the woe with skilful voices crown'd. 635
A woeful elegy they sung, wept singing, and the dames
Sigh'd as they sung. *Andromache* the downright prose exclaims

⁶¹² *Start*.—See *suprà*, 462.

⁶³⁷ *The downright prose exclaims*.—I am afraid this may appear *downright prose*

Began to all ; she on the neck of slaughter'd Hector fell,
 And cried out : " O my husband, thou in youth bad'st youth farewell,
 Left'st me a widow, thy sole son an infant, ourselves curs'd 640
 In our birth made him right our child, for all my care that nurs'd
 His infancy will never give life to his youth ere that
 Troy from her top will be destroy'd ; thou guardian of our state,
 Though even of all her strength the strength, thou, that in care wert past
 Her careful mothers of their babes, being gone, how can she last ? 645
 Soon will the swoln fleet fill her womb with all their servitude,
 Myself with them, and thou with me, dear son, in labours rude
 Shalt be employ'd, sternly survey'd by cruel conquerors ;
 Or, rage not suffering life so long, some one, whose hate abhors
 Thy presence (putting him in mind of his sire slain by thine, 650
 His brother, son, or friend) shall work thy ruin before mine,
 Toss'd from some tow'r, for many Greeks have ate earth from the hand
 Of thy strong father ; in sad fight his spirit was too much mann'd,
 And therefore mourn his people ; we, thy parents, my dear lord,
 For that thou mak'st endure a woe, black, and to be abhorr'd. 655
 Of all yet thou hast left me worst, not dying in thy bed,
 And reaching me thy last-rais'd hand, in nothing counselled,
 Nothing commanded by that pow'r thou hadst of me to do
 Some deed for thy sake. O for these never will end my woe,
 Never my tears cease." Thus wept she, and all the ladies clos'd 660
 Her passion with a general shriek. Then Hecuba dispos'd
 Her thoughts in like words : " O my son, of all mine much most dear,
 Dear while thou liv'st too even to Gods, and after death they were
 Careful to save thee. Being best, thou most wert envied ;
 My other sons Achilles sold ; but thee he left not dead. 665
 Imber and Samos, the false ports of Lemnos entertain'd
 Their persons ; thine, no port but death. Nor there in rest remain'd

to old Chapman's readers. It is needless to say that it is not in the original, but he means that Andromache used no funeral hymn, but burst forth naturally as follows.

⁶⁵⁹ *Never will.*—Thus the first folio ; the second and Dr. Taylor, "*will never.*"

Thy violated corse, the tomb of his great friend was spher'd
 With thy dragg'd person ; yet from death he was not therefore rear'd.
 But, all his rage us'd, so the Gods have tender'd thy dead state, 670
 Thou liest as living, sweet and fresh, as he that felt the fate
 Of Phœbus' holy shafts." These words the queen us'd for her moan,
 And, next her, Helen held that state of speech and passion :

" O Hector, all my brothers more were not so lov'd of me
 As thy most virtues. Not my lord I held so dear, as thee, 675
 That brought me hither ; before which I would I had been brought
 To ruin, for what breeds that wish, which is the mischief wrought
 By my access, yet never found one harsh taunt, one word's ill,
 From thy sweet carriage. Twenty years do now their circles fill
 Since my arrival ; all which time thou didst not only bear 680
 Thyself without check, but all else, that my lord's brothers were,
 Their sisters' lords, sisters themselves, the queen my mother-in-law,
 (The king being never but most mild) when thy man's spirit saw
 Sour and reproachful, it would still reprove their bitterness
 With sweet words, and thy gentle soul. And therefore thy decease
 I truly mourn for, and myself curse as the wretched cause, 685
 All broad Troy yielding me not one that any human laws
 Of pity or forgiveness mov'd t' entreat me humanly,
 But only thee, all else abhorr'd me for my destiny."

These words made even the commons mourn, to whom the king said :

" Friends, 690
 Now fetch wood for our funeral fire, nor fear the foe intends
 Ambush, or any violence ; Achilles gave his word,
 At my dismissal, that twelve days he would keep sheath'd his sword,
 And all men's else." Thus oxen, mules, in chariots straight they put,
 Went forth, and an unmeasur'd pile of sylvan matter cut, 695
 Nine days employ'd in carriage, but when the tenth morn shin'd
 On wretched mortals, then they brought the fit-to-be-divin'd
 Forth to be burn'd. Troy swum in tears. Upon the pile's most height
 They laid the person, and gave fire. All day it burn'd, all night.

But when th' eleventh morn let on earth her rosy fingers shine, 700
The people flock'd about the pile, and first with blackish wine
Quench'd all the flames. His brothers then, and friends, the snowy bones
Gather'd into an urn of gold, still pouring on their moans.
Then wrapt they in soft purple veils the rich urn, digg'd a pit,
Grav'd it, ramm'd up the grave with stones, and quickly built to it 705
A sepulchre. But, while that work and all the funeral rites
Were in performance, guards were held at all parts, days and nights,
For fear of false surprise before they had impos'd the crown
To these solemnities. The tomb advanc'd once, all the town
In Jove-nurs'd Priam's Court partook a passing sumptuous feast. 710
And so horse-taming Hector's rites gave up his soul to rest.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.



Thus far the Iliad ruins I have laid
 Open to English eyes. In which, repaid
 With thine own value, got, unvalued* book,
 Live, and be lov'd. If any envious look
 Hurt thy clear fame, learn that no stain more high
 Attends on virtue than pin'd envy's eye.
 Would thou wert worth it that the best doth wound,
 Which this age feeds, and which the last shall bound!

Thus, with labour enough, though with more comfort in the merits of my divine author, I have brought my Translation of his *Iliads* to an end. If, either therein, or in the harsh utterance or matter of my Comments before, I have, for haste, scattered with my burthen (less than fifteen weeks being the whole time that the last Twelve Books' translation stood me in) I desire my present will (and I doubt not hability, if God give life, to reform and perfect all hereafter) may be ingenuously accepted for the absolute work. The rather, considering the most learned, with all their helps and time, have been so often, and unanswerably, miserably taken halting. In the mean time, that most assistful and unspeakable Spirit, by Whose thrice sacred conduct and inspiration I have finished this labour, diffuse the fruitful horn of His blessings through these goodness-thirsting watchings; without which, utterly dry and bloodless is whatsoever mortality soweth.

But where our most diligent Spondanus ends his work with a prayer to be taken out of these Mæanders and Euripian rivers (as he terms them) of Ethnic and Profane Writers (being quite contrary to himself at the beginning) I thrice humbly beseech the Most Dear and Divine Mercy (ever most incomparably preferring the great light of His Truth

* *Unvalued*.—Bk. 1. 12.

in His direct and infallible Scriptures) I may ever be enabled, by resting wondering in His right comfortable shadows in these, to magnify the clearness of His Almighty apparance in the other.

And with this salutation of Poesy given by our Spondanus in his Preface to these Iliads (*"All hail saint-sacred Poesy, that, under so much gall of fiction, such abundance of honey doctrine hast hidden, not revealing them to the unworthy worldly! Wouldst thou but so much make me, that amongst thy novices I might be numbered, no time should ever come near my life that could make me forsake thee"*) I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer, learned of the most learned Simplicius:—

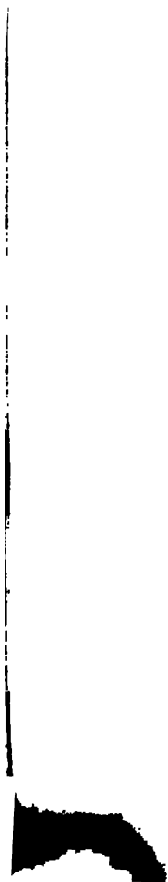
"Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater, et Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur quâ Tu nos ornasti; et ut Tu nobis præstò sis ut iis qui per sese moventur; ut et à corporis contagio brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eosque superemus et regamus, et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde ut nobis adjumento sis, ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori supplex oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caliginem prorsus abstergas, ut (quod apud Homerum est) norimus bene qui Deus, aut mortalis, habendus. Amen."





SONNETS.







THE following Sonnets are attached to Chapman's Translation of the Iliad. The first sixteen are to be found in the two folios of the Complete Translation, so often referred to. The next three (xvii. xviii. xix.) have been restored from the thin folio (mentioned in the Preface) containing the version of the First Twelve Books. The last two (xx. xxi.) were found in an inserted leaf of a very fine copy of the Iliad (our *first* folio) in the possession of Messrs. Boone, the eminent booksellers, of Bond Street. I think it not improbable that other copies may be discovered containing similar insertions. The portions of the dedications included in brackets [], omitted in the complete version, have been restored from the same early folio above mentioned, and short Biographical Notices have been added.

Sir Egerton Brydges thought so highly of these Sonnets that he reprinted them (that is, the first Sixteen) in his "Restituta" vol. II. p. 81. He has given, also, some extracts from Chapman's Commentaries, and observes: "Before I enter on the transcript of these Sonnets, let me make a few extracts from the Prose Commentaries of this energetic Poet, who seems to have felt the true enthusiasm and confidence of the Muse. Chapman was a great favourite with his contemporaries for genius as well as learning, and seems on due examination to have been possessed of many qualities and acquirements of no common occurrence.

"I believe that Critics have entertained different opinions of the merit

of these Sonnets. To me they appear full of ingenuity ; often vigorous in expression ; and exalted by a noble strain of sentiment."

I do not know to what Critics Sir Egerton refers, but the opinion of Samuel Taylor Coleridge will, I feel assured, be always received by the reader with pleasure and satisfaction. In sending the volume of Chapman to Wordsworth in 1807 (to which reference is made in our Preface) speaking of these Sonnets, erroneously however attaching them to the *Odyssey* instead of the *Iliad*, he says: "Chapman, in his moral heroic verse" (he is here alluding to the Dedication to Prince Henry) - and the Prefatory Sonnets to his *Odyssey*, stands above Ben Jonson: there is more dignity, more lustre, and equal strength; but not midway quite between him and the Sonnets of Milton. I do not know whether I give him the higher praise in that that he reminds me of Ben Jonson with a sense of his superior excellence, or that he brings Milton to memory notwithstanding his inferiority. His moral Poems are not quite out of books like Jonson's, nor yet do the sentiments so wholly grow up out of his own natural habit, and grandeur of thought, as in Milton. The sentiments have been attracted to him by a natural affinity of his intellect, and so combined; but Jonson has taken them by individual and successive acts of choice." ("Literary Remains," vol. i. p. 260, 4 vols. 8vo. 1836.) Coleridge specially selects Sonnets i. xi. and xv. The reason for the withdrawal of the Sonnet to the Lady Arabella (xvii) must be obvious; why Chapman should have cancelled the next to Lord Wotton (xviii) I cannot imagine. The inserted Sonnets (xx. xxi.) were doubtless for new patronage.



SONNETS.

I.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOUS AND WORTHY, THE DUKE OF LENNOX,

[Divine HOMER humbly submits that desert of acceptation in his presentment which all worthy Dukes have acknowledged worth honour and admiration.]



MONGST th' heroës of the world's prime years,
Stand here, great Duke, and see them shine about you.
Inform your princely mind and spirit by theirs,
And then, like them, live ever. Look without you,
For subjects fit to use your place and grace,
Which throw about you as the sun his rays,
In quick'ning with their power the dying race
Of friendless virtue ; since they thus can raise
Their honour'd raisers to eternity.
None ever liv'd by self-love ; others' good
Is th' object of our own. They living die
That bury in themselves their fortune's brood.
To this soul, then, your gracious count'nance give,
That gave to such as you such means to live.

LUDOVICK STUART, Duke of Lennox, was son of Esmé Stuart, Duke of Lennox in Scotland. He succeeded his father in 1583. He was first cousin, once removed, to K. James I. being grandson to John Lord D'Aubigne, younger brother to Matthew Earl of Lennox, grandfather to K. James. In the fourth year of James's reign he was created Baron Settrington and Earl of Richmond ; and May 17, 21 James I. Earl of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Duke of Richmond. He died *s. p.* Feb. 11, 1623, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was a nobleman of most estimable character.

II.

TO THE MOST GRAVE AND HONOURED TEMPERER
OF LAW AND EQUITY, THE LORD
CHANCELLOR, ETC.

[The first Prescriber of both, Authentic **HOMER**, humbly presents his English Revival, and beseecheth noble countenance to the sacred virtues he eternizeth.]



THAT Poesy is not so remov'd a thing
From grave administry of public weals
As these times take it, hear this Poet sing,
Most judging Lord, and see how he reveals
The mysteries of rule, and rules to guide
The life of man through all his choicest ways.
Nor be your timely pains the less applied
For Poesy's idle name, because their rays
Have shin'd through greatest counsellors and kings.
Hear royal Hermes sing th' Egyptian laws ;
How Solon, Draco, Zoroastes, sings
Their laws in verse ; and let their just applause
By all the world given yours (by us) allow,
That, since you grace all virtue, honour you.

SIR THOMAS EGERTON, Lord Keeper. Immediately on the accession of King James (July 24, 1603) he was raised to the Peerage as Lord Ellesmere, and three days after made Lord Chancellor. He was subsequently created Viscount Brackley, and died March 15, 1617, aged 77.

III.

TO THE MOST [RENOUNDED AND] WORTHY EARL, LORD
TREASURER AND TREASURE OF OUR COUNTRY,
THE EARL OF SALISBURY, ETC.

[The First Treasurer of human wisdom, divine HOMER, beseecheth grace
and welcome to his English Arrival.]



OUCHSAFE, great Treasurer, to turn your eye,
And see the opening of a Grecian mine,
Which Wisdom long since made her Treasury,
And now her title doth to you resign.

Wherein as th' ocean walks not with such waves
The round of this realm, as your wisdom's seas,
Nor with his great eye sees his marble saves
Our state, like your Ulyssian policies.
So none like HOMER hath the world enspher'd,
Earth, seas, and heaven, fix'd in his verse, and moving ;
Whom all times wisest men have held unpeer'd ;
And therefore would conclude with your approving.
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath grac'd,
And made things ever flitting ever last.

An Anagram.

Robert Cecyl, Earle of Salisbury.
Curb foes ; thy care, is all our erly be.*

ROBERT CECIL, second son of Lord Treasurer Burghley. Well known as the celebrated Secretary Cecil. Born 1563, Knighted 1591, and soon after made Secretary of State. In vain sought for a Peerage in the reign of Elizabeth. Immediately on the accession of James he was made Baron Cecil. He was created Earl of Salisbury on the morning of 4 May 1605, his elder brother being made Earl of Exeter on the afternoon of the same day. Continued sole Secretary during his life, having also been on the death of Lord Dorset made Lord High Treasurer. Died 1612.

* The Anagram is not in the first edition. I have retained the old orthography ; yet it seems imperfect.

IV.

TO THE MOST HONOURED RESTORER OF ANCIENT
 NOBILITY, BOTH IN BLOOD AND VIRTUE,
 THE EARL OF SUFFOLK, ETC.

[Old HOMER, the first eternizer of those combined graces, presents his revival in this English apparence, beseeching his honoured and free countenance.]



HOIN, noblest Earl, in giving worthy grace
 To this great gracer of nobility.
 See here what sort of men your honour'd place
 Doth properly command, if Poesy
 Profess'd by them were worthily express'd.
 The gravest, wisest, greatest, need not then
 Account that part of your command the least,
 Nor them such idle, needless, worthless, men.
 Who can be worthier men in public weals
 Than those at all parts that prescrib'd the best?
 That stirr'd up noblest virtues, holiest zeals,
 And evermore have liv'd as they profess'd?
 A world of worthiest men see one create,
 Great Earl, whom no man since could imitate.

THOMAS HOWARD, son of Thomas 4th Duke of Norfolk by his second wife d. and sole heir of Thomas Lord Audley of Walden. He was summoned to Parliament as Lord Howard of Walden 39 Elizabeth. Created Earl of Suffolk 21 July, 1603. Died May 28, 1626. Chancellor of Cambridge 1613, and Lord High Treasurer July 11, 1614. See Sir Egerton Brydges, "*Memoirs of the Peers of K. James I.*" p. 252, for a curious account of his proceedings at the time of the Gunpowder Plot.

V.

TO THE MOST [ANCIENTLY] NOBLE AND LEARNED
EARL, THE EARL OF NORTHAMPTON, ETC.

[Old HOMER, the first parent of learning and antiquity, presents this part of his eternal issue; and humbly desires (for help to their entire propagation*) his cheerful and judicial acceptance.]



O you, most learned Earl, whose learning can
Reject unlearned† custom, and embrace
The real virtues of a worthy man,
I prostrate this great Worthy for your grace,
And pray that Poesy's well-deserv'd ill name,
Being such as many modern poets make her,
May nought eclipse her clear essential flame;
But as she shines here, so refuse to take her.
Nor do I hope but even your high affairs
May suffer intermixture with her view,
Where Wisdom fits her for the highest chairs,
And minds grown old with cares of state renew.
You then, great Earl, that in his own tongue know
This King of Poets, see his English show.

HENRY HOWARD, second son of Henry Earl of Surrey the Poet, was born at Shottisham, Norfolk, about 1539. He was educated at Cambridge, where he took his M. A. degree, and was admitted *ad eundem* at Oxford 1568. Bishop Godwin says his reputation was so great at the University, that he was esteemed "the learnedest amongst the nobility, and the most noble amongst the learned." Created, May 1603, Earl of Northampton. High Steward of Oxford 1609, and Chancellor of Cambridge 1612. He died June 15, 1614, *s. p.* He built Northumberland House, Charing Cross. His character has come down to us much tarnished by his proceedings in the case of the infamous Countess of Essex and the favourite Somerset, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.

* This refers to the publication of the First Twelve Books.

† *Illiterate* in the first edition.

VI.

TO THE MOST NOBLE, MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD,
THE EARL OF ARUNDEL.*



TAND by your noblest stock, and ever grow
 In love and grace of virtue most admir'd,
 And we will pay the sacrifice we owe
 Of prayer and honour, with all good desir'd
 To your divine soul that shall ever live
 In height of all bliss prepar'd here beneath,
 In that ingenuous and free grace you give
 To knowledge, only bulwark against death,
 Whose rare sustainers here her powers sustain
 Hereafter. Such reciprocal effects
 Meet in her virtues. Where the love doth reign,
 The act of knowledge crowns our intellects.
 Where th' act nor love is, there like beasts men die ;
 Not life, but time, is their eternity.

THOMAS HOWARD, Earl of Arundel, was the son of Philip Earl of Arundel, who died in the Tower, Nov. 19, 1595, ætat. 39, and grandson of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded on account of Mary Queen of Scots. He was born July 7, 1592, and married the Lady Alethea Talbot, 3rd d. and co-heiress of Gilbert E. of Shrewsbury, and sister to the Countess of Pembroke. (See Sonnet VII.) He was the collector of the Arundel Marbles.

* See Sonnet XIX.

VII.

TO THE LEARNED, AND MOST NOBLE PATRON OF
LEARNING, THE EARL OF PEMBROKE, ETC.

[Against the two Enemies of Humanity and Religion (Ignorance and Impiety) the awak't spirit of the most knowing and divine HOMER calls, to attendance of our Heroical Prince, the most honoured and incorruptible heroë, the EARL OF PEMBROKE, &c.]



BOVE all others may your honour shine,
As, past all others, your ingenuous beams
Exhale into your grace the form divine
Of godlike learning, whose exiled streams

Run to your succour, charg'd with all the wrack
Of sacred virtue. Now the barbarous witch,
Foul Ignorance, sits charming of them back
To their first fountain, in the Great and Rich ;
Though our great Sovereign counter-check her charms,
Who in all learning reigns so past example,
Yet (with her) Turkish policy puts on arms,
To raze all knowledge in man's Christian Temple.
You following yet our king, your guard redouble.
Pure are those streams that these times cannot trouble.

WILLIAM HERBERT, 3rd Earl of Pembroke, was born at Wilton, April 8, 1580. His mother was the sister of Sir Philip Sydney, and the subject of Ben Jonson's celebrated epitaph. For her Sir Philip wrote his "Arcadia." She died Feb. 25, 1621. Lord Pembroke succeeded his father, Jan. 19, 1601. In 1604 he married Mary d. of Gilbert Earl of Shrewsbury. Lord Clarendon gives a noble portrait of him. He died April 10, 1630.

VIII.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOUS ILLUSTRATOR OF VIRTUE,
AND WORTHY OF THE FAVOUR ROYAL, THE
EARL OF MONTGOMERY.



HERE runs a blood, fair Earl, through your clear veins
That well entitles you to all things noble,
Which still the living Sydnian soul maintains,
And your name's ancient noblesse doth redouble;
For which I needs must tender to your graces
This noblest work of man, as made your right;
And though Ignoblesse all such works defaces
As tend to learning and the soul's delight,
Yet since the Sacred Pen doth testify
That Wisdom (which is Learning's natural birth)
Is the clear mirror of God's Majesty,
And image of His Goodness here in earth,
If you the daughter wish, respect the mother;
One cannot be obtain'd without the other.

PHILIP HERBERT was the younger brother of the last-named Earl of Pembroke. He was created Earl of Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Shurland, Kent, June 4, 3 James I. He married on St. John's Day, 1603, the Lady Susan Verd, of Edward 17th Earl of Oxford. For a singular account of this marriage, the reader may see Winwood's Memorials. He m. 2ndly 1630, the celebrated Anne d. of Geo. Clifford Earl of Cumberland, and widow of Richard Sackville Earl of Dorset. He died Jan. 23, 1635. Lord Montgomery was a great favourite of King James I.: hence Chapman's address.

IX.

TO THE MOST LEARNED CONCLUDER OF THE WAR'S
ART, AND THE MUSES, THE LORD L'ISLE, ETC.

[The first prescriber and concluder of both, divine HOMER, in all
observation presents both.]



OR let my pains herein,* long honour'd Lord,
Fail of your ancient nobly-good respects,
Though obscure fortune never would afford
My service show, till these thus late effects.
And though my poor deserts weigh'd never more
Than might keep down their worthless memory
From your high thoughts enrich'd with better store,
Yet your's in me are fix'd eternally,
Which all my fit occasions well shall prove.
Mean space, with your most noble Nephews,† deign
To show your free and honourable love
To this Greek poet in his English vein.
You cannot more the point of death controul,
Than to stand close by such a living soul.

ROBERT SYDNEY was the second son of Sir Henry Sydney, by Mary d. of John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, and sister of Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester. Sir Henry left three sons, the renowned Sir Philip, Sir Robert, and Sir Thomas; and one daughter, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke. Sir Robert was created Lord Sydney of Penshurst, May 13, 1603, Viscount L'Isle, May 4, 1605, and Earl of Leicester, August 2, 1618. He died July 15, 1626, and was buried at Penshurst.

* *Herein.*—The first edition "*in him.*"
† Lords Pembroke and Montgomery.

X.

TO THE GREAT AND VIRTUOUS
THE COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.



OUR fame, great Lady, is so loud resounded
By your free trumpet, my right worthy friend,
That with it all my forces stand confounded,
Arm'd and disarm'd at once to one just end,
To honour and describe the blest consent
"Twixt your high blood and soul in virtues rare.
Of which my friend's praise is so eminent,
That I shall hardly like his echo fare
To render only th' ends of his shrill verse.
Besides, my bounds are short, and I must merely
My will to honour your rare parts rehearse,
With more time singing your renown more clearly.
Meantime, take HOMER for my wants' supply,
To whom adjoin'd your name shall never die.

SUSAN COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY was daughter of Edward Vere 17th Earl of Oxford, the Poet. She married Philip Herbert 1st Earl of Montgomery, to whom Sonnet VIII. was addressed. Sir Egerton Brydges gives a short Life of Lord Oxford in his Preface to the "Paradise of Dainty Devices." ("British Bibliographer," vol. II.)

XI.

TO THE HAPPY STAR DISCOVERED IN OUR SYDNEIAN
 ASTERISM, COMFORT OF ALL LEARNING, SPHERE
 OF ALL THE VIRTUES, THE
 LADY WROTHE.



WHEN all our other stars set in their skies
 To virtue, and all honour of her kind,
 That you, rare Lady, should so clearly rise,
 Makes all the virtuous glorify your mind.

And let true reason and religion try
 If it be fancy, not judicial right,
 In you t' oppose the time's apostacy
 To take the soul's part, and her saving light,
 While others blind and bury both in sense,
 When 'tis the only end for which all live.
 And could those souls in whom it dies dispense
 As much with their religion, they would give
 That as small grace. Then shun their course, fair Star,
 And still keep your way pure and circular.

THE LADY MARY WROTHE was the daughter of Robert Sydney Earl of Leicester, the Lord L'Isle of these Sonnets. She married Sir Robert Wrothe. She published a Romance entitled "*Urania*," in imitation of her uncle Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, in 1621. Extracts will be found in Sir Egerton Brydges' "*Restituta*," vol. II. p. 260.

XII.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE PATRONESS AND GRACE OF
VIRTUE, THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.



O you, fair Patroness and Muse to Learning,
The Fount of Learning and the Muses sends
This cordial for your virtues, and forewarning
To leave no good for th' ill the world commends.
Custom seduceth but the vulgar sort ;
With whom when noblesse mixeth she is vulgar.
The truly-noble still repair their fort
With gracing good excitements and gifts rare,
In which the narrow path to happiness
Is only beaten. Vulgar Pleasure sets
Nets for herself in swing of her excess,
And beats herself there dead ere free she gets.
Since Pleasure then with Pleasure still doth waste,
Still please with Virtue Madam ; that will last.

LUCY COUNTESS OF BEDFORD was the elder of the two daughters of John 1st Lord Harington of Exton, and sister and coheirress of John 2nd Lord Harington. She married, Dec. 12, 1594, Edward 3rd Earl of Bedford. She was a great patroness of learning, and is much celebrated by the writers of that day, many of whom dedicated their works to her. Dr. Donne addressed several of his poems to her, and wrote an Elegy on her death. It is singular that the date of her death and her burial-place are not known.

XIII.

TO THE RIGHT VALOROUS AND VIRTUOUS LORD,
THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, ETC.

[The Right Valorous, Learned, and full Sphere of Noblesse, the Earl of Southampton, the Muses' Great Herald, HOMER, especially calls to the following of our most forward Prince, in his sacred expedition against Ignorance and Impiety.]



N choice of all our country's noblest spirits,
Born slavisher barbarism to convince,*
I could not but invoke your honour'd merits,
To follow the swift virtue of our Prince.

The cries of Virtue and her fortress Learning
Brake earth, and to Elysium did descend,
To call up HOMER; who therein discerning
That his excitements to their good had end,
As being a Grecian, puts on English arms,
And to the hardy natures in these climes
Strikes up his high and spiritful alarms,
That they may clear earth of those impious crimes
Whose conquest, though most faintly all apply,
You know, learn'd Earl, all live for, and should die.

HENRY WRIOTHESLY, 3rd Earl of Southampton of that name, was the son of Earl Henry by Mary d. of Antony Brown 1st Viscount Montagu. Born October 6, 1573. Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. Died at Bergen-op-zoom November 10, 1624. He was the patron of Shakespeare.

* Var.—Fit those aforesaid monsters to convince.

XIV.

TO MY EXCEEDING GOOD LORD, THE EARL OF SUSSEX,
WITH DUTY ALWAYS REMEMBERED TO HIS
HONOURED COUNTESS.

[To my ever-observed and singular good Lord, the EARL OF SUSSEX;
with duty always professed to his most honoured COUNTESS.]



YOU that have made in our great Prince's name,
At his high birth, his holy Christian vows,
May witness now, to his eternal fame,
How he performs them thus far, and still grows
Above his birth in virtue, past his years
In strength of bounty and great fortitude.
Amongst this train, then, of our choicest peers,
That follow him in chase of vices rude,
Summon'd by his great herald HOMER's voice,
March you ; and ever let your family,
In your vows made for such a prince, rejoice.
Your service to his State shall never die.
And, for my true observance, let this show
No means escapes when I may honour you.

ROBERT RATCLIFFE (or RADCLIFFE) 5th Earl of Sussex of that line. He was with Lord Essex at the taking of Cadix. In 1621, he was installed K. G. an honour which all the Earls of his family had enjoyed. He was twice married, (1) to Bridget d. of Sir Charles Morison of Cashibury, and had two sons and two daughters, all of whom died *s. p.* in their father's lifetime. (2), Frances d. of Hercules Mentas of Essex, Esquire, but had no issue by her. He died in 1629, and was succeeded by his kinsman, Sir Edward Ratcliffe ; which Edward 6th and last Earl of his family died *s. p.* 1641, when the Title became extinct. Lord Sussex was proxy for Queen Elizabeth at the Baptism of Prince Henry, which will explain the allusion in this Sonnet.

XV.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, AND HEROICAL, AND SINGULAR
GOOD LORD, THE LORD OF WALDEN, ETC.



OR let the vulgar sway Opinion bears,
Rare Lord, that Poesy's favour shows men vain,
Rank you amongst her stern disfavours;
She all things worthy favour doth maintain.

Virtue in all things else at best she betters,
Honour she heightens, and gives life in death,
She is the ornament and soul of letters,
The world's deceit before her vanisheth,
Simple she is as doves, like serpents wise,
Sharp, grave, and sacred; nought but things divine,
And things divining, fit her faculties,
Accepting her as she is genuine.
If she be vain then, all things else are vile;
If virtuous, still be patron of her style.

THEOPHILUS HOWARD was the eldest son of the 1st Earl of Suffolk (the subject of Sonnet iv.), and was summoned to the House of Peers during his father's life by the title of LORD HOWARD OF WALDEN. He m. Elizabeth d. and co-heiress of George Lord Hume Earl of Dunbar (Scotland), by whom he had four sons and five daughters. He was the 2nd Earl of Suffolk, and died 1640.

XVI

TO THE MOST TRULY NOBLE AND VIRTUE-GRACING
KNIGHT, SIR THOMAS HOWARD.

HE true and nothing-less-than-mere spirit
 That moves your feet so far from the profane,
 Is worn of pride and grace of humblest merit,
 Shall fill your name's sphere, never seeing it wane.
 It is so rare in blood as high as yours
 To entertain the humble skill of truth,
 And put a virtuous end to all your powers,
 That th' honour* Age asks we give you in youth.
 Your youth hath won the mastery of your mind,
 As Homer sings of his Antiochus,
 The parallel of you in every kind,
 Valiant, and mild, and most ingenious.
 Go on in virtue, after death and grow,
 And shine like Leda's twins, my Lord and you.
 Ever most humbly and faithfully devoted to you,
 and all the rare patrons of divine Homer,
 GEO. CHAPMAN.

THOMAS HOWARD was the second son of the 1st Earl of Suffolk (Sonnet iv.),
 and brother of the preceding Lord Walden. In January 23, 1622, he was made
 Lord Howard of Charlton, Viscount Andover; and Feb. 6, 1626, by Charles I.
 advanced to the Earldom of Berkshire. He died 1669. His daughter Elizabeth
 married DRYDEN, and his sixth son Sir Robert Howard was the dramatic writer.

* Honour.—The second folio, and Sir Egerton Brydges, "other."

XVII.

TO OUR ENGLISH ATHENIA, chaste Arbitress of Virtue and Learning, THE LADY ARABELLA, revived HOMER submits cause of her renewing her former conference with his original spirit, and prays her judicial grace to his English conversion.



HAT to the learn'd Athenia can be given,
 As offering, fitter than this Fount of Learning,
 Of Wisdom, Fortitude, all gifts of heaven?
 That, by them both the height, breadth, depth, discerning
 Of this divine soul when of old he lived,
 Like his great Pallas leading through his wars
 Her fair hand, through his spirit thus revived,
 May lead the reader, show his commentors,
 All that have turn'd him into any tongue,
 And judge if ours reveal not mysteries
 That others never knew, since never sung,
 Not in opinion, but that satisfies.
 Grace then, great Lady, his so gracious Muse,
 And to his whole work his whole spirit infuse.

THE LADY ARABELLA. The history of this unfortunate lady is too well known to require detail here. She was the only child of Charles Stuart 5th Earl of Lennox, by Elizabeth d. of Sir William Cavendish of Hardwick, com. Derby, and is supposed to have been born in 1577. Her father, unhappily for her, was of the Royal blood both of England and Scotland, for he was the younger brother of Darnley father of James VI.; and great grandson, through his mother who was daughter of Margaret Queen of Scots, to our Henry VII. This caused suspicion and dislike to both Elizabeth and James. Her clandestine marriage in 1609 with William Seymour, grandson, and eventually heir, to the Earl of Hertford, was the origin of her persecutions and misfortunes. She died in a state of idiotcy in the Tower, September, 1615, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near to Prince Henry.

XVIII.

To the Right Noble, and (by the Great Eternizer of Virtue, **SIR P. SYDNEY**) long since eternized Right Virtuous, the accomplisht **LORD WOTTON**, &c.



OUR friend great Sydney, my long honour'd Lord,
 (Since friendship is the bond of two in one)
 Tells us that you (his quick part) do afford
 Our land the living mind that in him shone;
 To whom there never came a richer gift
 Than the soul's riches from men ne'er so poor,
 And that makes me the soul of **HOMER** lift
 To your acceptance, since one mind both bore.
 Our Prince vouchsafes it; and of his high train
 I wish you, with the noblest of our time.
 See here if Poesy be so slight and vain
 As men esteem her in our modern rhyme.
 The great'st and wisest men that ever were
 Have giv'n her grace; and, I hope, you will here.

SIR EDWARD WOTTON. Created Lord Wotton of Marley, Kent, May 13, 1603. He was the half-brother of the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton. In 1616 he was Treasurer of the Household. I do not know why Chapman should have withdrawn this Sonnet.

XIX.

To conclude and accomplish the Right Princely Train of our Most Excellent Prince HENRY, &c. In entertainment of all the virtues brought hither by the Preserver HOMER, &c. his divine worth solicits the Right Noble and Virtuous Heroë, THE EARL OF ARUNDEL, &c.



HE end crowns all ; and therefore though it chance
That here your honour'd name be used the last,
Whose work all right should with the first advance,
Great Earl, esteem it as of purpose past.

Virtue had never her due place in earth,
Nor stands she upon form, for that will fade.
Her sacred substance, grafted in your birth,
Is that for which she calls you to her aid.
Nor could she but observe you with the best
Of this heroical and princely train,
All following her great Patron to the feast
Of HOMER's soul, inviting none in vain.
Sit then, great Earl, and feast your soul with his,
Whose food is knowledge, and whose knowledge bliss.

Chapman doubtless substituted Sonnet vi. for this.

XX.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND MOST TOWARD LORD IN
ALL THE HEROICAL VIRTUES, VISCOUNT
CRANBORNE, ETC.



NEVER may honour'd expedition
In grace of wisdom (first in this book arm'd
With Jove's bright shield) be nobly set upon
By any other, but your spirit, charm'd
In birth with Wisdom's virtues, may set down
Foot with the foremost. To which honour'd end,
Dear lord, I could not but your name renown
Amongst our other Worthies, and commend
The grace of him, that all things good hath grac'd,
To your fair count'nance. You shall never see
Valour and virtue in such tropics plac'd,
And moving up to immortality,
As in this work. What then fits you so fairly,
As to see rarest deeds, and do as rarely?

WILLIAM CECIL, son of the Earl of Salisbury (Sonnet III.), succeeded his father as second Earl 1612.

XXI.

TO THE MOST HONOURED AND JUDICIAL HONOURER
OF RETIRED VIRTUE, VISCOUNT ROCHESTER.



YOU that in so great eminence live retir'd
(Rare lord) approve your greatness cannot call
Your judgment from the inward state requir'd
To blaze the outward ; which doth never fall
In men by chance rais'd, but by merit still.
He seeks not state that curbs it being found ;
Who seeks it not never comes by it ill,
Nor ill can use it. Spring then from this ground,
And let the fruit be favours done to good,
As thy good is adorn'd by royal favours.
So shall pale Envy famish with her food,
And thou spread further by thy vain depravours.
True Greatness cares not to be seen but thus,
And thus above ourselves you honour us.

ROBERT CARR, Viscount Rochester, subsequently created Earl of Somerset. He was a great patron of Chapman, who dedicated several of his works to him. He will be mentioned in the Preface to the *Odyssey*.

THE END.





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